FEB 5 '57

The Saturday Evening
POST
February 9, 1957 – 15¢

How the Israelis Blitzed Nasser's Army

ALAN LADD, HOLLYWOOD'S UNLIKELIEST HERO

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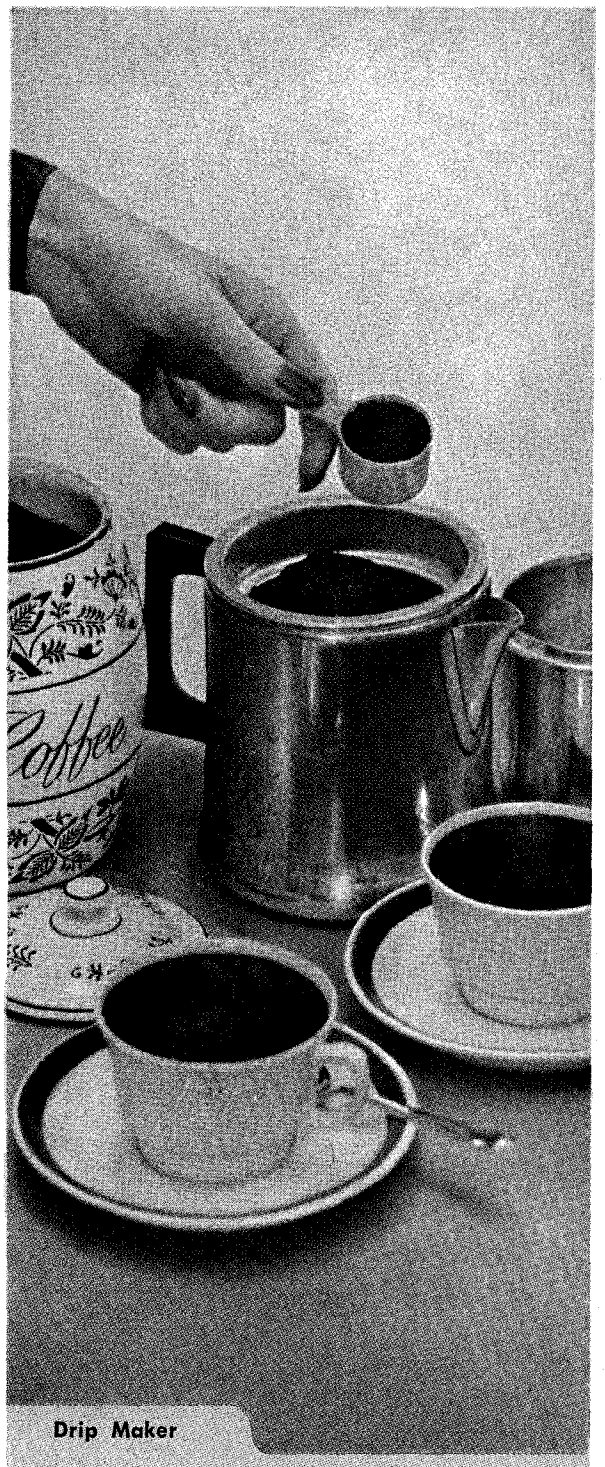
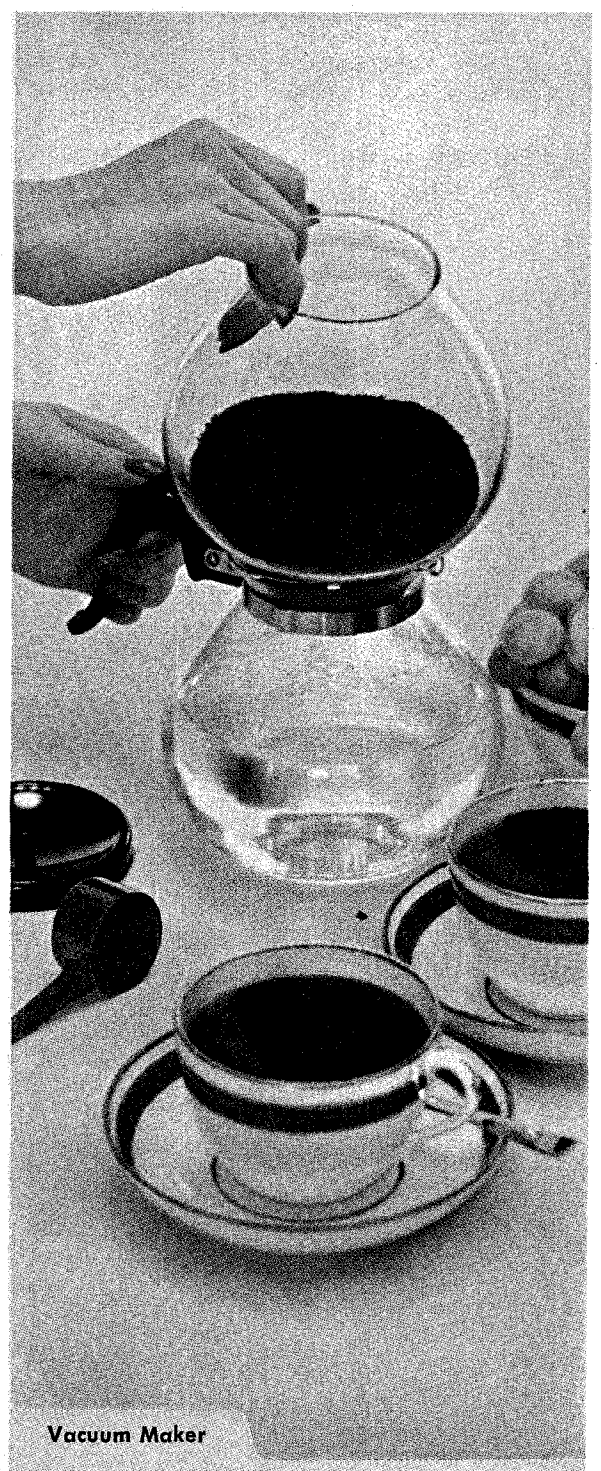
How to make a good cup of Coffee!



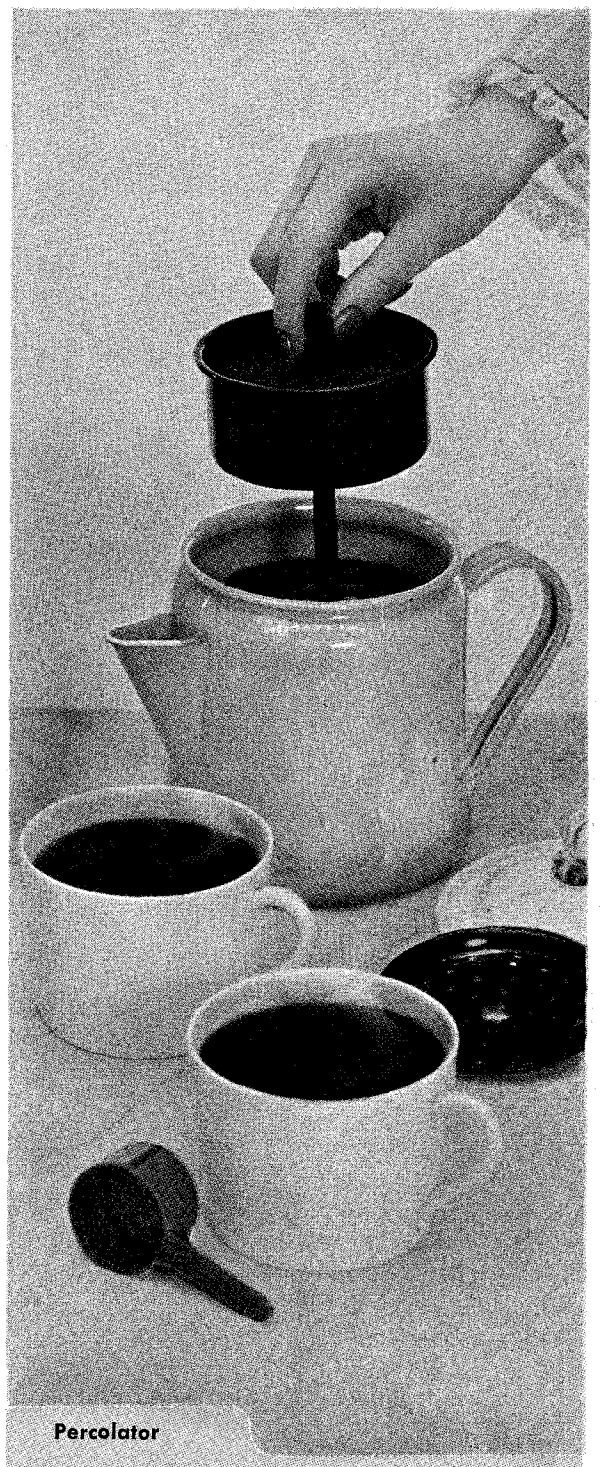
Drip Maker

Rinse with very hot water. Never use less than ¾ capacity of drip pot. For each cup of coffee, bring to boil 6 fluid oz. fresh cold water (¾ measuring cup) in kettle or other pot. Put 1 Standard Measure (2 level tablespoons) of "drip" grind coffee, per cup, into filter section. Slowly pour vigorously boiling water into upper section. After dripping, remove upper section and stir. To keep hot: place over very low heat or on an asbestos pad over lowered flame. *Do not boil.* Serve as soon as possible. Because coffee is at its best only when fresh, do *not* re-heat it.



Vacuum Maker

Rinse with very hot water. For each cup of coffee, bring to boil in lower bowl 6 fluid oz. fresh cold water (¾ measuring cup). Never use less than ¾ capacity of maker. Use 1 Standard Measure (2 level tablespoons) of "drip" or "fine" grind coffee, per cup. Remove boiling water from heat. Fit upper bowl with filter over lower — twist tight. Place on reduced heat. When most of the water has risen into upper bowl, stir. In 1 to 3 minutes, depending on grind used and strength desired, remove from heat. Serve at once. (Rinse filter thoroughly and store in cold water.)



Percolator

Rinse with very hot water. Never use less than ¾ capacity of maker. For each cup of coffee, bring to boil in percolator 6 fluid oz. fresh cold water (¾ measuring cup). Put 1 Standard Measure (2 level tablespoons) of "regular" grind coffee, per cup, into basket. When water boils, lower heat, put basket into percolator, cover. Percolate *very slowly* for 6 to 8 minutes. To keep hot, place over very low heat or on an asbestos pad over the lowered flame — *do not boil.* Serve as soon as possible. And because coffee is at its delicious best only when fresh, do *not* re-heat it.

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SEND FOR
this exciting, helpful, new booklet — dozens of ways to enjoy America's favorite beverage

A collection of the world's finest coffee recipes — glamorous serving suggestions — proper brewing methods — all tested and approved. (Brewing directions as formulated by The Coffee Brewing Institute, Inc.) 32 colorful pages. Send name and address and 25¢ to:

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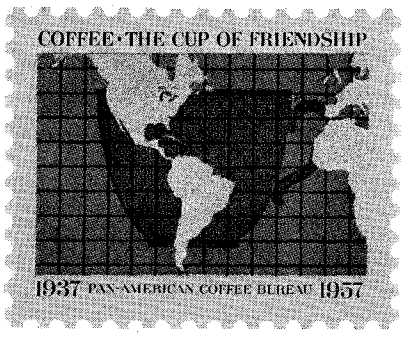

There is nothing so satisfying as a good cup of coffee

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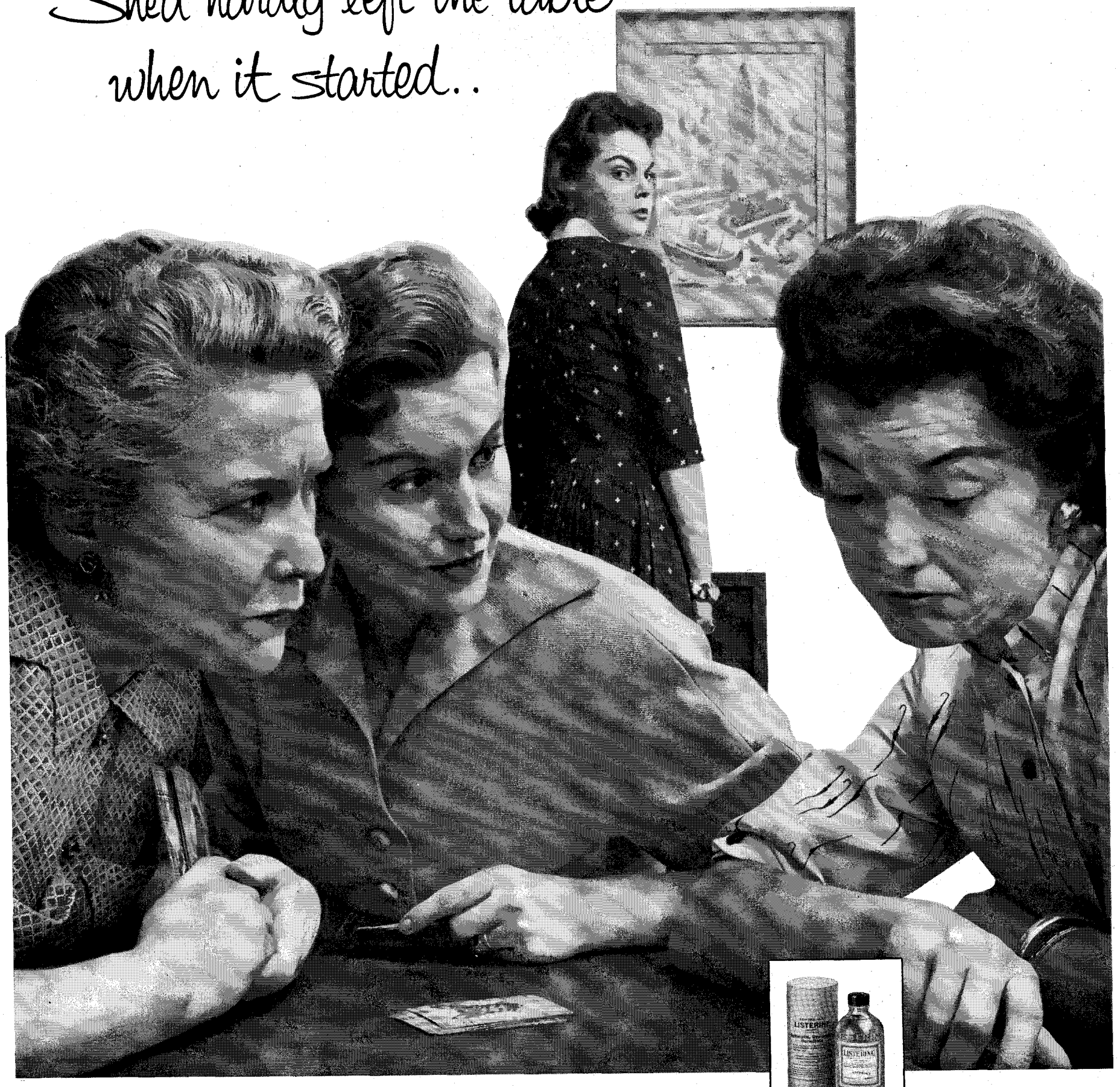
She'd hardly left the table when it started..



The ladies of the bridge club didn't mean to be catty. Nola was one of their better players and best friends. But, as Mrs. Tuttle whispered, "Nola probably has a bottle of Listerine in her bathroom cabinet . . . she's just being careless."

And why should anyone risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic stops halitosis (bad breath) so quickly . . . so effectively?

THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD

The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions

Germs in the mouth are the most common cause of bad breath. They cause fermentation of the protein that's always present in the mouth and, the more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. Listerine kills germs on contact . . . by millions.

No tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine does

No tooth paste can kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Every morning, every night, before every date, gargle Listerine full-strength.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

stops bad breath
4 times better than tooth paste

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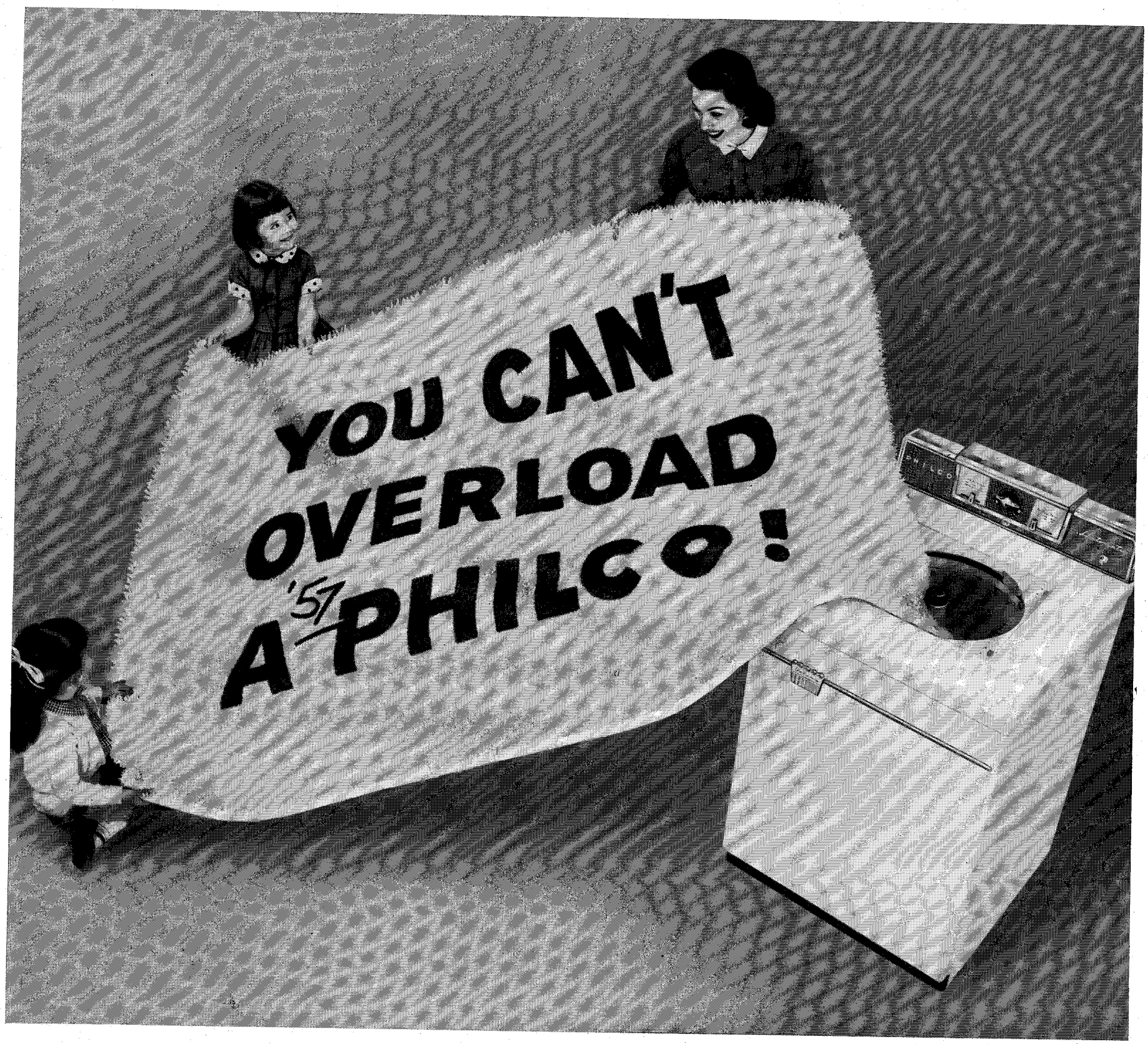

New Philco washer amazes women by easily washing a 5 x 7 shag rug

Here's the fabulous new Philco washer that does a heavy shag rug as easily as a lightweight sheet.

No matter how you arrange the load – the '57 Philco responds instantly to balance itself *automatically*. No "cutoffs" in the middle of the load – no half-washed clothes.

Wash blankets, bedspreads or deep-pile coats with none of the clanking or banging you get in other washers – and no blown fuses, either!

Revolutionary Ball Point Balance makes the difference – and only Philco has it. Before being offered for sale, this amazing advance was put to the test in rugged commercial use. In 40,000 washings not one bit of service was required!

Other exciting, exclusive features!

So many other exciting features for better washing. An aluminum agitator lasts the life of the machine. It's satin-smooth . . . will never chip or break to tear your clothes. Automatic water saver gives you just the right amount, saves up to fifteen gallons a load. And a special cycle "hand-washes" delicate fabrics more safely than other machines.

To end washday overload troubles, see the new Philco automatic washer at your dealer's now. For, when you look ahead...you'll choose Philco.

LOOK AHEAD . . . *and you'll choose* PHILCO

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN THIS ISSUE

February 9, 1957 *Vol. 229, No. 32*

4 Short Stories

The Second Mrs. Thorpe . . . . . *Viña Delmar* 22
The Mysterious Mr. Todd . . . . . *George Sumner Albee* 26
The Lady Called Brazil . . . . . *Stuart Cloete* 31
Tornado! . . . . . *Jack M. Bagby* 34

7 Articles

What Happened to the Magic of Childhood? . . . . . *Robert Paul Smith* 19
Hollywood's Unlikely Hero . . . . . *Richard G. Hubler* 24
The Secrets of Jamestown . . . . . *Richard Thruelsen* 27
How the Israelis Blitzed Nasser's Army . . . . . *Paul Henissart* 28
We Made the "Impossible" Tour,
Conclusion: The Terrible Land of Fire . . . . . *Frank Schreider* 30
The Face of America: Caboose . . . . . *Photograph by Ivan Dmitri* 32
Incredible New Frontier . . . . . *William L. Worden* 36

2 Serials

Ambush at Blanco Canyon (Second of four parts) . . . *Donald Hamilton* 38
The Girl From the Mimosa Club (Fourth of seven parts) . . . *Leslie Ford* 43

Special Feature

The conclusion of Doom Cliff . . . . . *Luke Short* 97

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 40
Verse 61, 83, 102, 107
Keeping Posted 116

THE COVER

It is the duty of every girl to talk to boys on the telephone, kindle romantic sentiments, round up potential husbands, and thus help perpetuate the race by assuring that by and by she will become a homemaker. Therefore it is comforting to see Sister applying herself earnestly to homework. Of course, she should get in some bookwork, too; math, for instance, is useful in budgeting, so that two can live as cheaply as—er—possible. Well, she'll do all right, for American girls are pretty wonderful at getting good grades in both education and romance. As for that wire tapper in the hall, brothers are nice to have, especially when they grow up. Those aren't George Hughes' children, but he has some, and he strives to shorten their telephoning; nothing much has come of it, except a cover.

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And Chevrolet Power Steering is more than just convenience . . . it's *security* as well. You have highway hazards well in hand with 750 pounds of hydraulic pressure to block the shock of soft shoulders or blowouts, help you outmaneuver danger. And on rough, rutty roads, Chevrolet Power Steering is equally effective. You never have to fight the wheel . . . *yet you always have full "road feel"!*

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Letters

All You Can Eat

WE GLUM AMERICANS

Dear Sirs:

I have seen much of our country and many foreign countries. Your page, THE FACE OF AMERICA: ALL YOU CAN EAT [photograph by Shelly Grossman, Jan. 5] pinpoints a thing that I've seen hundreds of times—the solemnity of the American face. Go where you will and you'll find smiles; everywhere excepting the United States. We have the most to smile about, but we use that God-given privilege the least. Walk in any city and watch the faces. Solemn, worried, driven by urge and need for speed, they portray a nation of Gloomy Gusses. . . . Safe to say that those in the picture who are having "All they can eat," will be bedeviled by indigestion, ulcers and sour stomachs. The only smile in sight, on this "festive" occasion, is on the face of one of those who is *waiting*.

V. S. FITZPATRICK
Genoa, Colo.

Advice for Fathers

Dear Sirs:

Today, my 16-year-old son, who is on his way to becoming a champion swimmer (I hope) and trains by doing weight lifting, beat me for the first time in "Indian wrestling." I felt old, frustrated and a "has been"—so for solace went into the yard and started to read the Post. Fortunately, I turned to DAY OF MANHOOD by Cameron Hawley [Dec. 29]! Will you convey my thanks and that of thousands of other dads to this brilliant writer for teaching us a well-deserved lesson . . . The boy was called "Tommy" but from now on he'll be "Tom"!

TOM MEW
Miami, Fla.

Tall Men in Demand

Dear Sirs:

After reading DON'T CALL US FREAKS! by Bob Pettit, as told to Stanley Frank, Jan. 5, I would like to say this: "Three Cheers for Bob!"

Someday, maybe, if we all live long enough, people will realize that it is cruel to poke fun at other people. Until that time we "tall ones" will just have to suffer. . . .

I don't know beans about basketball, except that it's fun to watch, but you can bet your bottom dollar that if the N.B.A. boys ever got in this area we tall gals would spend our last dime to get to watch some fellas our own size.

BETTE E. GORDON
Madison, Nebraska

Dear Sirs:

Tall boys are hard to find around here. When I wear heels, which I can rarely do when I go out with a boy, I am at least 6 feet, 1 inch. If Bob Pettit thinks he feels tall, how does he suppose I feel? Like a giant. He and those other tall guys should be around here.

JOSEPHINE MICHEL
Sewell, N.J.

Should Heroines Die?

Dear Sirs:

I would like to suggest that author John P. Marquand take back and rewrite the last chapter of his serial, RENDEZVOUS IN TOKYO, Nov. 24–Jan. 12.

What a sad and terrible way for poor Ruth Bogart to die.

I shall never read any story by Marquand again.

MRS. JAMES GUNDLACH
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I think it the unpardonable sin for Mr. Marquand to have let "them" eliminate

(Continued on Page 6)

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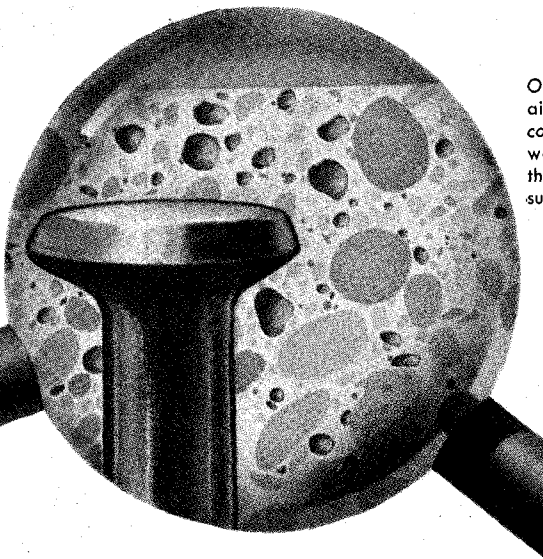
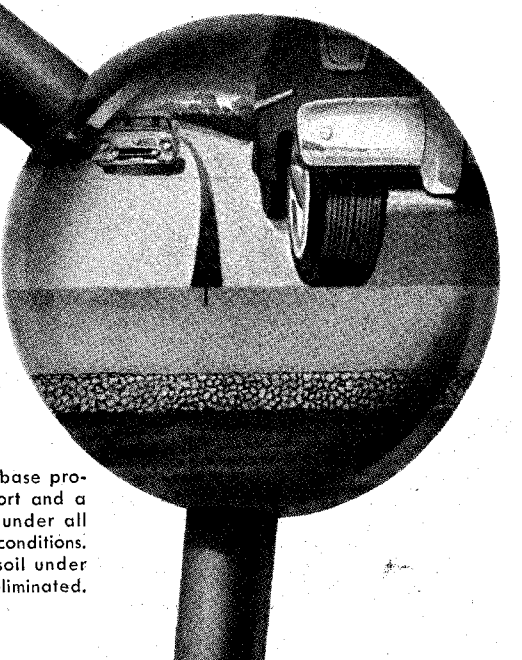
From the world's largest laboratories devoted exclusively to research on cement and concrete comes safer, more durable, more economical concrete for the highways of America.

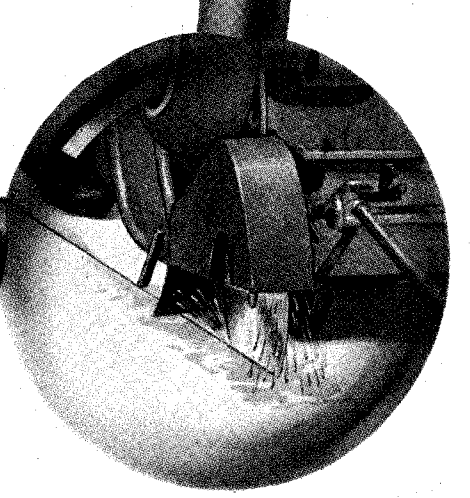


Ordinary pin shows size of the air bubbles in air-entrained concrete pavement. Freezing water expands harmlessly into these air cells and eliminates surface scaling of pavement.

The wide curves, long sight distances, easy grades, broad shoulders and divided roadways of this highway typify the many safety features of new highways now being built.

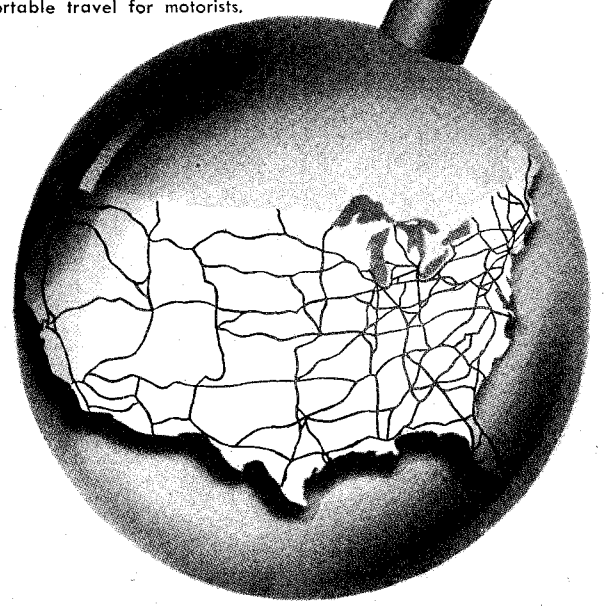


A thin granular subbase provides uniform support and a stable foundation under all kinds of weather conditions. "Pumping" of subsoil under repeated loads is eliminated.



Joints sawed into modern concrete pavement are so narrow you hardly see them. And the filler doesn't squeeze out. Result: by far the smoothest highway ride you ever enjoyed.

This 41,000-mile National System of Interstate and Defense Highways to be built in the next 13 years will provide safer, faster, more comfortable travel for motorists.



RESEARCH HAS ADDED LONGER LIFE AND GREATER ECONOMY TO CONCRETE HIGHWAYS

Through research the scientists and engineers of the Portland Cement Association have helped develop improved concrete highways that assure you safer, smoother-riding, longer-lasting and lower-annual-cost roads. Three outstanding developments of this research are air-entrained concrete, granular subbases and sawed joints. All three are illustrated and described above.

Every highway user will benefit by these important contributions, especially on the National System of Interstate and Defense Highways. These vital roads are already under construction in many states.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

33 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete through scientific research and engineering field work

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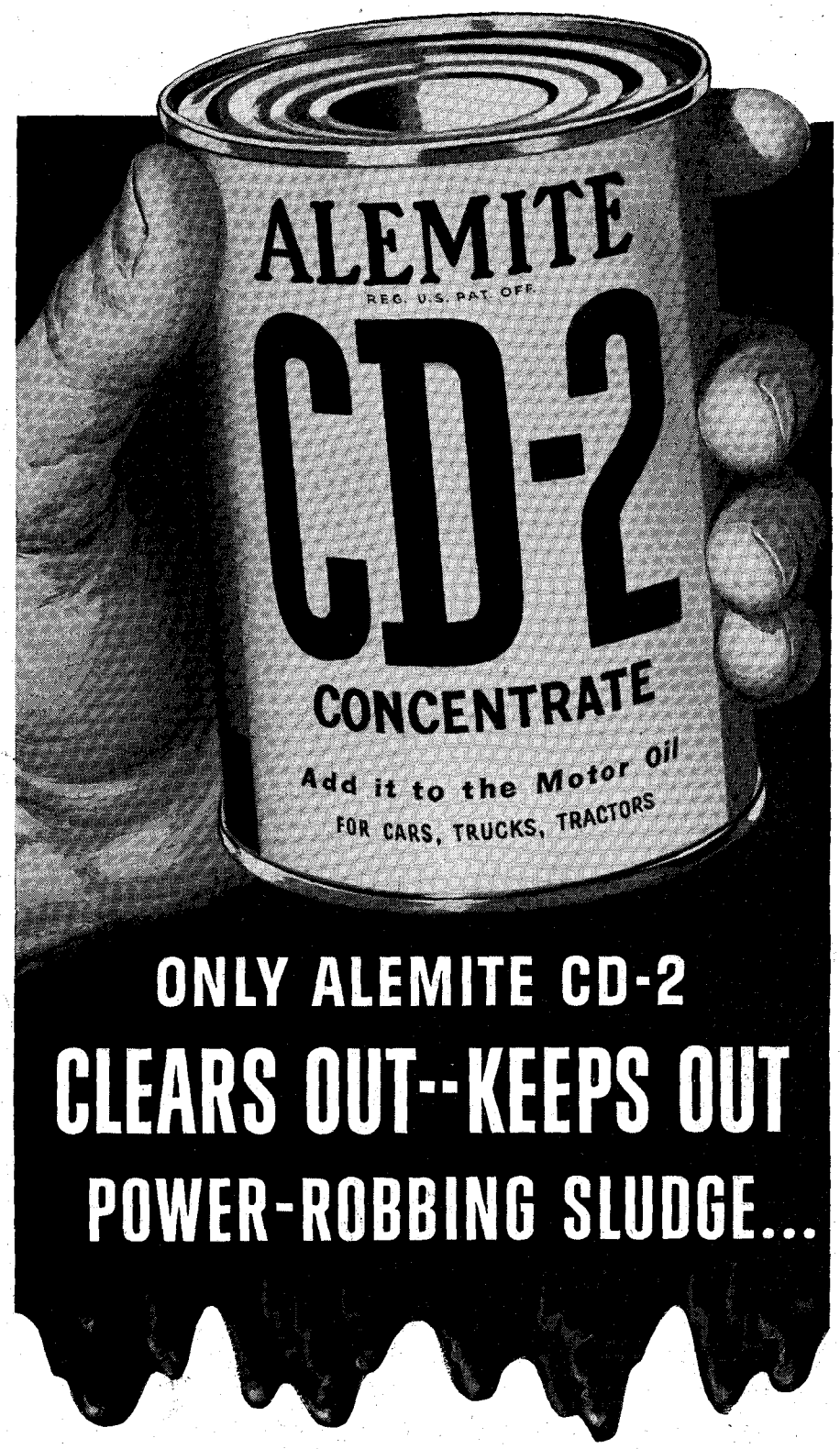

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6. Gives new pep and power, lasting protection from oil change to oil change!

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STEWART SW WARNER

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Miss Bogart. The way the story ended has taken something out of me forever.

PERCY S. PERKINS
No. Brooksville, Me.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Marquand's final installment, while not ending as one's emotions would wish, did end correctly. . . . It has been a long time since there has been a story as good as that one.

JOHN P. BANTA
New York, N.Y.

Chow Hound

Dear Sirs:

Regarding SEPost cover by Dick Sargent, January 5: It happened to me, too, but kitty was the culprit.

I borrowed my neighbor's china punch bowl . . . to use when my church circle

met with me. I was presiding at the business meeting when, I am told, a look of horror came over my face. The members turned to see what I saw—my Persian cat in the empty punch bowl, grinning sleepily at us over its rim.

Punch was served from a pitcher that day.

MRS. R. L. GOULDING
Tallahassee, Fla.

Disney in Kansas City

Dear Sirs:

[In My Dad, Walt Disney, by Diane Disney Miller as told to Pete Martin, Nov. 17—Jan. 5] Pete Martin states that Walt worked as an artist with The Film Ad. Co. in Kansas City, Mo. during the Twenties. In reality I feel he meant our company, The United Film Serv. Co. of 2449 Charlotte St., Kansas City, Mo. . . .

Walt has old friends with United Film who still remember his work there, and today recognize his outstanding productions as a wonderful credit to the entire industry.

FRED E. MAGEL
Kansas City, Mo.

● *Walt Disney replies: "Back around 1910–15, Mr. A. V. Cauger, who was formerly a photographer, a theater exhibitor and a pioneer advertising film man, came to Kansas City and opened up The Kansas City Slide Company on Central Avenue. It was here that I went to work for him sometime during the summer of 1920.*

"Then, later on in 1920, he moved to 25th and Charlotte. With his advertising background, he started the United Film-Ad Service Company at this new location while still continuing on with the Slide Company, which also moved over to the Charlotte address. After about six months, however, he discontinued the Slide Company and directed all his efforts to the United Film-Ad Service Company."
—ED.

Fifteen Years of the Post

Dear Sirs:

Back in December, 1941, I started to save The Saturday Evening Post. I have continued to save my copies up to the present date [see photo].

There are five-cent ones, ten-cent ones and fifteen-cent ones. Altogether, there are 780 Posts, which weigh 703 lbs. . . .

I just signed the card for another two years' subscription. In my opinion it is the best book you can buy for the money.

A. R. TUCKER
Maywood, N.J.

● *Reader Tucker's stack of Posts is impressive, indeed. Can anyone else top this?—ED.*

Reader Tucker and collection.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Jacob Lofman. • 19–Margery Lewis. • 20–Margery Lewis. • 21–F.P.G., Brown Brothers, anonymous, Brown Brothers, F.P.G. • 22, 23–Joe De Mers. • 24–Globe. 25–Phil Burchman, United Press, Bob Landry (20th Century-Fox), Warner Brothers. 26–Earl Mayan. • 27–Ollie Atkins. • 28–European, United Press. • 29–Peter F. Petraglia, P.I.P., Black Star, P.I.P., United Press. • 30–Frank and Helen Schreider. • 31–Morgan Kane. • 32, 33–Ivan Dmitri. • 34, 35–Bruce Bomberger. • 36–Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd.; John Bickel. • 37–Peter F. Petraglia, Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd.; John Bickel. • 38, 39–Harold Von Schmidt. • 43–Edwin Georgi. • 52–Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd.; two by John Bickel. • 87–Peter F. Petraglia. • 88–Frank and Helen Schreider. • 116–Three anonymous; Gene Lester.

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YOU SAY YOU PAID $9.00 TO GET THAT ONE PRESCRIPTION FILLED? WOW!
DEPENDS ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT. THAT MEDICINE KEPT ME FROM MISSING WEEKS OF WORK...MAYBE SAVED MY LIFE. I FIGURE I GOT A BARGAIN!
Harry Anderson

PERHAPS it has happened to you. You've been sick, and your doctor hands you a prescription for one of the new medicines. When you get it filled and find out the cost, it may seem a mighty high price to pay.

But think what that prescription may do for you . . . get you well, get you back on the job sooner and possibly even save your life.

Actually, with the new and more potent drugs, many an illness costs less today than ever before. Twenty years ago, for example, hospital patients stayed an average of 14 days, as compared with 9 days average now.

An appendicitis operation used to mean 3 weeks in the hospital . . . now it's usually 5 days. And pneumonia patients, if they survived, had to stay 3 to 6 weeks. Now they're usually home in a week . . . if they leave home at all!

When you consider what today's more effective medical care can do for you and your family—in saving lives, speeding recoveries, preventing complications, easing worries—you appreciate what good value you're getting.

In fact, prompt and proper medical care may well prove to be the biggest bargain that will ever come your way.

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MAKERS OF MEDICINES SINCE 1866

Working with your physician, your pharmacist and your hospital to make modern medical care one of the most rewarding investments of your life.

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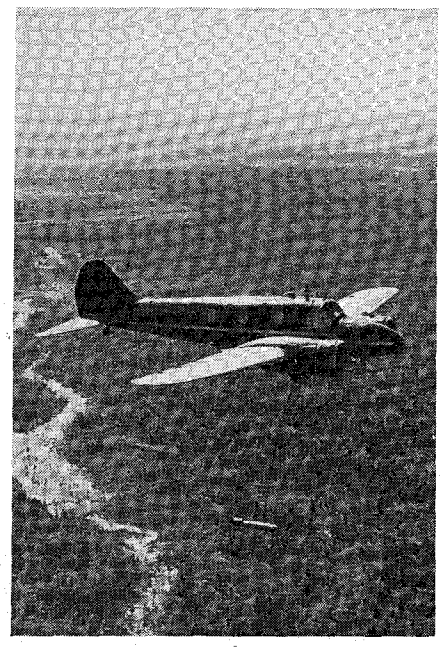
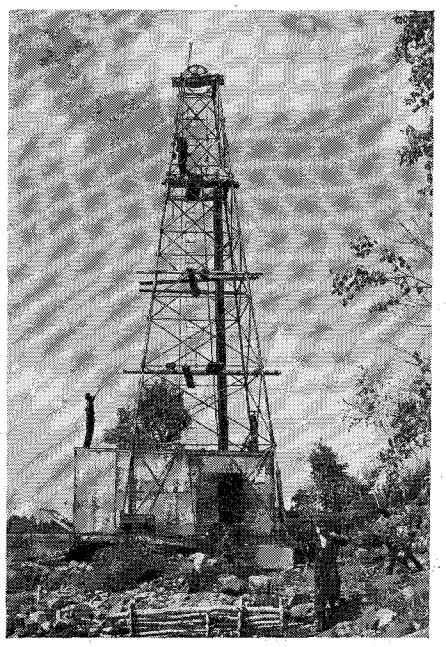
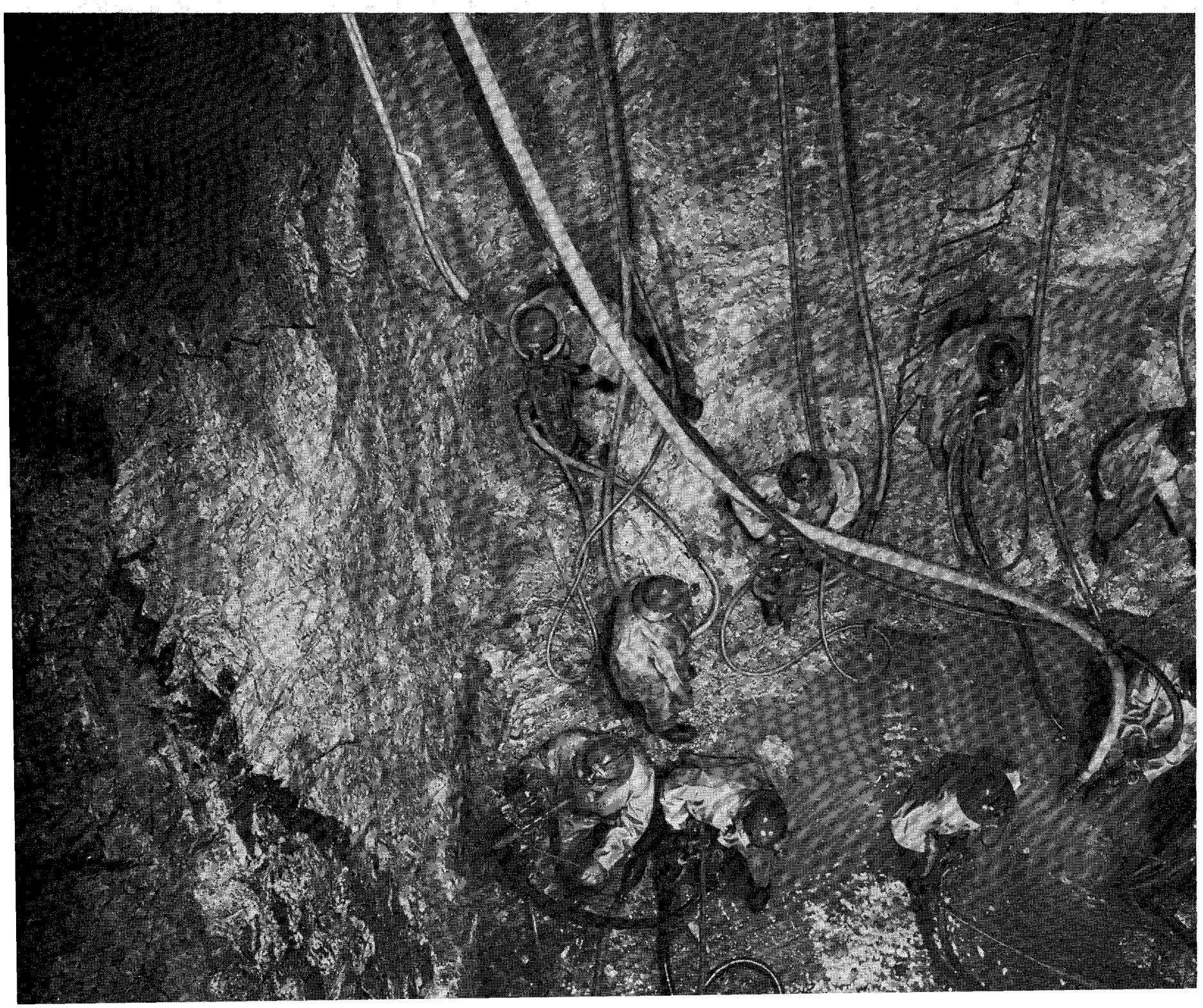
PROGRESS REPORT



1. How these mines were discovered—For years Inco-Canada used air-borne devices to scan vast areas. The *possibilities* of ore deposits in this area suggested further exploration.



2. How ore bodies were probed – Diamond drills then began bringing up samples of rock and ore from underground; another step toward exploring the size and location of ore bodies.



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Inco shows how a Nickel mine is born

New mines in Manitoba will help add over 100 million pounds to Nickel output

Ten years and ten million dollars ago, Inco-Canada launched Exploration Project Manitoba.

Purpose of the project: to discover new deposits of Inco Nickel, new sources of mineral wealth deep in the woodlands.

The exploration project having revealed sufficient ore to warrant mining, Inco-Canada will now develop its new underground mines and processing plants in Mystery-Moak Lakes area of northern Manitoba, Canada.

To get them into production calls for a new railway, townsite, power plant, schools, hospital. This $175,000,000 project is part of an Inco-Canada four-year expansion program expected to help add over 100 million pounds a year to over-all Nickel output.

Mining for Nickel, a 45-minute Inco film in full color, shows graphically and in detail how Nickel mines are discovered, developed and expanded. It is loaned without charge to technical societies, universities and industry. Write to Dept. 6f,

The International Nickel Company, Inc., New York 5, N.Y.

INCO TRADE MARK International Nickel

The International Nickel Company, Inc., is the U. S. affiliate of The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited (Inco-Canada)—producer of Inco Nickel, Copper, Cobalt, Iron Ore, Tellurium, Selenium and Platinum, Palladium and Other Precious Metals.

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3. How an exploration shaft was sunk—*(left)* This was the toughest job of all. Only a few men could work at a time. Their air-powered drills could drive only a few feet a day. After each blast, the shaft was scaled and shattered rock mucked out—long hours of work between each round of drilling.

4. How the ore is reached—*(right)* A completed shaft is like a "door" to a mine. Once production shafts are finished, crosscuts will have to be driven toward the ore deposits, then drifts driven through them. *Only after these are completed can mining of Nickel ore begin.*

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Editorials

It's High Time to Get Those Anti-Polio Shots!

Who would have imagined a few years ago that, once a safe and effective weapon against polio could be found, people would fail to take advantage of it? Yet this appears to be happening, and far too much of the program's partial failure, authorities say, is chargeable to public apathy.

For instance, after Dr. Jonas Salk's great discovery and the mass immunization tests, some 43,000,000 children received one shot only. Then, for some reason, they were allowed to quit. Nationwide, the tragic facts are that, as of late 1956, only 7,000,000 persons in the United States under twenty years of age, out of 60,000,000 actually under that age, had received the full course of three Salk vaccine shots.

This is all the more difficult to understand in the face of the fact that, according to the United States Public Health Service and the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, effectiveness and safety of the Salk vaccine, when all three shots are given, are believed to have been firmly established. Up to last December, on a basis of all cases officially reported, no child who received the full three-shot course had died of definitely diagnosed polio. The number of paralytic polio cases reported had dropped from 10,006 in December, 1955, to 6311 in December, 1956, the Public Health Service reported recently. Yet, they disclosed, some 18,000,000 doses of Salk vaccine were lying around unused in manufacturers' warehouses, in addition to stockpiles in drugstores and physicians' offices.

In New York City, for instance, as of September 30, 1956, the lag in vaccinations reported to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis showed up worst in the age fifteen-to-nineteen group, where only 441 children had received the full series of three injections of Salk vaccine. This despite vigorous health-department efforts. The best job was being done, it appeared, in the age five-to-nine group—children in the elementary grades—but of these, 19.2 per cent, almost one out of five children, had not even received two shots. According to the foundation, a child who has received only one shot is not regarded as completely vaccinated.

It should be remembered that Doctor Salk now recommends that all adults up to fifty should be inoculated, since one fourth of all cases are hitting persons from twenty to fifty. Furthermore, according to Dr. Howard A. Rusk, writing in The New York Times, the disease tends to be more severe in older patients: "Seventy per cent of all respiratory cases in this country are twenty years of age or older."

Of course, there have been genuine reasons for some of the delay in securing this protection. The vaccine did not become generally available until last June, and thus there has not been enough time to complete the program in many communities, since it takes eight or nine months. In some communities school children were given their first shot and that was all before the end of the term. Parents apparently neglected to pick up where the schools left off. Doubtless some of the apathy may be attributed to doctors themselves, who may not have urged vaccination on their patients, and there was real concern about its safety for some time following the Cutter incident. Money is a factor in low-income groups. Then there is the inescapable fact that getting shots by the physician's needle is painful. Some authorities believe part of the slowness in getting Salk shots is based on the hope by parents that new types of immunization will come along soon, so that the needle won't be necessary. This is an especially dangerous miscalculation.

Salk vaccine is based on dead polio virus. Live-virus strains of polio vaccine are being studied, the foundation says, and these virus strains when deadened or "attenuated" might be administered in pills, capsules or food, instead of by injection. That much is true; both Dr. Albert Sabin, of Cincinnati, and Dr. Hilary Koprowski, of Lederle Laboratories, Pearl River, New York, are working on the live-virus problem. The polio foundation has supported Doctor Sabin's work financially and is friendly toward the work of Doctor Koprowski and his associates. They all want to wipe out polio. But note this: Both Doctor Sabin and Doctor Koprowski themselves, in their own reports, have stated emphatically that their live-virus vaccine will not be ready for public use for a long time, if ever.

Children who have not received their full three shots of Salk vaccine should begin the treatment without delay, as the polio season begins in a few months. School and local health officers, as well as family physicians, should get behind the campaign and make it their business to see what can be done to improve the situation by persuading their patients to protect themselves. Basically, the success of our national effort to wipe out polio is up to each individual American with capacity to think and do his part.

The Fund for the Republic's Blacklisting Report Lacked a Few Fundamental Facts

If you were to take time out to read the 599-page report by the Fund for the Republic on the subject of blacklisting in the entertainment industry, you would learn of the sufferings of many allegedly blacklisted persons, as related by themselves.

Take the case of Roderick B. Holmgren, a former radio commentator. The fund devotes a full page to his version. In part it is this:

"For the two years following the end of the war, I was 'labor's own commentator,' sponsored by the Chicago Federation of Labor on the federation's station, WCFL. . . . I was fired in September, 1947. . . . When I pressed for the reason, I was told it was because I had 'followed a CIO line.' "

Soon Holmgren got a job writing radio scripts for the Typographical Union, but he says he "quit voluntarily to go to work for the Progressive Party in the spring of 1948. . . . In effect, the loss of my job as commentator for WCFL ended my radio career, since I was unable to secure another permanent job in that field." The fund says Holmgren now makes his living "as an associate editor of the official organ of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, which is often cited as a communist-dominated union."

But the fund held out on one simple fact—that on October 9, 1952, Holmgren was called before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, with the following results.

He was asked, "You are a member of the Communist Party, are you not?" Holmgren said, "I refuse to answer, on the grounds of the Fifth Amendment." "Your initials are R. H., are they not?" "That is correct."

Next question: "Did you ever belong to the North Shore Club of the Illinois Communist Party?" He refused to answer. Then: "I hand you now a photostatic copy of a 1944 Communist Party card, No. 65091, made out to R. H., 1402 Central Street, City of Evanston. . . . I ask you if you have seen that document of which that is a photostatic copy." Said Holmgren, "I refuse to answer on the grounds of the Fifth Amendment."

You can find a copy of the photostat of the card on page 270 of the Senate subcommittee's hearings, which ought to be in every sizable public library. The card gives the occupation of "R. H." in 1944 as "radio administration." At that time Roderick Holmgren was an "information specialist" for the Government's Office of War Information.

But you wouldn't know any of this if you merely read the report of the Fund for the Republic. In case after case, the report quotes actors, directors, writers, commentators and other alleged victims of blacklisting. You get their side of the story, and usually nothing else.

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New CAMPSIDE Beans

. . . in a rich bacony sauce that's really great

YOU'VE never tasted beans like these, unless you have simmered bacon and beans in an iron skillet over a campfire or had the good luck to share a real chuck-wagon meal. Outdoors or in, *they're great!*

- **For never before** has anyone packed as much flavor in a can of beans. The bacony sauce is so *rich* and *different* you probably won't want to add a thing.
- **There's really no need** to "doctor" new CAMPSIDE Beans. "As is," they're the best-tasting beans you ever set fork to. Just heat 'em and eat 'em. *Delicious!*

You know it's good because it's Heinz!

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Three minutes . . . and Lincoln had delivered his immortal Gettysburg Address.

But a week . . . and more . . . passed before all the nation learned of it.

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"Lincoln's address at Gettysburg" reprinted from Harper's Weekly Feb. 10, 1900

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Each month you will receive free the Club Magazine which describes the current selections in all four divisions. You may accept or reject the monthly selection for your division. You may also take records from the other Club divisions. This unique advantage assures you the widest possible choice of recorded entertainment. Or you may tell us to send you NO record in any month. Your only obligation is to accept as few as 4 selections from the almost 100 that will be offered during the next 12 months, and you may cancel membership at any time thereafter. The records you want are mailed and billed to you at only $3.98 (original cast Broadway Shows somewhat higher) plus a small mailing charge.

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Each month you will send me the Columbia (LP) Record Club Magazine which describes the records offered in all four Club divisions. I have the privilege of accepting the monthly selection in the division checked above, or any other selection described, or none at all. My only obligation is to accept a minimum of four records in the next 12 months at the regular list price plus a small mailing charge. After accepting 4 records, I will receive a free Bonus record for every two additional records I purchase. If not delighted with membership, I may cancel within 10 days by returning all records.

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☐ **Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite; The Sleeping Beauty Ballet** Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.

☐ **Day Dreams** Doris Day sings 12 popular songs—including *Sometimes I'm Happy, You Go To My Head,* etc.

☐ **King of Swing: Vol. I** Benny Goodman and Original Orch., Trio, Quartet. *Ridin' High, Moonglow*—9 more.

☐ **My Fair Lady** Percy Faith and his Orchestra play music from this hit show.

☐ **Brahms: Double Concerto; Variations on a Theme by Haydn; Tragic Overture** Stern, violin; Rose, 'cello; N. Y. Philharmonic, Walter, cond.

☐ **Songs from Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom** 12 happy songs from famous Disney films.

☐ **Concert by the Sea** Erroll Garner — recorded in an actual performance at Carmel, Calif.—playing 11 numbers — *Red Top, Where or When,* etc.

☐ **Levant Plays Gershwin** 3 works—Rhapsody In Blue; Concerto in F; An American in Paris.

☐ **The Voice** Frank Sinatra in 12 songs that first made him famous — *Lover, Fools Rush In,* etc.

☐ **Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade** Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy, conductor. A superb performance of this exotic score.

☐ **Music of Jerome Kern** Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra play 20 Kern favorites.

☐ **Jazz: Red Hot & Cool** Dave Brubeck Quartet in *Love Walked In, The Duke*—5 more.

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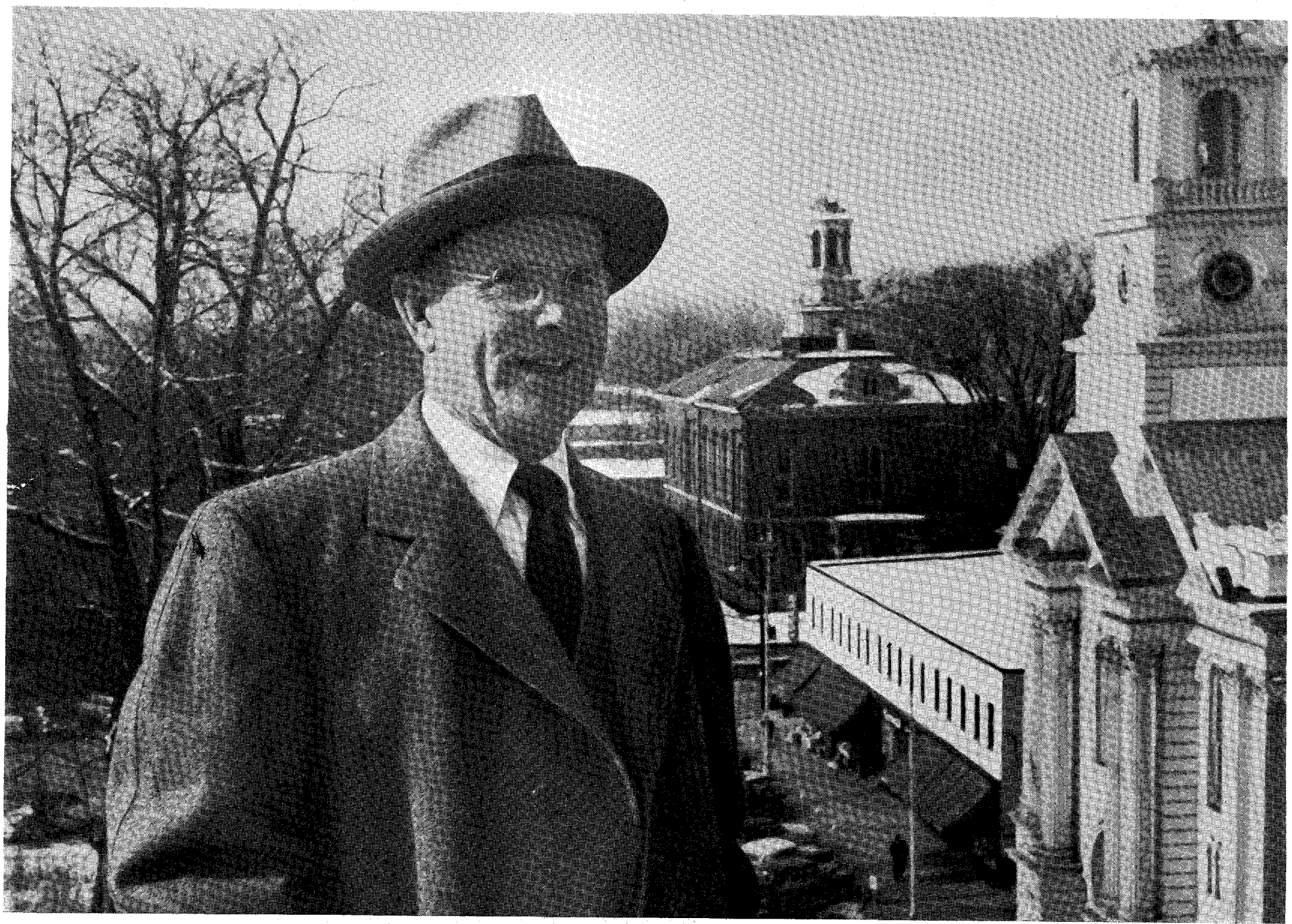
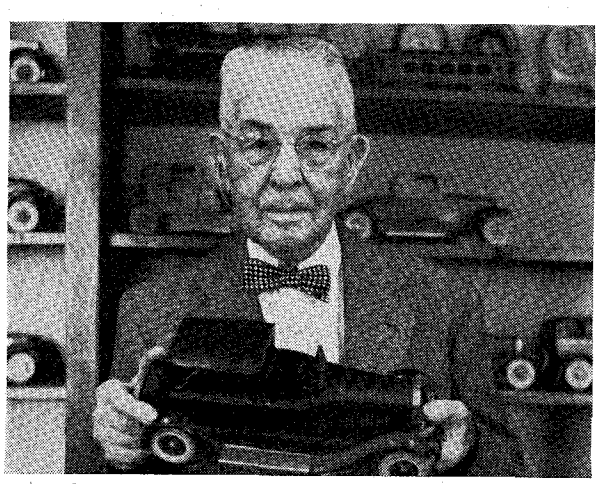
How an old New England
furthered their town's future with



PROUD MAYOR OF A PROSPEROUS CITY—Mayor J. Alfred Dennis of Keene, New Hampshire. As the Mayor confirms, busy Keene owes much of its success to the town's top employer, Kingsbury Machine Tool Corporation, a General Motors supplier since 1925.



TRADITION OF CRAFTSMANSHIP — Carefully crafted toy motorcars like the one held by H. T. Kingsbury, company's founder, faithfully followed auto designs.

FUND RAISER—Company Director and Public Relations head Chester L. Kingsbury ran drive to build new wing of Keene's Elliot Community Hospital.

BLUEPRINTING THE FUTURE — President Gunnar Swahnberg and Board Chairman Ed Kingsbury check prints for a new Kingsbury machine tool for GM.

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family with young ideas some help from General Motors

WHETHER your business is in Detroit, Los Angeles, Kalamazoo or Keene, New Hampshire—the old saying holds. Keep up with the times and the times will be kind to you.

Take the Kingsbury family of Keene. For generations they'd applied their Yankee ingenuity to a succession of enterprises. In 1919 they were employing the native mechanical skill of Keene fathers and sons to the crafting of a famous line of mechanical and cast iron toys.

Small Business With Big Ideas

THEN—in the Twenties—young Ed Kingsbury came back to the family business with his engineering diploma from M.I.T. and a whole pack of new ideas in production.

Right off he stepped up toy production by inventing a new sensitive-feed drilling machine which bored smoothly through cast iron — kept drills from breaking when they hit a hard spot. Got so interested in drill building—he set up a machine shop in the toy factory and began turning out a drilling unit utilizing his new sensitive-feed principle.

Then came the big idea—one now known to mechanical engineering students and heavy industry production engineers as the Kingsbury Method. Very simply it combines several automatic drill units into one machine — automatically moves the metal from one unit to another—progressively performs the required operations.

An idea this good never takes long to find a market. Especially at General Motors.

An Old Business Becomes A New Business

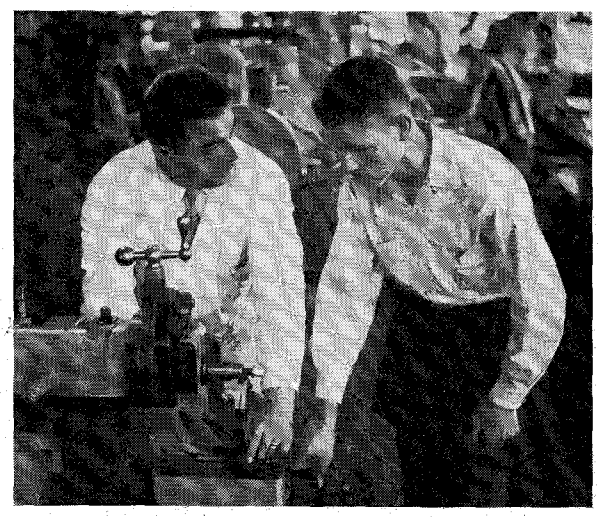
SINCE 1925 when the first Kingsbury automatic drilling and tapping machine was delivered to what is now the Delco-Remy Division of General Motors—GM has been a steady customer of the toy factory which Ed Kingsbury's idea turned into the Kingsbury Machine Tool Corporation. Right now, in fact, 29 GM divisions and plants continuously purchase the latest developments of Ed Kingsbury's brain child.

Thanks to GM and the other companies which deal with Kingsbury, the Keene outfit now employs more than 400 folks (including 9 father and son teams) all living within ten miles of the hugely expanded plant.

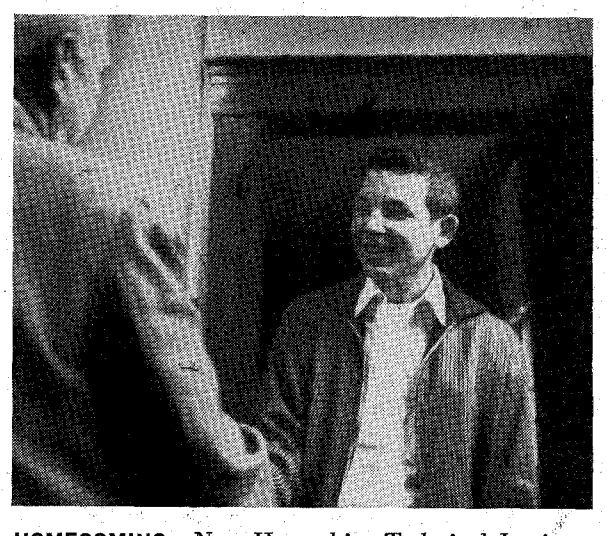
What has happened in Keene, New Hampshire, has happened in hundreds of towns and cities all over the United States. Local manufacturers have found that—if they meet delivery dates with quality products, that GM needs, at competitive prices — General Motors is interested in doing business with them. New money has flowed into these local communities — and as a result these communities in every state share in GM's success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside sources of materials and services for GM receive, in total, close to 50¢ out of every dollar that General Motors takes in.

General Motors—Good people to work for—Good people to deal with



TOMORROW'S IDEA MEN—Keene High School's Mechanical Arts Course is considered one of the best in the State. Machines donated by Kingsbury Machine Tool Corporation equip shop, save money for town, help school give boys actual experience.



HOMECOMING—New Hampshire Technical Institute student Blair Howe who is getting help for his education by $500 scholarship given him by Kingsbury Machine Tool Corp. Keene High School Principal Harold F. Drew welcomes him on holiday visit.

ONE OF 9 FATHER AND SON TEAMS—Milling Department Foreman Earl Riley checks accuracy of machined hole on drill unit body ticketed for GM's Cadillac Division. Young Jim Riley working drill on Delco-Remy job.

Small Business and General Motors: an Enduring Relationship

Most of the 26,000 business firms supplying GM divisions with goods and services are small businesses with less than 500 employes. About a third of these small businesses—7,927 in fact—have been working with GM 11 years or more—two thousand from 21 to 30 years — and several hundred even 31 years and more.

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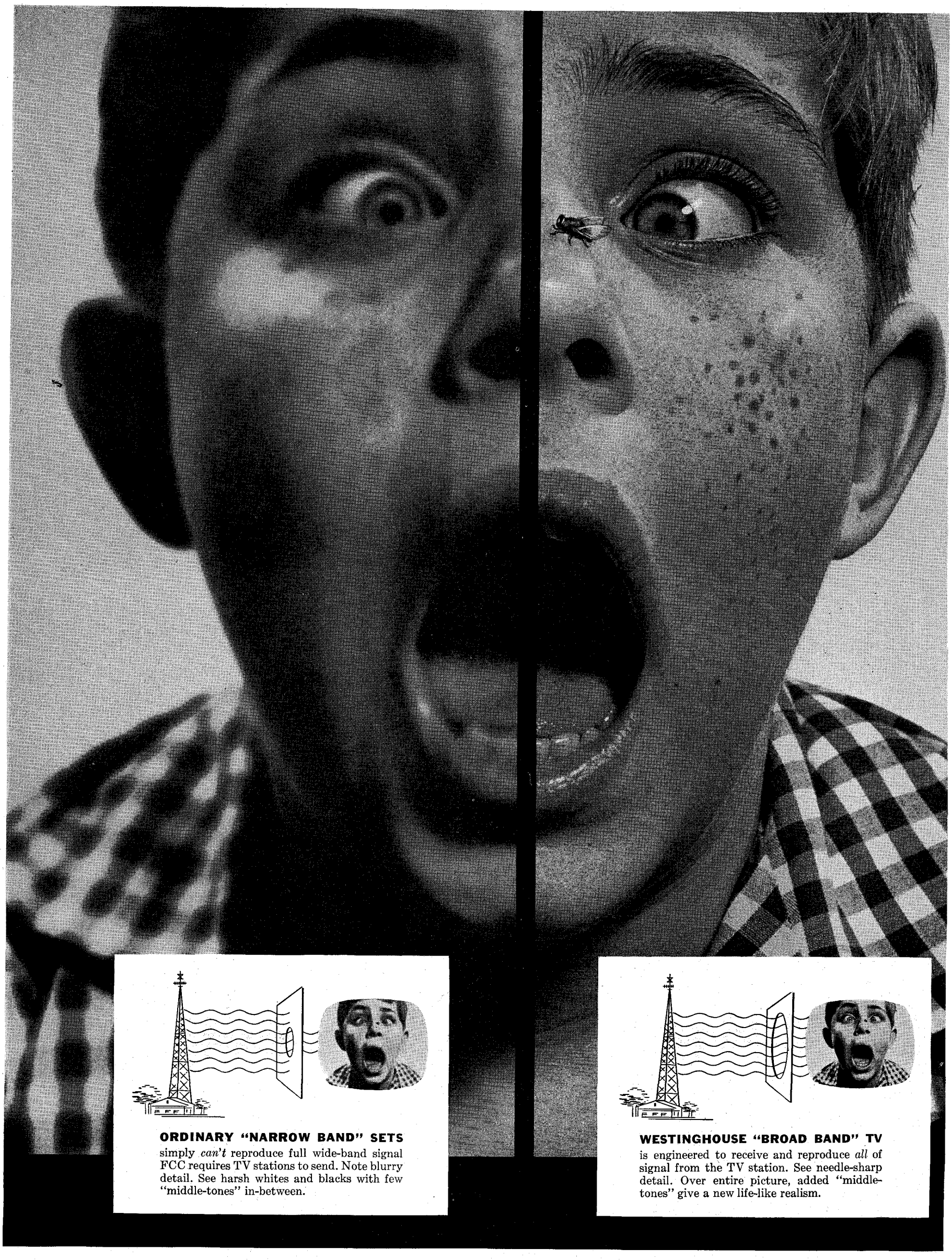

ORDINARY "NARROW BAND" SETS
simply *can't* reproduce full wide-band signal FCC requires TV stations to send. Note blurry detail. See harsh whites and blacks with few "middle-tones" in-between.

WESTINGHOUSE "BROAD BAND" TV
is engineered to receive and reproduce *all* of signal from the TV station. See needle-sharp detail. Over entire picture, added "middle-tones" give a new life-like realism.

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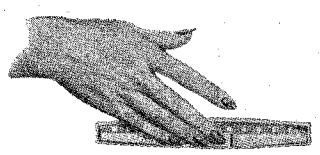
New Westinghouse BROAD BAND TV gives you 22% MORE DETAIL!

Now, a TV set that's engineered to bring you ALL of the signal the TV station sends!

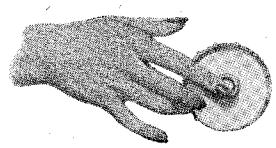
With wonderful Westinghouse "Broad Band" TV you see pictures that are breathtaking in their realism—pictures with *22% more* detail than sets not having this feature! Detail that's sharp instead of blurry. Tones that are beautifully modeled instead of harsh and contrasty. Images so life-like they bring new pleasure to your favorite TV shows!

But, that's only the beginning! 1957 Westinghouse TV gives you Push-Bar Power Tuning, Push Button On-Off switch. Automatic Gain Control that smooths out "flutter" from airplanes and street traffic. Silver Safeguard Chassis that gives you amazing new freedom from service calls . . . optional "Chairside" Remote Control . . . space-saving Slim-Trim styling.

Never has any set given so much for your money. Let your Westinghouse Dealer prove it to you *today!*



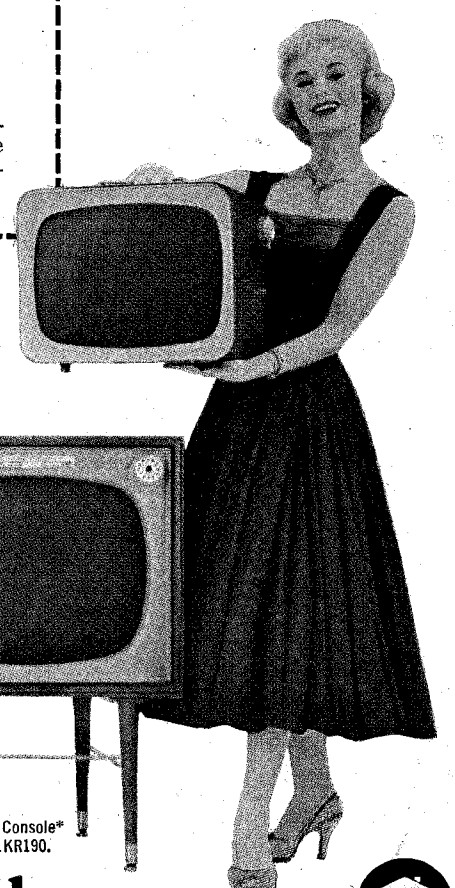
NEW! PUSH-BAR POWER TUNING—A feather-light touch changes channels instantly...by-passes unused channels automatically!



NEW! PUSH-BUTTON ON-OFF CONTROL—No fiddling with volume every time you turn set on. Operates independently of Volume Control.

*21-INCH OVER-ALL DIAGONAL, 243 SQ. IN. VIEWABLE AREA.

PORTABLE TV styled by Raymond Loewy Associates. 2 screen sizes: 105 sq. in. or 141 sq. in. viewable area.



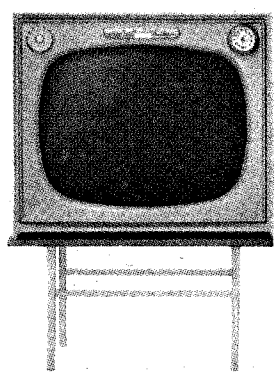
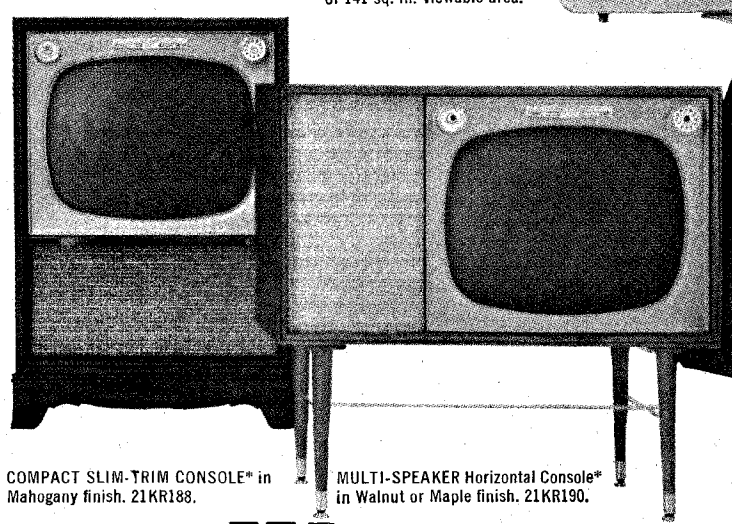


TABLE MODEL TV*, gleaming Limed-Oak or Mahogany finish. 21TR183.



COMPACT SLIM-TRIM CONSOLE* in Mahogany finish. 21KR188.

MULTI-SPEAKER Horizontal Console* in Walnut or Maple finish. 21KR190.

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Who says men don't understand women!

Whitman knows better!

Because it's the men (doctors, lawyers, merchants and chiefs of millions of households) who buy our famous Sampler package all the time—to give to the ladies.

At Valentine time, a male's eye roves toward Whitman's romantic heart packages, filled with those wonderful chocolates.

The ladies love this thoughtfulness (witness the above!), and are quite impressed with your discerning taste.

Remember *your* Valentine on February 14th with Whitman's red-red hearts, $2 to $7.50. The Sampler, $2, $4, $6 and $10. Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

Give Whitman's Hearts on February 14th—and you give the best!

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Just tinkering: Time was when boys spent hours tuning up the old bike for a spin to nowhere in particular. But such "running around" is frowned on now, the author laments.

What Happened to the Magic of Childhood?

Now our children's lives are planned by experts, with wasted time eliminated. But sadly missing are the wonderful, aimless days we used to know.

By ROBERT PAUL SMITH

The thing is, I don't understand what kids do with themselves any more. I have two boys of my own, I live in a suburb where three out of three fathers are up to here with catching that commuting train and paying that mortgage and burning those leaves and shoveling that snow, and when all else is indefensible, say, "But it's a wonderful place to raise children." Spock and Gesell and others of that Ilg are the local deities; the schoolteachers speak of that little stinker from Croveny Road as "a real challenge"; there are play groups and athletic supervisors and Little Leagues and classes in finger painting and family counselors and child psychologists. Ladies who don't know *ad hoc* from *a posteriori* carry the words "sibling rivalry" in the pocketbooks of their minds as faithfully as their no-smear lipstick.

And yet, I was with a bunch of kids a week ago, ranging in age from ten to fourteen—to forty-one, counting me—and since none of them seemed to know what to do for the next fifteen minutes, I said to them, "How about a game of mumbly-peg?" And can you believe that not one of these little siblings knew spank-the-baby from Johnny-jump-the-fence?

Nor do they seem to know anything at all about the other really important things of this

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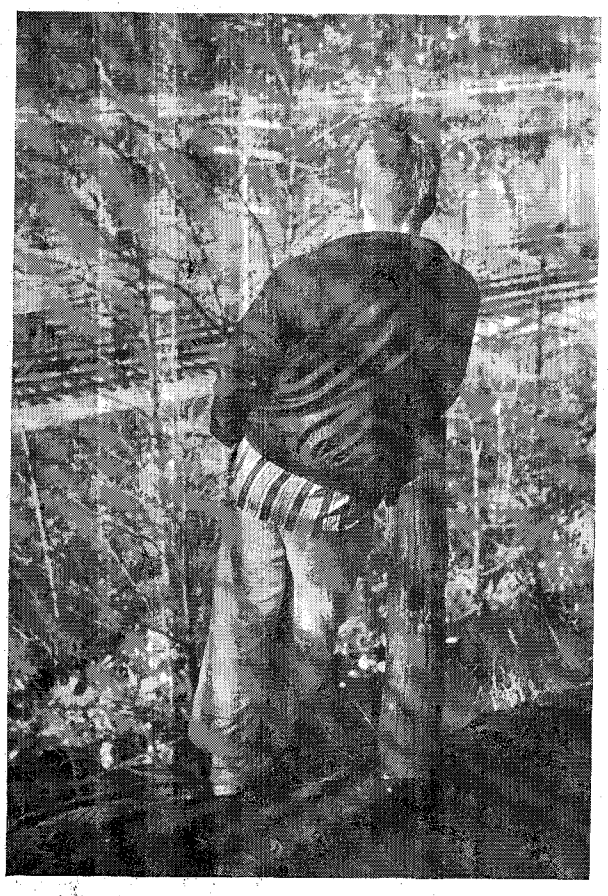
Is mumbly-peg a lost art? The author suggested the game to a group of 10-to-14-year-olds and "Not one of them knew spank-the-baby from Johnny-jump-the-fence."



THIS IS HOW OUR KIDS WOULD BEHAVE IF WE LEFT THEM ALONE

"We watched things. We watched people build houses; we watched men fix cars, dig ditches, climb telephone poles. We watched trains at the station, shoeshine men at the station, Italian men playing bocce, our fathers playing cards, our mothers making jam."

"Step on a crack, break your mother's back. . . . We skipped and hopped and jumped. Not going anywhere—just skipping and hopping, jumping and galloping."

world, like horse chestnuts, or corduroy knickers, or the difference between an immie and a glassie, or what you do with the kind of baseball that used to be called a "nickel rocket." I have a feeling that even then inflation was on us and a nickel rocket cost ten cents. The first thing you did with a nickel rocket was to nip into somebody's garage and hook a roll of friction tape. If the garage was dark enough, for a minute or an hour you would grab the end of the tape and pull it back quickly and see the blue sparks.

None of my teachers told me about static electricity. I don't even know that they knew about this or, indeed, that anybody but me knows about it to this day. Some kid found out that if you pulled the end of the tape back quickly, you saw blue sparks. Some kid told some other kid, and some other kid told some other kid. When we got tired of watching the sparks, we wrapped the nickel rocket with friction tape.

I guess I know now that the reason we did this with the nickel rocket was that if by any wild chance one of us had got a solid hit, the ball would have come apart. But that's not the point. There was no reasoning going on then. You wrapped a nickel rocket with friction tape because that's what you did with a nickel rocket.

The kids I see playing baseball these days are in something called the Little League and have a covey of overseeing grownups hanging around and bothering them and putting catcher's masks on them and making it so darn important that the kids don't even know about one o' cat, or one old cat, or whatever you called it. I understand that, in the Little League, kids cry when they lose a game. Nobody ever cried in our baseball games unless he caught a foul tip with the end of his finger or unless someone slang the bat and caught the catcher across the shins with it.

That same passel of child-directed grownups seems to have got its mitts on immies, because the only time I see kids playing immies these days is in the newsreels when they're holding the national marble championships. What kind of an insanity is this? Any kid on my block who called an immie a marble would have been barred from civilized intercourse for life, and who cares who's marble champion of the world? The problem is: who's the best immie shooter on the block? I'll bet a hat the rules are written down in a book. On my block, the rules were written down in kids.

The rules were that as soon as the ground got over being frozen, any right-minded kid on his way from school planted his left heel in the ground at an angle of forty-five degrees and walked around it with his right foot until there was a hole of a certain size. What size? The size of an immie hole. Then you drew a line with your toe a certain distance from the hole. How far away from the hole was the line? The proper distance. Then, to start, you stood behind the line and threw immies, underhand, at the hole. There was a kid who moved from another town who said this was "lagging," but we didn't pay much attention to him. We didn't call it that on our block. We didn't call it anything. We just did it.

There's a lot more to immies, like fins, or fens, and knucks down, and if it was fair to wiggle your feet while you were doing fins, or fens, and the legality of steelies and the value

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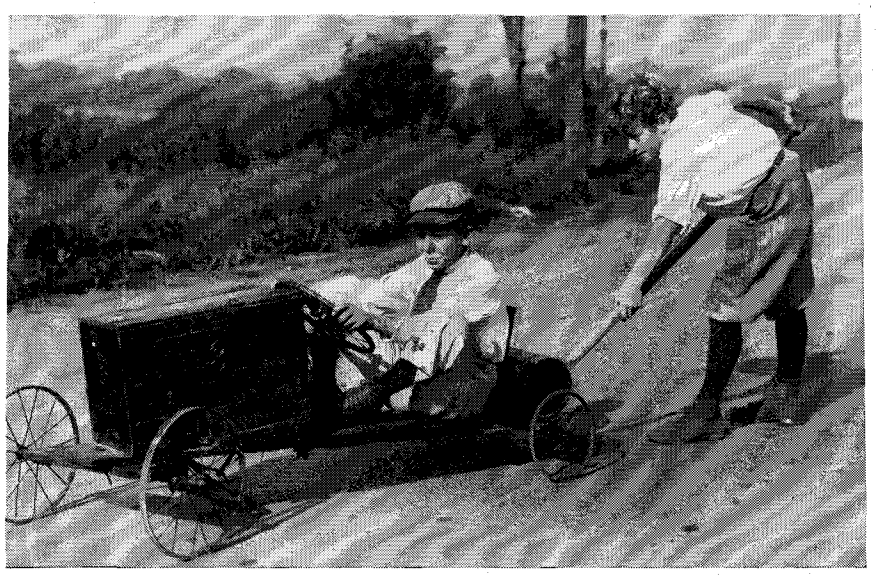
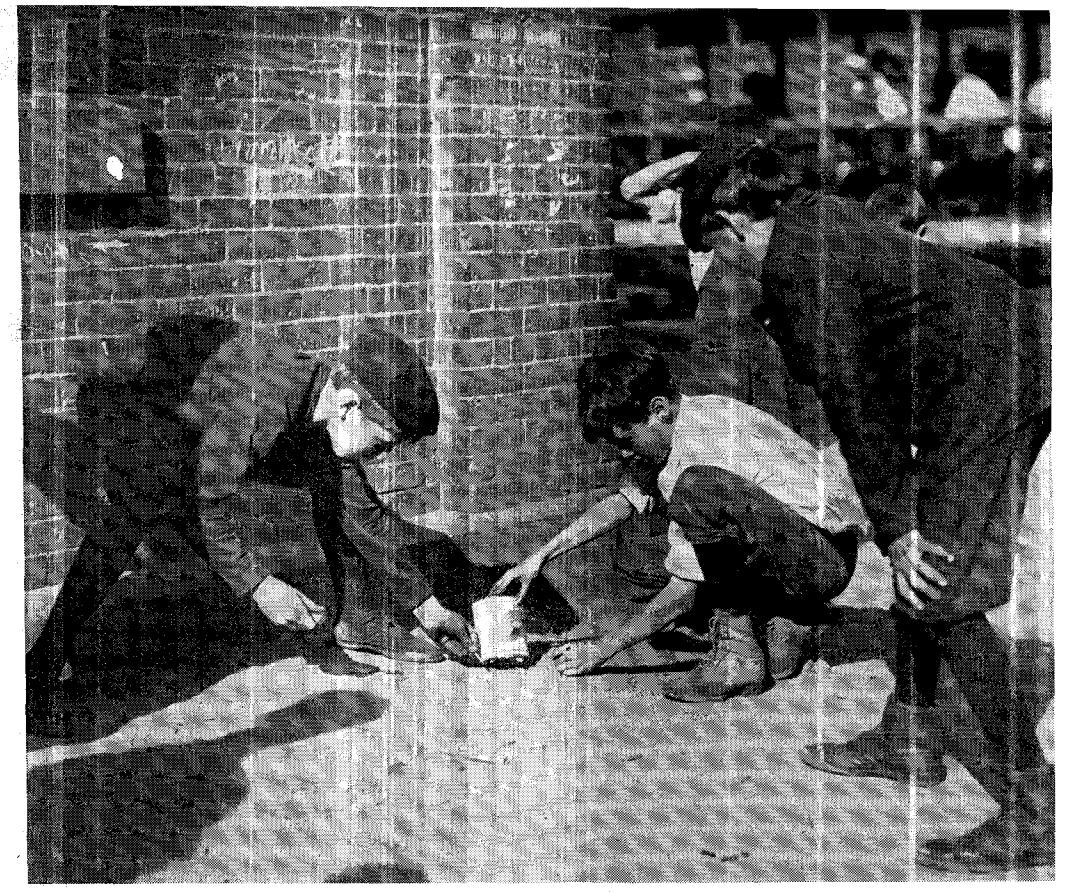
THIS WAS THE BOYHOOD FUN OF THE NOT-SO-LONG-AGO

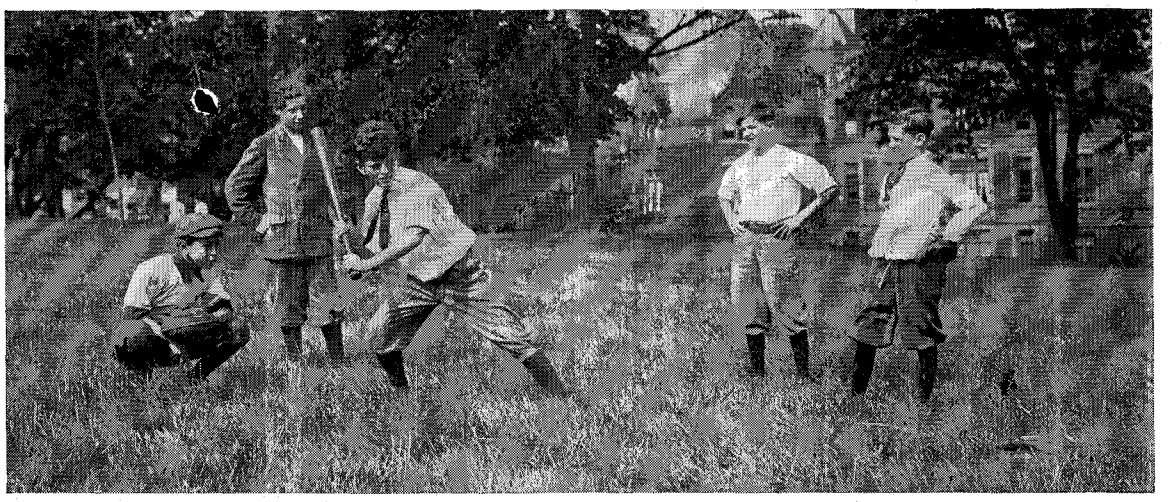


Soapbox roadster: If your pusher was a fast runner, you could beat all the cars in the neighborhood. Old baby-carriage wheels were the basic equipment.



On the 4th of July you could blow a tin can sky high with a whopping firecracker, and probably scare a few horses to boot. And only the little kids had to hold their ears.

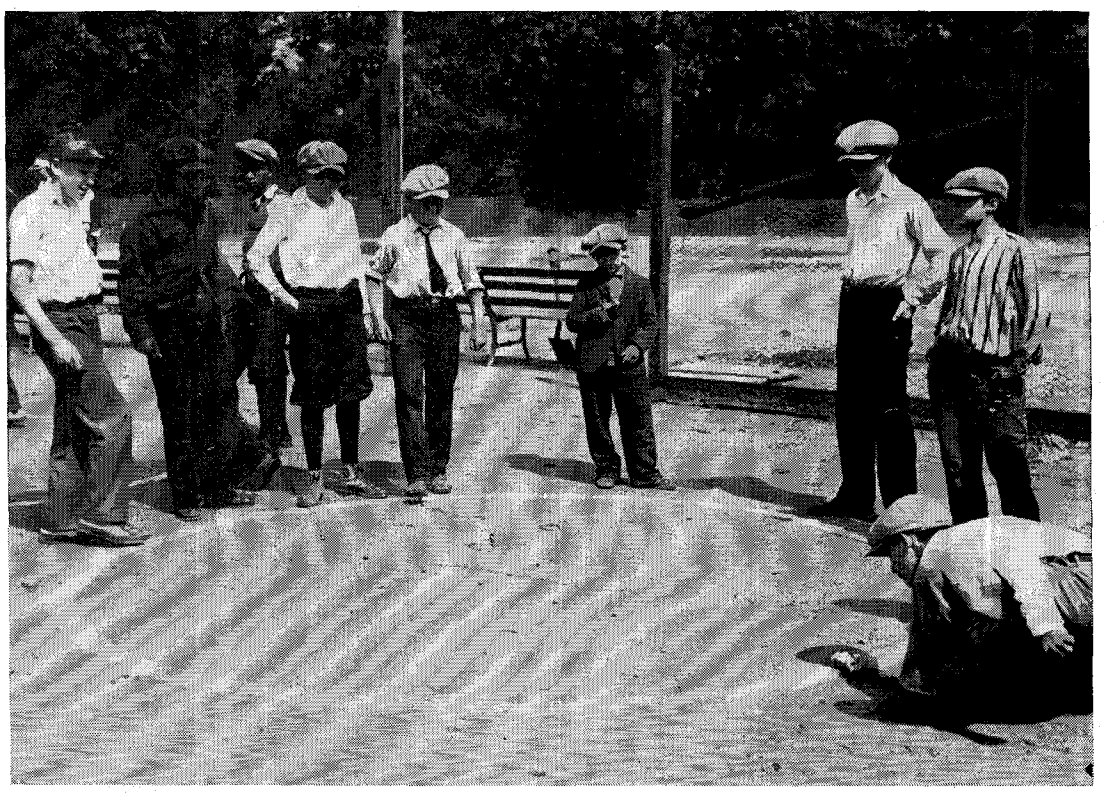
You could imagine a trip in the family touring car. Here the author himself did just that—34 years ago.



"We played with a kind of baseball called a nickel rocket. And nobody ever cried in our games unless he caught a foul tip with the end of his finger or unless someone slang the bat and caught the catcher across the shins."

of glassies, but I'm not going to write it down. They'd probably put it in the rule book of the national marble championship, and I don't want to have anything to do with people who call an immie a marble.

We used to play a game called stoop ball. It had to be played with a golf ball. I don't know why. After a certain amount of time, the golf ball would have enough cuts in it so you could pull off the white covering. Then, for another three days, what you did was unwind the rubber bands. What you did with the rubber string you unwound was to wrap it around various parts of your body until the circulation stopped. In the very center of the golf ball was a little white sphere the size of an immie. Inside it, we knew, was something which was so dangerous it was inconceivable. There were two schools of thought. One, that it was an explosive so powerful that—that—that —— Well, it was an (Continued on Page 93)



Springtime was the time for immies. "Any kid on my block who called an immie a marble would have been barred from civilized intercourse for life. On my block the rules were written down in the kids."

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"Go away, child,"
he exclaimed thoughtlessly,
"you frighten me!"

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By VIÑA DELMAR

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

The Second Mrs. Thorpe

How could she be sure her husband's heart didn't belong to the woman he married first?

Of course I know that writing to you, my pet, puts me first on the list of candidates for the loony bin, but you do remember—don't you?—how I always wrote, phoned, telegraphed or cabled when I had a juicy spot of news that I knew would shake your pretty back teeth. Well, I have such a spot and I can't get out of the habit of wanting you to know about it. Well, to get on ——

Naturally, I knew that Brack had married again. It seemed somehow indecent, on account of his being your husband. But let's face it, shall we? Brack wasn't your husband when he married Sylvie. He was your widower. Outlandish word, isn't it? Widower? It sounds positively medieval.

Be that as it may, Brack's marriage caused a bit of a stir, I can tell you, because of all his nice money and the big reputation she'd made in the ballet. But, my dear, she's nothing to look at compared to you. Simply nothing. Ballet dancers look divine when they're fitted out in those crisp short things; but then, so do lamb chops. I never saw a ballet dancer yet who can wear clothes as you wore them, my pet. Do you remember the melon-colored gown I made you for your first big show? You were breath-taking—simply breath-taking. But I do ramble.

Well, as soon as the country house was open this year, Brack telephoned and asked me down for a weekend. I was slightly amazed, but of course I shouldn't have been. Brack has never forgotten a soul who was your friend. Through the years, if you recall, he used to mention, from time to time, the small service I once performed for you. Brack always appreciated the favors you had received when you were a struggling little singer and hadn't even heard of Mr. Brack Thorpe. Brack, if you care, still keeps up an acquaintance with that miserable Anita person just because she gave you voice lessons for nothing when you were broke.

But about the weekend. On the phone he told me not to bother about white tie.

I said, "Very well; at a country place in summer it's fun to rough it for a bit. Black tie then."

There was a small pause before Brack said, "Cammie, we're wearing slacks to dinner."

I scarcely could utter a word, my dear. My heart went out to him, of course, but what is there to say at a time like that? Slacks being worn to dinner at Thorpe Farm! There is always something stark and tragic about the deterioration of a man's life, but I could think of no comforting words. You had such style and the places in which you lived caught your flair for elegance, and now, now it was all gone. Slacks at dinner.

I will say that I found no outward signs of deterioration in the appearance of Brack or the house. Brack—and I do hope you won't mind—looked very content. The house, as usual, was beautiful, and Sylvie, moving toward me in that dancer's way of hers, certainly caught my eye. But the dress she was wearing looked like my great-aunt's sewing bag. I couldn't contain myself.

"Go away, child; you frighten me!" I cried. "Are those clothes?"

Now anyone in her right mind certainly couldn't think this was such an unusual comment, but Sylvie stiffened and looked at me with what I could only think was resentment. Ridiculous, of course, but there it was. I couldn't believe it.

Brack smiled in that quiet way of his and took her hand. "Cammie says things like that to startle people," he explained. "He's really harmless; just eccentric."

She looked at me solemnly and said in the way of a child who is trying to be polite, "We are glad to see you at the farm, Mr. Cameron."

Now, you know no one but my minor employees calls me "Mr. Cameron." The world calls me by the label they see, and pay for, on my designs. Anyone I know socially addresses me as 'Cammie,' and, after all, this mite was Brack's wife.

I smiled with a great deal of charm and said, "Brack calls me 'Cammie.'"

She said, "I do not think I will avail myself of Brack's privileges, Mr. Cameron."

After that—and not a moment too soon—we sat down for a drink. Brack said, "Sylvie, Cammie is an old and trusted friend. He has only one fault. You've already been exposed to it. You know the worst of him now."

"Do I really?" she asked, sipping her ginger ale thoughtfully. Yes, my pet, ginger ale, and all that champagne around.

Brack said, "This is the fellow who was pal enough to provide magnificent gowns for a talented girl who would have lost her big chance if she hadn't had them."

I said, "Now, Brack, we've been through that a hundred times. I was only doing myself a favor. She had a chance to sing at a very smart *boîte*. I knew that everybody would be asking who made her clothes. I wasn't so well known myself then that I couldn't stand the advertising."

Brack nodded. "You weren't well known and you didn't have money to throw away. That's what makes it more wonderful. You were a real friend when a friend was needed."

Sylvie said, "Who wants a piece of stuffed celery?" And I was glad she had nudged us, for you know how I detest sentimental slobbering. I turned from Brack, ready to greet Martin. But he wasn't there. Can you credit this? They don't keep a butler! The hors-d'oeuvres tray was in the hands of a rosy-cheeked, corn-fed miss who had to concentrate terribly hard to keep from dropping it. I just stared in wondering horror till she was gone. Then I had to speak my mind.

I said, "I suppose you've ripped out the bathrooms."

Brack got the point. He said, "Sylvie likes to employ the local people. I like it myself."

"Do you?" I asked politely. "Do you find they know all about the proper wine for each course?"

(Continued on Page 60)

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HOLLYWOOD'S UNLIKELY HERO

Alan Ladd is small, blond and not remarkably handsome, but his expressionless features seem to be just what women want in a romantic swashbuckler.

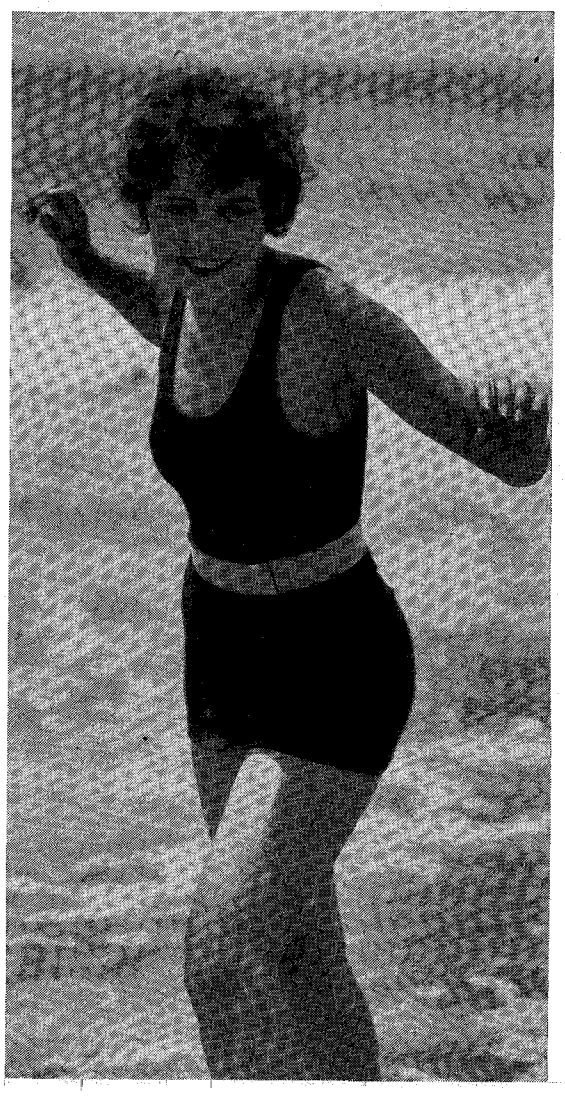
By Richard G. Hubler

Alan Ladd and Sue Carol have been married 14 years, admit to a few squabbles. She became his agent and fell in love with him at the same moment in 1939.

Possibly one of the reasons Alan Walbridge Ladd has escaped middle-age spread—though the twin curses of a double chin and retreating hair are upon him—is that he rarely sits down. At forty-three he is a 145-pound bundle of nervous sinews. He will do almost anything to keep busy—from emptying ash trays and taking the cook's telephone calls to diving into a pool to escape conversation. He will finger his favorite dagger—a finely etched, gold-inlaid job supposed to have been the personal weapon of Hermann Goering—or turn on blasting hi-fi music. In a Palm Springs hardware store of which he is a partner, he will meticulously examine accounts and wait on customers. He is forever speculating about new deals—for himself or some of his old friends—or setting about personally to renovate what he calls his "$450,000 bastard Hawaiian-Modern-French Provincial" home in Holmby Hills. Ladd likes a mixture of decorating styles. "You start with one period and you're stuck with it," he says. At night he spends hours gabbling feverishly to his plump, forty-eight-year-old wife, Sue Carol Ladd—and, as he says, "God knows what we talk about."

It is this unending expenditure of energy which is probably the most significant factor in Ladd's rise as a screen hero. Few critics think of him as an actor—though he has done competent jobs in such pictures as Scott Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby. The gamut of Ladd's performances runs from his excellent portrayal of a wandering gun fighter in Shane to a bumbling characterization of a knight errant in The Black Knight. In both he rode horses; one was done in blue jeans and the other in iron pants. The first was a movie milestone, the second a medieval mishmash, but both, significantly, made large amounts of money.

Sue was a well-known actress in the late '20's and '30's—the baby-faced star of more than a dozen pictures.



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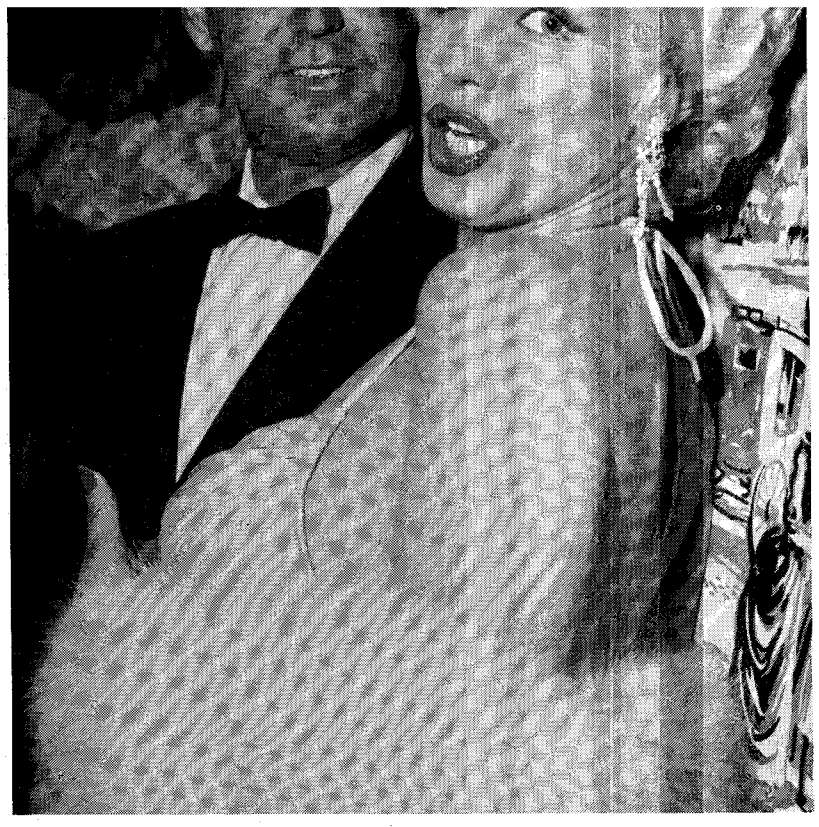
"Shane" was the actor's favorite role. Ladd is only 5′7″ and 145 lbs., but his fist packed such a lethal punch in this famous fight scene that director George Stevens had to tell him to ease off.

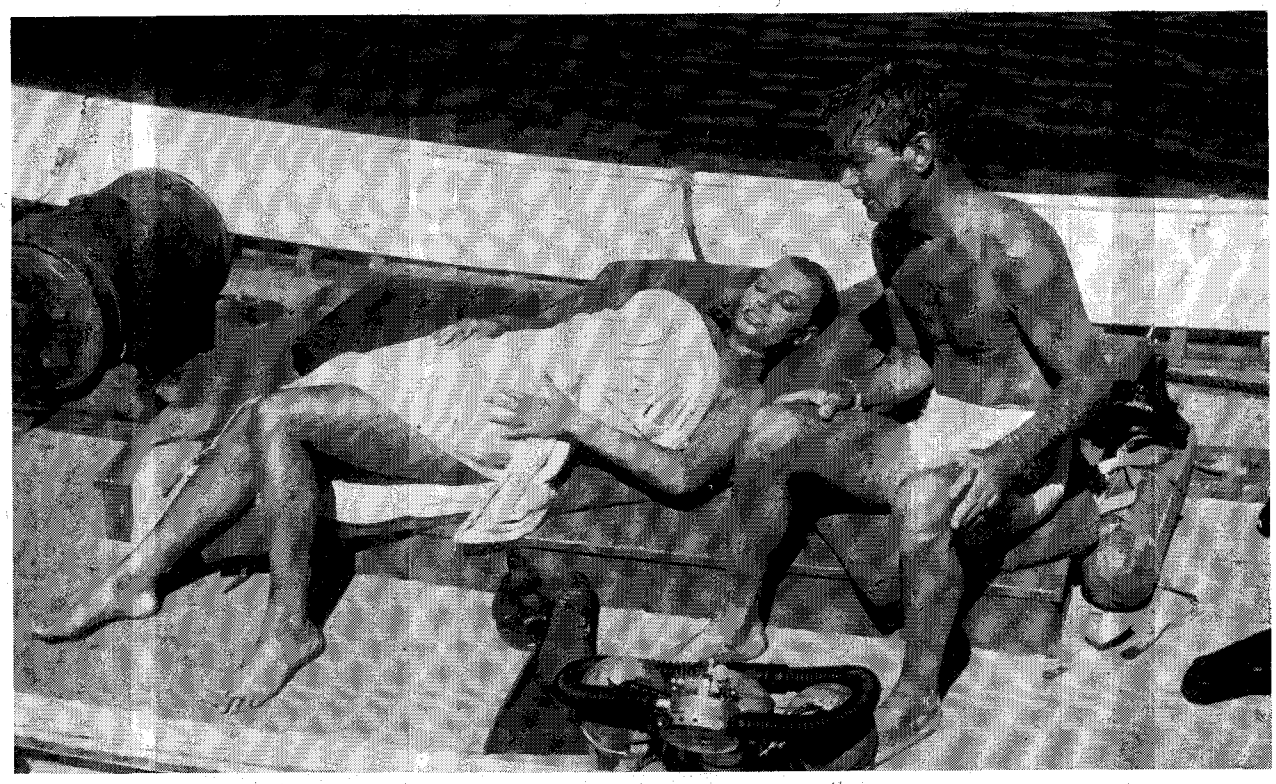


Ladd and Marilyn Monroe, just back from Korea, were given "most popular star" awards in 1954.

Ladd undoubtedly belongs among the most potent box-office personalities in motion pictures. As an example of the esteem in which he is held, Warner Brothers—a studio unaccustomed to financial whimsey—supplies total financing for the two yearly independent pictures of his Jaguar Productions. It distributes them and gives Ladd $150,000 in salary for each, plus 50 per cent of the gross take, a deal unique in movies. Together with his picture-a-year arrangement with the same firm—getting $150,000 against 10 per cent of the gross—Ladd will land this year on an income shelf of more than $1,000,000. Last year his percentage deals alone earned him $860,000. His own estimate of his chances with the public became apparent recently when he paid Paramount $285,000 to get out of his last contracted picture with that studio.

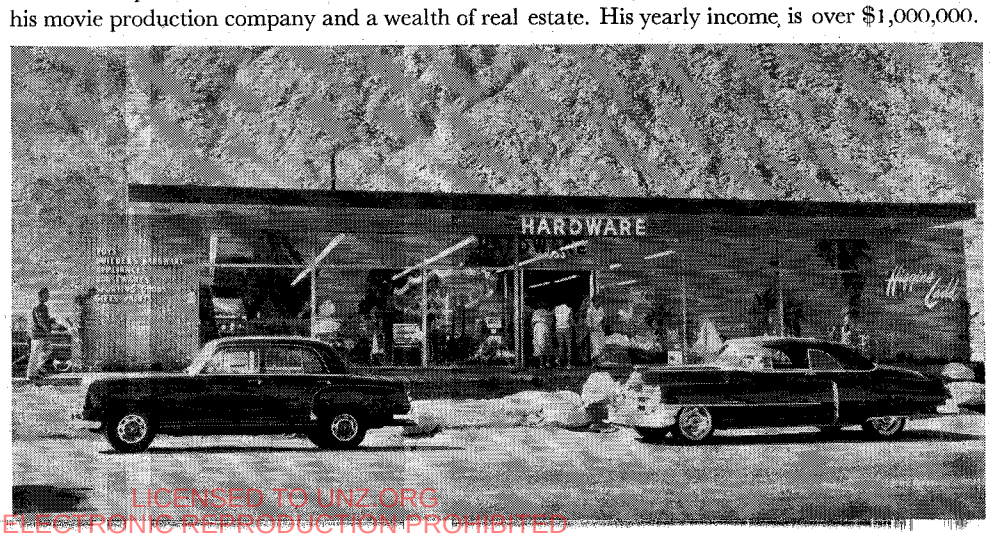
Supporting evidence may be adduced from the fact that though Ladd has starred in more than forty pictures, not one of them has ever lost a dime—a boast that can be made by very few major Hollywood figures. He is rarely missing from the list of the first ten most-sought-after stars, and his foreign popularity is phenomenal. In 1951 and again in 1953 he was voted the world's most popular actor by the international press of Hollywood.

Ladd has cashed in handsomely on his appeal. His final salary at Paramount in 1951 was $6000 a week. In 1952–53, splitting the take of two pictures—Desert Legion and Saskatchewan—with Universal-International, he made $950,000. Sue estimates that pictures in which he has played have grossed no less than $95,000,000 at the box office. In the last fifteen years—since Ladd's reputation started to zoom with his kid-gangster role in This Gun for Hire—he has earned more than $4,500,000 for himself. Of this, (Continued on Page 67)



Luscious Italian movie star Sophia Loren and Ladd off the Grecian coast, where they made a movie last summer. Ladd's wife explains his popularity with women: "They want to take care of him."

Ladd's enterprises include this $250,000 hardware store, which just breaks even, a $200,000 ranch, his movie production company and a wealth of real estate. His yearly income is over $1,000,000.



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Lisbet dried her eyes: "Oh, Mr. Todd, how can I marry Bill?"

The Mysterious Mr. Todd

He had a way of taking other people's problems and just making them melt away.

By GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

Growing among hemlocks and pines, the birches were whiter than the sticks of chalk J. B. used when his teacher ordered him to the blackboard at school. It was hot; the birch gum was trickling. He left the woods and, bass rod in hand, clambered up his favorite boulder at the stream's edge.

"I startled you," said the stranger. "Sorry, son."

The man became visible in a kind of reverse melting process, emerging from granite that matched the gray-black of his suit, his long arms taking form and then his long angular legs that stretched out to shoes of soft thin leather. His face, in the gloom beneath the hemlocks, was pale, with smudges of shadow, and it, too, might have been rough-cut of stone. His neck came nowhere near filling his loose, soft white collar.

"I just didn't see you," replied J. B. "Make yourself to home," he said. "I'll leave you hold my rod part of the time if you want." But he had not caught a thing for two days, he reflected. "I guess there won't be no fish, though," he added. "July. Water's too warm."

"Are you using a plug?"

"I got crickets and worms in my pocket."

"Best place to carry them," agreed the man, with a nod. His voice reminded J. B. of a waterfall west of Woodstock that he had visited, when his father was alive, on picnics; a resonant, powerful, masculine affirmation of durability. "My name is Todd."

"Pleased to meet you. I'm J. B. Naylor."

There were no fish.

"Like to try an experiment?" asked Mr. Todd at length.

"Sure," said J. B., a scientist. On a sheet of gray school scratch (Continued on Page 106)

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Coeds from nearby William and Mary College—itself nearly 300 years old—in the 17th-century gowns that Jamestown "inhabitants" will wear during the celebration.

Replica of the fort, where scores of settlers died of hunger, cold and disease despite the efforts of the valiant Capt. John Smith.

By Richard Thruelsen

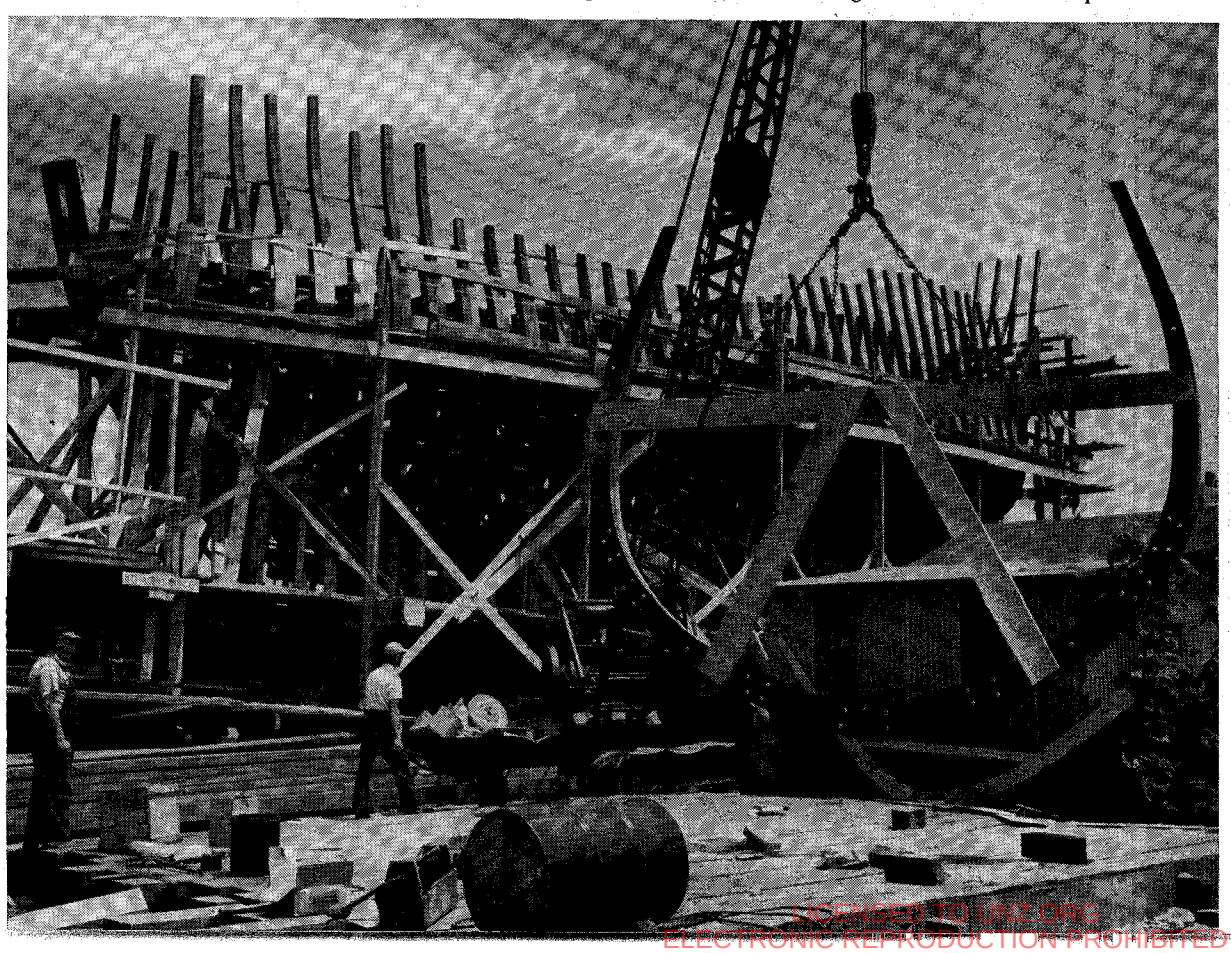
The Secrets of Jamestown

Dead and buried for decades, Jamestown, Va., is now being brought back to life to celebrate its 350th birthday. In the restoration, experts have unearthed an extraordinary treasure.

Sometime late in the day, on May 13, 1607, the lines of three small sailing ships were hauled ashore and fastened to trees on a small island hugging the bank of Virginia's James River. Early the next morning the passengers of the Susan Constant, the Godspeed and the Discovery—"forty gentlemen, a surgeon, four carpenters, eleven laborers, a blacksmith, a sailor, a barber, a bricklayer, a mason, a drummer and four boys with divers others to the number of one hundred and four"—scrambled ashore to establish what proved to be the first permanent English colony in the New World. James Towne, as the little settlement was called, was the capital of colonial Virginia for ninety-two years, when the seat of government was moved five miles inland to Williamsburg. One hundred and seventy-four years after the James River landing, the United States became a foreseeable reality when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, nineteen miles away.

These three events—the establishment of an English beachhead on this continent, the flowering of colonial life at Williamsburg, and the beginning of our national history at Yorktown—are being celebrated during 1957 with what is undoubtedly the biggest and most interesting birthday party you have ever been invited to attend. The Jamestown Festival, which will hold open house in the Jamestown-Williamsburg-Yorktown triangle for eight months, will attempt to re-create some part of the drama and flavor of the entire American colonial scene, from the agonies of the first James Towne (Continued on Page 112)

Ocean-going replica of the Susan Constant under construction at West Norfolk, Va. She was the largest of the three vessels that brought the colonists to Jamestown. Frame in foreground is for the Godspeed.



Riggers put the finishing touches on the 100-ton Susan Constant soon after launching.

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The victors: Jubilant Israeli soldiers surround their commander in chief, General Moshe Dayan, after their whirlwind conquest of the Sinai Peninsula.

Captured war matériel: An Israeli soldier examines mines seized from an Egyptian ammunition dump.

HOW THE ISRAELIS BLITZED NASSER'S ARMY

A correspondent's report of Israel's sweep through the Sinai Peninsula. These tough soldiers cracked the myth of Egyptian might in only seven days.

By Paul Henissart

TEL AVIV.

Seldom has a threat backfired as devastatingly as the solemn warning issued by Radio Cairo last October twenty-seventh that a "day of terror" for Israel was at hand. A week later the day of terror had come—for 35,000 demoralized Egyptian soldiers streaming westward to the Suez Canal, their armor crippled, their bases abandoned and their equipment strewn across the desert. In a seven-day blitz, a fast-moving, victorious Israeli Army, grabbing the

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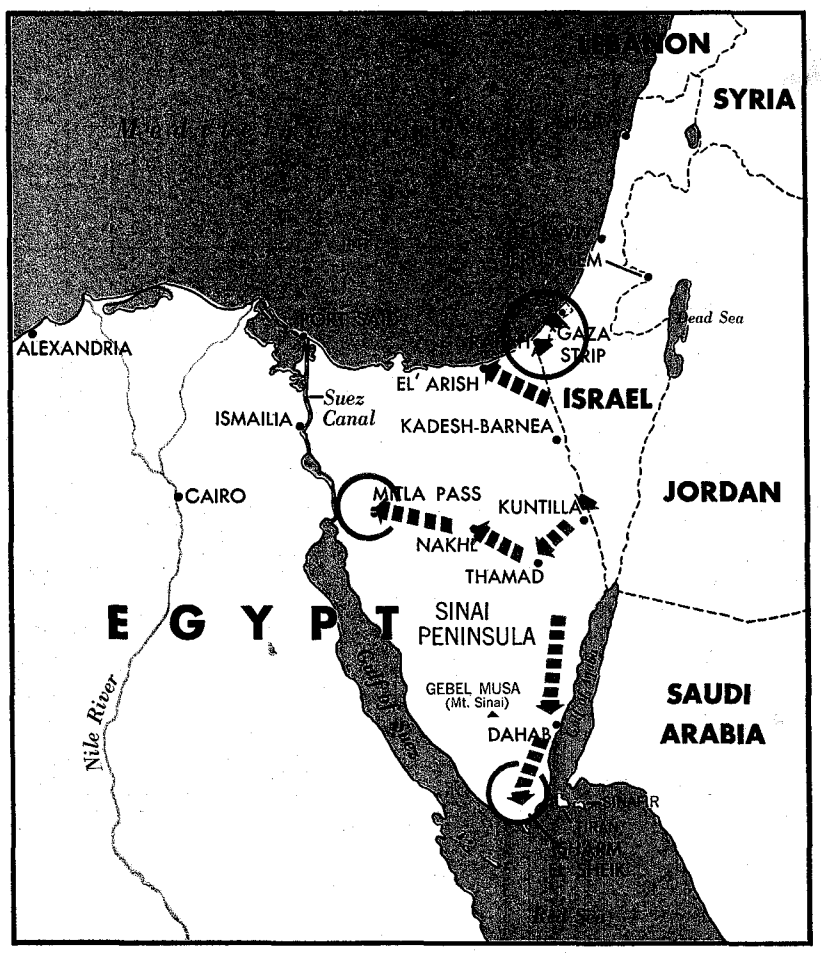


The Israeli campaign, Oct. 29–Nov. 5, 1956: Arrows show the thrust of invading columns into the Sinai Peninsula; circled areas indicate the major battles.

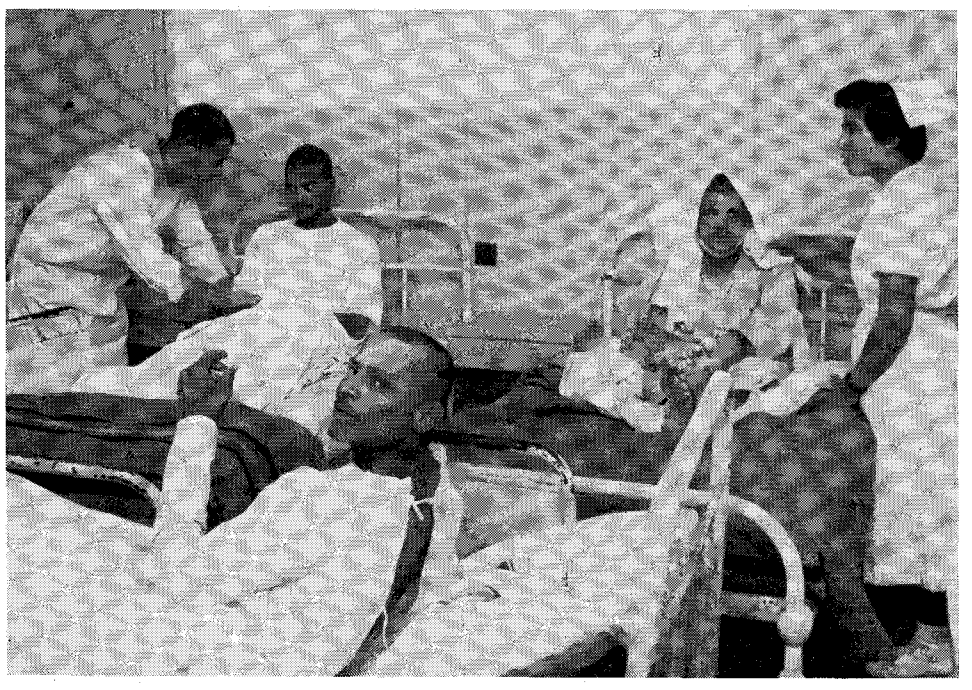
Israeli medics tend a comrade wounded in the night-long battle of Rafah, which shattered Egyptian resistance in the strife-torn Gaza Strip.

Among the losers: Israel claims its army killed 3000 of Nasser's men.

initiative and keeping it, had knocked out one third of Nasser's forces, captured an estimated $50,000,000 of supplies, and overrun a territory three times the size of its own country. The story of that blitz, overshadowed at the time it took place by the Budapest uprising and Franco-British landings at Port Said, has not been told in detail till now. This recapitulation of what happened is based on personal observation on the Sinai Peninsula and interviews with Israeli military leaders.

In the Middle East the Israeli conquest hardly came as a surprise to military men who remembered the Arab League's rout in the Palestine war of 1948. But nobody expected Gen. Moshe Dayan's mobile little army of 32,000 men to drive as fast and skillfully as it did, against a numerically superior and better-equipped enemy.

From a military standpoint, "Operation Kadesh," as the Israelis called it—for Kadesh-barnea, a Jewish (Continued on Page 90)



Wounded Egyptian *fedayeen* (guerrillas), captured in the Sinai fighting, rest in an Israeli hospital. Their motto: "No Jew in Israel will sleep at night."

Surrendering Egyptian: A second lieutenant turns over his troops to an Israeli patrol near Ismailia.

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WE MADE THE "IMPOSSIBLE" TOUR: *Conclusion*

By Frank Schreider

The Terrible Land of Fire

Helen wears heavy gloves just in case this startled young Patagonian penguin should try a playful nip at her fingers.

They survived the treacherous Strait of Magellan only to be warned that no vehicle could possibly pass through what lay ahead—the roughest trail yet.

This is the concluding installment of We Made the "Impossible" Tour, which will appear in expanded form as a book titled, "We Drove 20,000 Miles South," by Helen and Frank Schreider, to be published next May by Doubleday and Company, Inc.

We kept running into fiestas. In Cuzco, ancient seat of Incan culture, they were celebrating the Day of La Merced when our crippled jeep limped into town. Peruvian soldiers marched in full regalia, followed by the city fathers in starched shirts, tail coats and furry cocked hats. Priests filed from the cathedral to the thunder of drums. And then, borne by thirty men, there appeared the life-sized statue of the Virgin of La Merced, patron saint of the army. Solemnly, with popping firecrackers strewn by altar boys, the procession continued through the streets.

When the excitement had subsided, I got to work on La Tortuga's shattered rear differential. The jeep agency in Cuzco was also the noodle distributor. It had star-shaped noodles, alphabet noodles, long, skinny noodles and short, fat noodles; but they were fresh out of jeep parts. I took my problem to the Cuzco office of the Peruvian Auto Club. Mr. Guzman, the director, (Continued on Page 87)

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Three agonizing miles: An Argentine road crew struggles to budge La Tortuga over the last barrier between the adventurers and their goal.

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All Fred wanted was to be near Brazil. She was the beginning and end of everything as far as he was concerned.

He was hopelessly in love with a woman who refused to take him seriously—

The Lady Called Brazil

By STUART CLOETE

Brazil Weston was a big fair woman with blue eyes. You could see she'd been a rosebud once, pink and white and cuddly, but now she was blown—overblown like a rose that's ready to lose its petals. But she had a good heart, and many was the man she'd helped when he was broke or sick—and a good head for business too. Her real name was Mary, but everyone called her Brazil because that was where she'd been born—in Rio. She'd come to Jo'burg in the early days with her dad and had met Big Ben Weston. A barmaid she'd been, but respectable—which was rare in those days—and he was a miner who'd done pretty well. Used to drink his money till she took him in hand, and when they married they moved up to Barberton and built the Miner's Arms Hotel.

From the old country Ben was, and he liked the sound of the name. The "Miner's Arms" sounded good to him. Like "pub" in England. But he put in some innovations. For instance, the big mirror behind the bar counter that ran its whole length. The bottles stood in rows above it. And the high door and the wide steps that led into the lobby. He didn't want anything mean or little in the Arms. The big door meant a big welcome. The lobby was just an extension of the bar that lay on its right, but it was cozy with chairs and tables.

Things went well for them. Brazil knew the business, and Ben knew miners, being one himself. He even took up a claim or two in the district to keep his hand in, and no one could have been more popular. It showed, too, in the way everyone came around and helped Brazil when Ben died. Fever it was. Not malaria; something else—a high temperature—then he went off his head and in three days he was dead. Brazil went to pieces for a week. They had no kids, and Ben was her baby. He was all the world to her. Everyone thought she'd sell up and clear out, but not her.

"No," she said. "He loved the Arms. He made it and loved it and he's lying 'ere buried, so I'll stay with 'im."

She was much respected for it, and the boys saw to it that there was no roughstuff at her place, no gun fights or killings. Let them do that at the others.

Respectable the Arms was, a home from home, with the big mirror, the brass spittoons that were polished every day, and the tablecloths in the lounge that had little fuzzy balls all around the edge. Why, sometimes there were even flowers in a vase beside the cash drawer—wild lilies that Brazil had plucked when she went out walking on Sunday when the bar was closed.

Naturally enough, many men courted her. A fine big woman with money in the bank, some nice little claims that were now being worked for her on shares, and the Arms, which was a gold mine in itself. Yes, she had plenty of askers, but she wasn't taking anyone.

"I got me memories and the Arms," she said.

The most persistent of her courters was Fred Barker, a small quiet man who came to the Arms every evening and just sat around.

"Get used ter me, Brazil," he said; "that's the idea. Let the flash chaps come. Yes," he said, "they come and they go. But old Fred's always here."

"Yes, Fred," she said. "An' it's nice ter see you 'ere. Part of the scenery, like."

"You'd miss me?"

"If you wasn't there? Yes, Fred. I'd miss you. Like I'd (Continued on Page 54)

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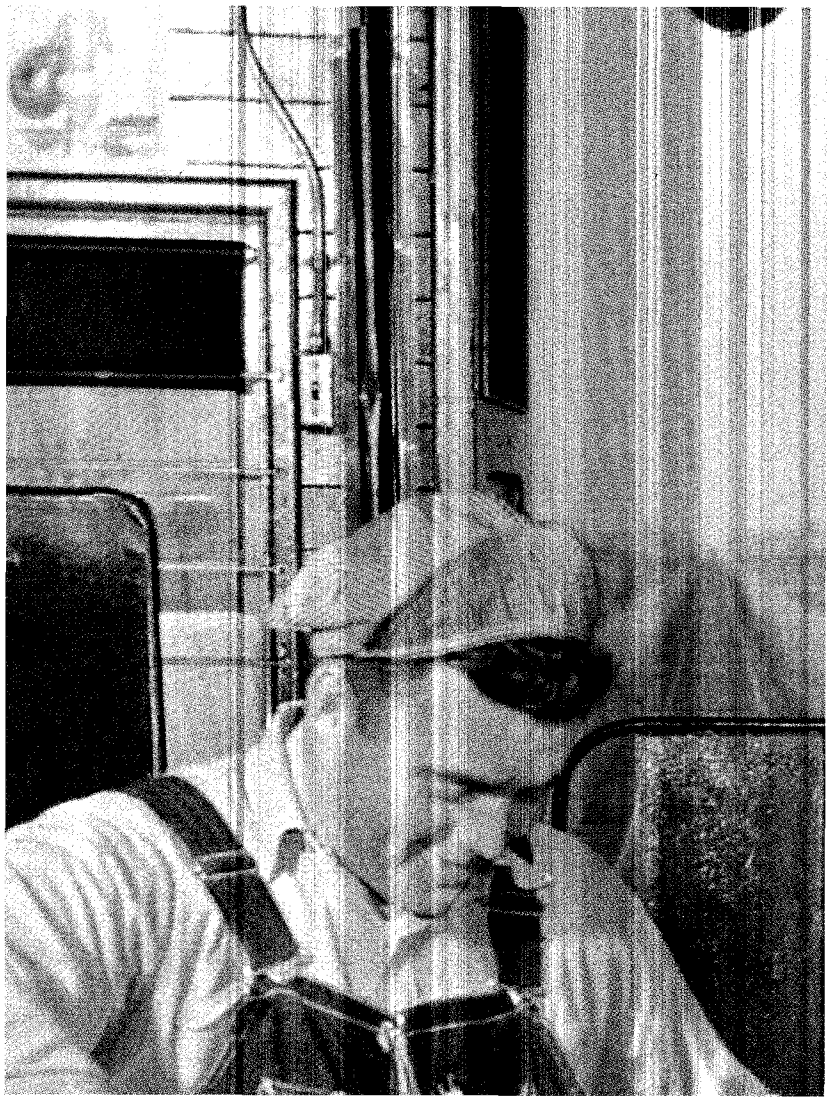

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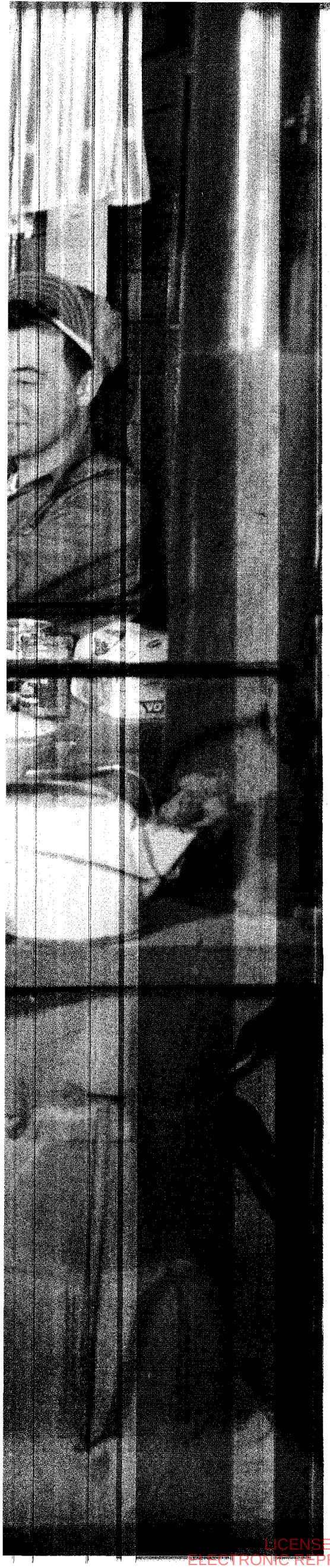

The Face of AMERICA

CABOOSE

Welcome aboard the Great Northern's Caboose No. X-220, somewhere near Princeton, Minnesota. You're a bit late for the main course, but just in time for dessert, now being sectioned off by Train Chef Moose Geillinger. Maybe it's Moose's clowning that has Conductor Mike Kortuem—he's boss of the freight train—laughing so hard he can hardly put pencil to waybill. But Moose's brother-in-law and fellow crewman Al Zitur has eyes only for that tasty triangle of pie fresh from the familiar caboose stove. Every day but Sunday, freight train No. 305 hauls goods between Minneapolis and Milaca. She makes nine stops on the 63-mile stretch to load and discharge cargo. In case you've always wondered: There are sixty-six cars in the average freight train, and always a caboose bringing up the rear. It functions as office, bunkhouse, washroom and home on wheels. It's a friendly kitchen, too, and a diner after a he-man's heart. ● Photograph by Ivan Dmitri

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It gave only ten seconds' warning before it struck at the town like an evil snake.

Tornado!

By JACK M. BAGBY

The alert on the Associated Press wire didn't mean much. This season of the year they got two or three a month. "Locally severe thunderstorms and chance of tornadoes east of a line from Clearview to Brest and northeast to Rushton."

Phil Tremaine looked up from the scrap of yellow copy on his desk and glanced out the window. He ran his long, square-tipped fingers through his closely cropped black hair as he sat studying the sky above the bank building. His lean face was starting to tan, but the tips of his ears were peeling, just as they did every summer as soon as the sun began to get hot.

The sun had disappeared today, though, and Phil's brown eyes were speculative as he studied the blotchy grayness of the sky. Beyond the bank, the post-office flag alternately snapped forward and sagged back as gusts of wind toyed with it.

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Fascinated, Phil watched the black cloud begin to boil and turn with increasing speed.

Phil rose, untangling his long legs from the metal ones of the typewriter stand, and crossed to the state map on the wall behind the city editor's desk. Rushton was quite a way to the west—nearly seventy miles, he figured. But there was always a chance of rain, and the dusty, sun-scorched plains would welcome even a light shower. So far, the "locally severe thunderstorms" had skirted Lynneville with obstinate regularity.

"Might have a weather story for you," he told Bert Craig.

The city editor nodded. His eyes behind the black-rimmed glasses were intent upon the typewritten story he was busily mutilating with a heavy black pencil.

"Be a change, anyway," Craig muttered, and Phil grinned sympathetically. In his relief tricks on the city desk, he, too, had struggled with copy from Margaret Maysfield, the Journal's society-page editor.

"For heaven's sake, write it straight! Stop 'composing'!" he'd heard Craig growl at her countless times. But the advice seldom was followed for long.

Phil wrapped up a story on a Boy Scout exposition and added a bright item he'd picked up on a run-in by a fireman with a belligerent dog. He dropped them into the basket and touched Craig's shoulder.

"Going to grab a bite of supper," he said. "I'll check the police station on the way back."

"You be at home?" Craig asked.

Home. The picture of the small, dark apartment flashed through Phil's mind. The unmade bed and the dirty dishes stacked in the sink from the night before. "Unfurnished"—that was the word it suggested to him, although everything was still there. Even the "His" and "Theirs" pillowcases some wag had given them as a wedding present.

Stupid to keep the apartment now, he thought for the hundredth time. Get rid of it. The heck with it.

"I suppose," he answered.

As Phil pushed open the glass front door of the Journal, a blast of chill wind almost caught him off balance. He ducked into it and headed for his car, wishing he'd worn a jacket to work. The wind died before he'd taken a half-dozen steps.

He looked toward the west. The sky was a solid dark gray now, and even though it was only a little after six, the street lights and headlights of most of the cars were on. A few wind-blown drops of rain spattered the windshield as he pulled out of the parking lot. . . .

Opening the apartment door, Phil was met by the familiar sense of emptiness that seemed to rush outward from the three small rooms each time he entered. Miss her? Sure you miss her, he told himself (Continued on Page 102)

Illustrated by Bruce Bomberger

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A residential section of Kitimat. This specially designed town was plunked down in an untouched part of British Columbia, where an aluminum boom is now under way.

Contact with the outside: Steamers bring in supplies four times weekly in summer, twice a week during the winter.

Incredible New Frontier

Nothing was ever quite like this "dream" community in the wilderness where everyone lives in a $15,000 house—but the big problem is keeping the womenfolk from getting cabin fever.

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

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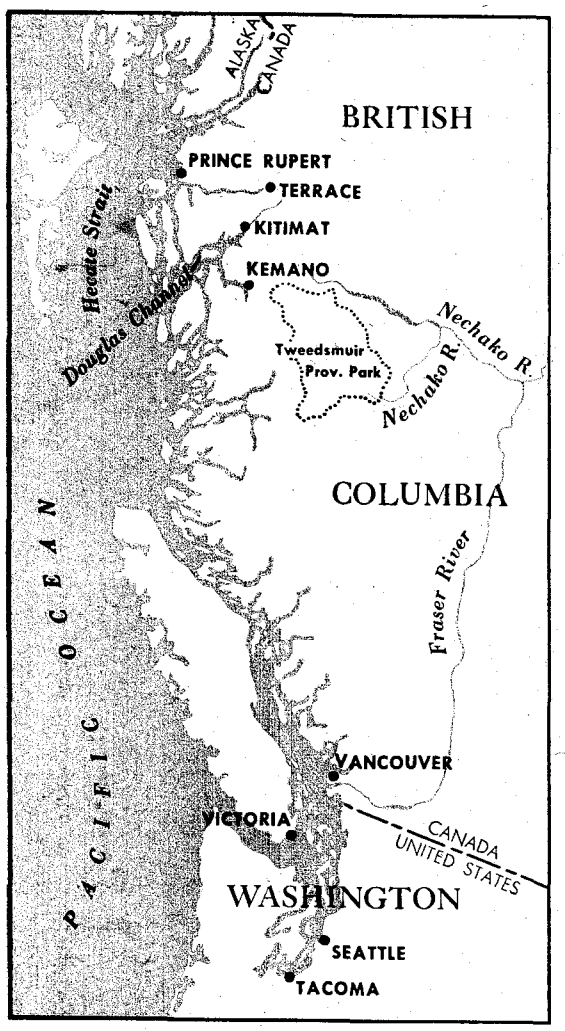


Kitimat lies near a vast supply of water power at the head of a fiordlike inlet 400 miles north of Vancouver.

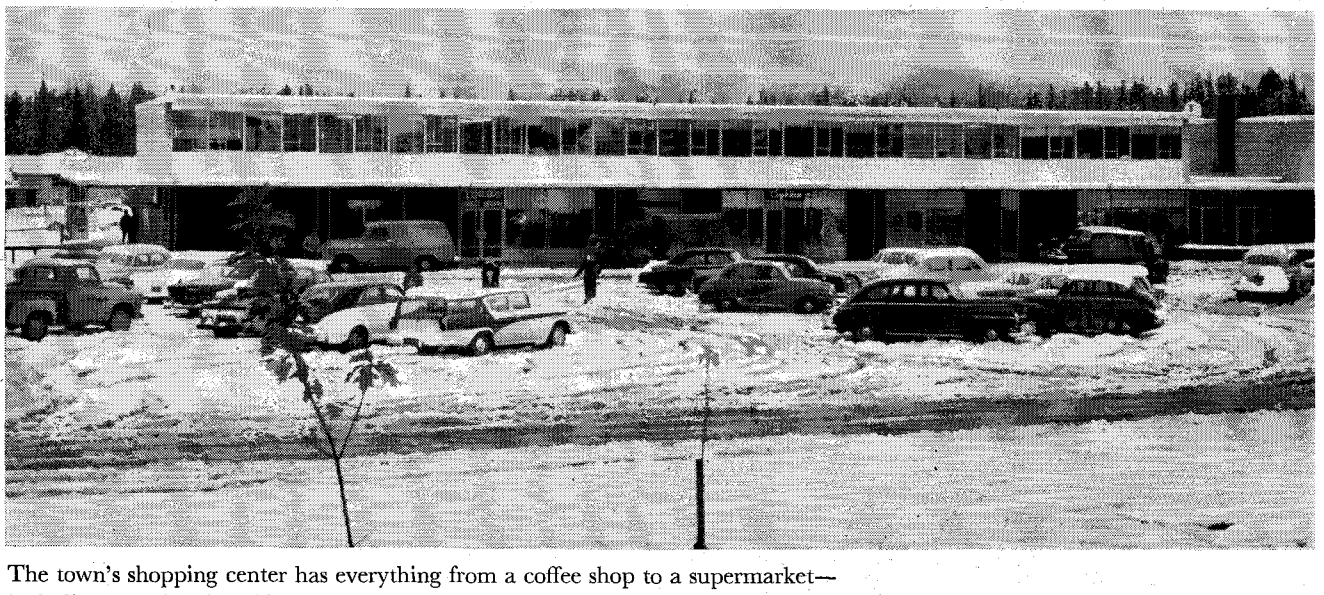
Suburbia, wilderness style. Unfinished lawns line a curved street in one of the town's self-contained neighborhoods. Yearly rainfall of 88 inches often turns the carefully laid out plots into seas of mud before final landscaping.

In the isolated, raw and mushrooming municipality of Kitimat, British Columbia, there's no question about what $300,000,000 can do. Wilderness can be transformed, a powerhouse can be built 1400 feet inside a mountain, rivers can be reversed, and aluminum can be smelted profitably 5600 miles from the supply of bauxite ore. These things can be done, and have been done.

The only doubt is whether any amount of money or effort can make workers' wives like Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Wankowski or Mrs. Dimitriadis really happy in this plush-lined outpost, sufficiently contented to stop pestering their husbands about such things as the climate, the isolation or the prices in the supermarket that now stands where a bear den used to be. On this question, the happy future of Kitimat and the fine plans of some of the continent's most ambitious city architects entirely depend. Empires have hung on lesser issues.

For years the flatlands at the head of Douglas Arm, one of the deep fiordlike inlets off British Columbia's Hecate Strait, had been known to Indians as fine places to fish for *oolacan* (smelt) in the early spring, and for salmon in summer. But seven-foot snows and mud nearly as deep in the valley between huge granite mountains had caused abandonment of the only Indian village, in favor of a site down the channel. Once, when the Canadian National Railway was being driven through to the Pacific, promoters thought it might come to deep water at Kitimat; and there had been a brief real-estate boom. But the boom collapsed about 1910, when the rails went to Prince Rupert, instead; and the last settler in a 100-mile-square area around Kitimat gave up in 1941, unable longer to stand the loneliness, the ravenous mosquitoes and deer flies, the rain—eighty-eight inches a year—or the long, dark winter nights. So the valley lay silent between the peaks, its overage timber disturbed only by occasional fires, nobody caring that the snow-fed Kitimat River spread out, every spring, to scatter debris and gravel as a glacier had done before it. There was no way in except by sea, and few ships ventured up the long channel from the Inside Passage to Alaska. All in all, Kitimat seemed an unlikely spot for any kind of human habitation—let alone an industrial city.

But to the Aluminum Company of Canada the area did have one decisive advantage. In the mountain lakes and at Kemano, on Gardner Canal—another salt-water inlet very like Douglas Arm—was located possibly the world's largest potential water-power supply with neither competitive claims nor government priorities to bar its use. And aluminum smelting requires vast amounts of electricity—22,000 kilowatt hours for every ton. This, indeed, is so crucial a factor that the long haul of bauxite ore from Jamaica, in the Caribbean, hardly figured in the company's decision. Nor was Alcan disturbed that the nearest site to the power supply for a smelter was at Kitimat, fifty miles to the (Continued on Page 46)



The town's shopping center has everything from a coffee shop to a supermarket—including occasional parking problems. However, Kitimat cannot yet boast of any night life.

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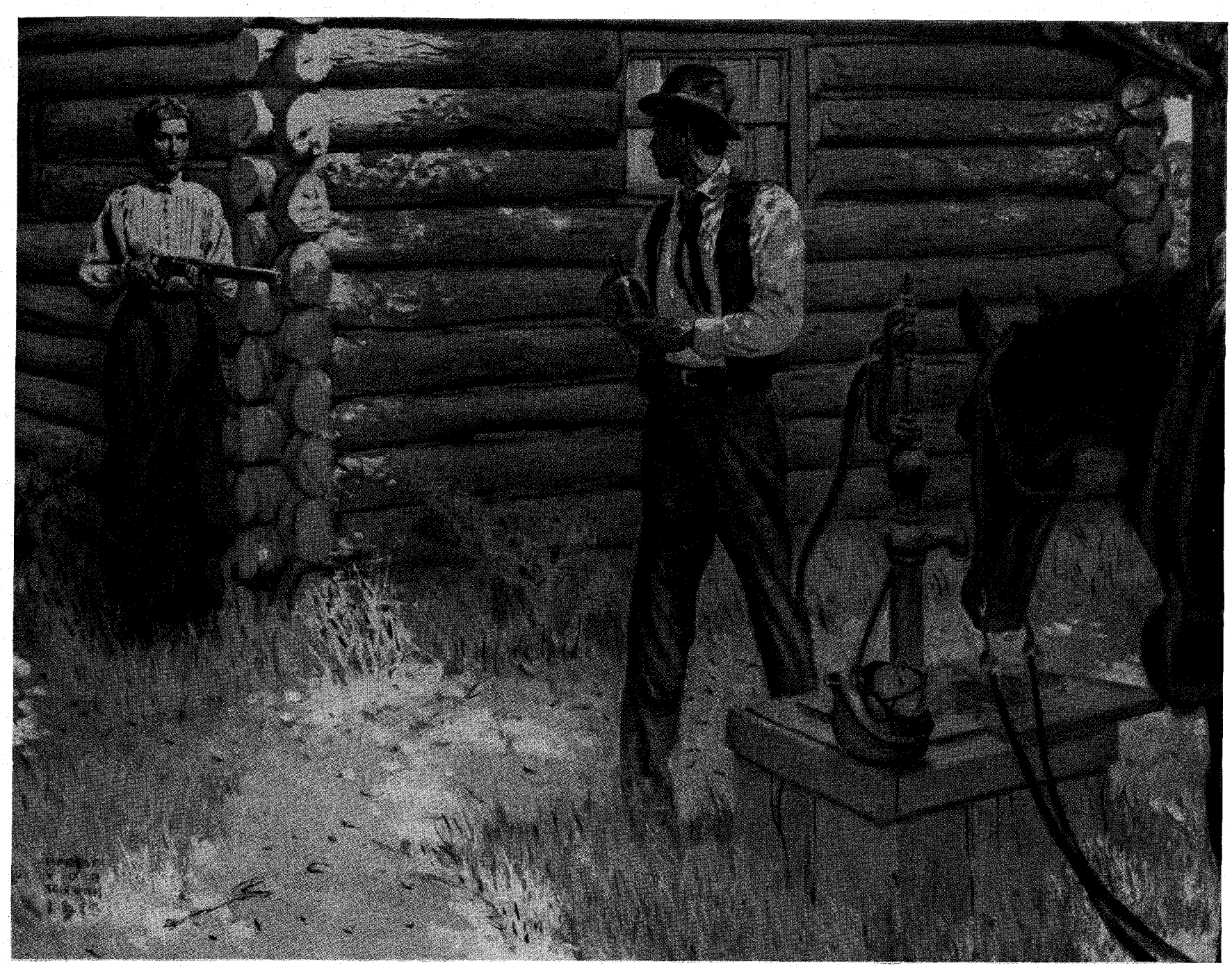

McKay started to turn around, then stood in his tracks as a voice said grimly, "Just hold it right there."

AMBUSH AT BLANCO CANYON

McKay had been warned that this was no country for a greenhorn. He should have listened.

By DONALD HAMILTON

"When a guest can't come to my house without being set upon by a band of armed ruffians, it's time that steps were taken," Major Terrill told James McKay heatedly. "I've sent Steve out to round up the men. We're going to teach the Hanneseys a lesson."

McKay, an Easterner, had come to Texas to marry Major Terrill's daughter, Pat. Jim arrived in town just as a fight was starting between some cowhands from the Terrill-owned Ladder Ranch and the rival Hannesey outfit.

Steve Leech, handsome young Ladder foreman, kept Jim from getting involved in the struggle. Instead, Steve told Jim to go to Pat, who was waiting for him at the home of her friend, Julie Maragon.

Jim learned from Julie that the Ladder and Hannesey ranches were jockeying for control of some rich range along the Big Muddy River, which separated the two rival ranches. Legally, the land belonged to Julie, who had inherited it from her grandfather.

Major Terrill was urging Julie to sell him title to the land. Young Buck Hannesey hoped to marry into the property. Julie had not yet decided what she should do.

On their way from town to the Ladder Ranch, Pat and Jim were stopped by a group of riders led by Buck Hannesey. To Pat's dis-

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may, Jim put up no fight as Buck dragged him from his seat and gave him a bad roughing up.

The next morning, Major Terrill was ready to ride on the Hannesey place. When Jim learned of his plans, he said, "I'd prefer not to cause a lot of trouble. You'll be doing me a favor if you simply forget it." But he added, "If you're riding, of course I'll go with you."

To Pat and her father, however, Jim's first reluctance could mean only one thing: cowardice.

II

They stood for a moment in silence after her father had left the room. Patricia was the first to move, turning towards McKay with a helpless little gesture that had no clear meaning. He stepped forward and took her into his arms. Her response was a little slow in coming, but it came.

"Oh, Jim!" she breathed presently. "I wish ——"

"What?"

"That we'd done it when I wanted us to. That we were married right now. We had such a wonderful thing. I'm afraid something will spoil it."

He said, "If it can't last six months and a week or so more, how is it going to endure all our lives?" After a while he asked, "Do you want to talk about yesterday afternoon, Patricia? That bothers you, doesn't it? I disappointed you."

She looked up quickly. "No, of course not!" Then her glance wavered. "Well, maybe a little, darling. It isn't fair, of course. You're not used to ——"

He said, "I think you miss the point. Those men were obviously not going to kill me with you present as a witness, and I had your assurance that they would not dare harm you. On the other hand, I obviously couldn't sit there and let my fiancée protect me; that would have been something to be ashamed of. If I'd taken the gun, I'd have had to shoot it. Would you have wanted me to shoot a couple of men to death in order to save myself a slight headache, my dear? Besides risking your life if they fired back, and perhaps touching off a bloody feud involving a lot of other people. . . . I came out here expecting a fairly rough time. As I see it, the choice was mine. I wish your father would leave it alone!"

The last sentence was a mistake, but he could not help it. But Patricia stiffened and stepped back, and the moment was broken.

She said, "Dad's doing what he thinks is right, Jim! And he's lived in this country a little longer than you have!"

"And you agree with him?" McKay asked gently. "You think this bump on my head is a matter that can only be settled by more violence, even if I'm willing to forget it?"

She said, "There won't be any violence. The Hanneseys will back down when they see dad means business; they always do."

"You mean this kind of thing has happened before?"

"Of course. A couple of times. It builds up and builds up, little incidents and indignities and humiliations that we try to overlook until the situation becomes unbearable and we have to—well, show our teeth. And then they leave us alone for a while. There are no policemen on the street corners. Out here, people have to be their own law and their own policemen."

Don't Miss . . .

Doom Cliff

By Luke Short

The concluding installment of an exciting serial begins on page 97 in this issue. The preceding installments appeared in Collier's before that magazine was discontinued as of January 4, 1957.

McKay said, "Perhaps. Nevertheless, I don't like the idea of your father allowing himself to be goaded into hasty action by a man who, from everything I hear, is smart enough not to embark on these campaigns of petty annoyance without a purpose. . . . All right, Patricia," he said hastily, "I know that the major has lived here a long time and knows these people. Maybe he's right. However, I've thought ever since I was a boy that the only possible justification that a man can have for taking one human life is to save another—either his own life or somebody else's—and even then he ought to be clever enough to accomplish his purpose without killing. If people weren't quite so ready to rush out and teach other people a lesson ——"

He checked himself too late. Patricia's expression hardened and she started to speak; it was probably just as well that someone knocked at the door at this moment.

Patricia hesitated, and said, "Come in."

Steve Leech stepped inside, holding his wide-brimmed hat in his hands. In his rough clothes, with the heavy revolver at his side, the tall man made a startling and incongruous figure among the fine furnishings of the room; yet the contrast was not to his disadvantage.

"Didn't mean to intrude, ma'am," he said to Patricia. "I was looking for the major to tell him the crew's ready whenever he wants to ride."

McKay said, "The major went to his room; he'll be right back. I'd appreciate it if you'd have a horse saddled for me, Mr. Leech."

The cowboy's pale blue eyes turned to McKay as if discovering his presence for the first time. "You're coming along? It's going to be a long ride for a tenderfoot; with trouble likely at the end of it."

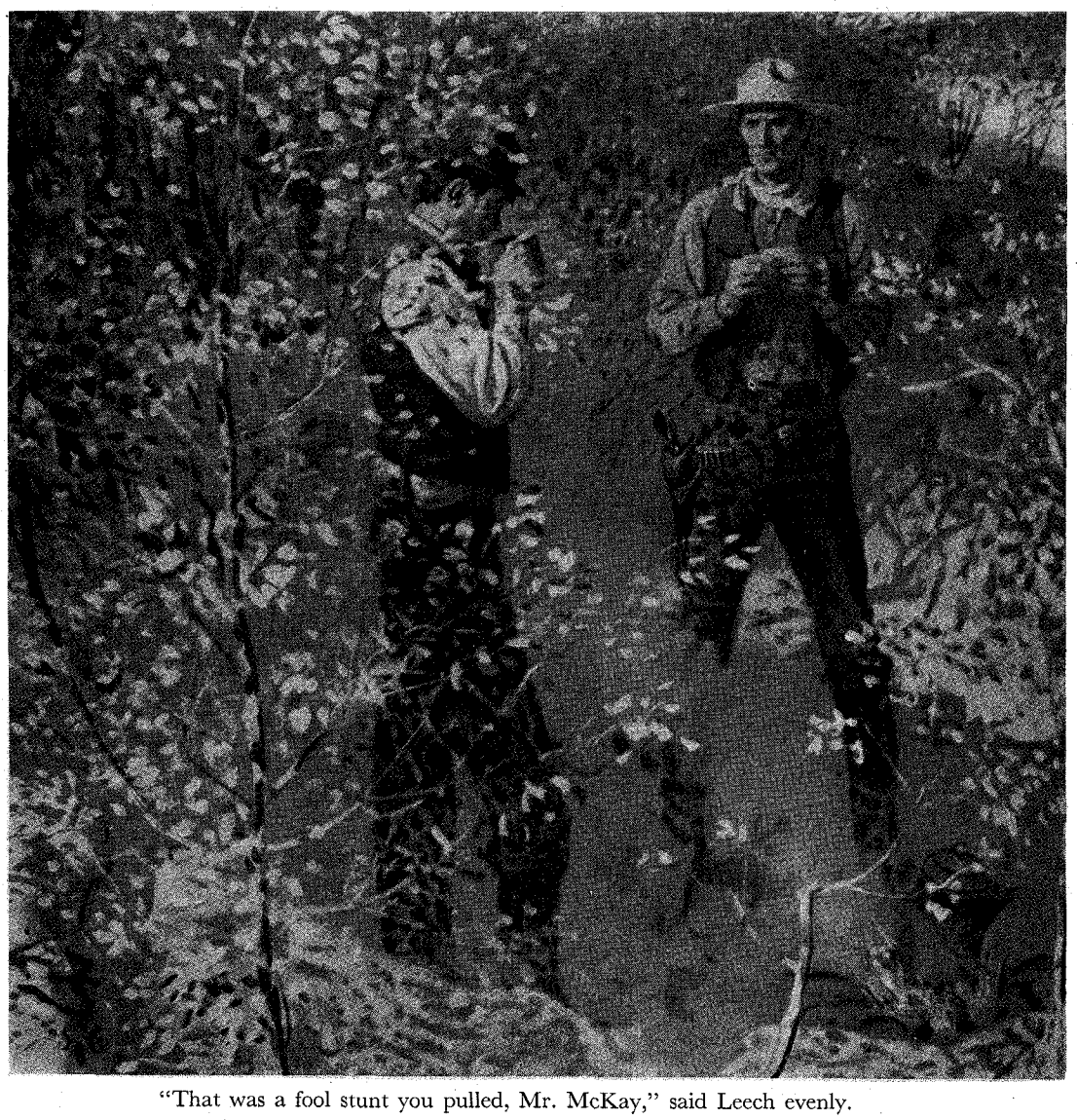
"Trouble seems hard to avoid in this country," McKay said.

"It all comes from one place," Leech said grimly. "Should I have a gun put on your saddle?"

"If you please," McKay said.

"You want a gentle horse, I reckon. I'll have one of the (Continued on Page 80)

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt



"That was a fool stunt you pulled, Mr. McKay," said Leech evenly.

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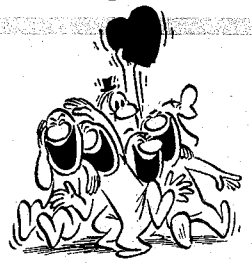
Post Scripts



Violets are Blue

St. Valentine's Day always fills me with uneasiness. Of course, I don't expect to get valentines any more, not unless they're from the oil company or my tailor, both of whom take the occasion to send out their bills in the shape of a heart. And my wife often trades me a valentine for a dram of perfume at eighty-nine dollars, plus tax.

It's the days of my callow youth that I recall when Valentine's Day comes. The day was one of trembling for me. I was in Miss Murgaby's room, or Grade 6, for several years and I was always considered homely for my age. I had a pointed head, big ears, freckles and a tendency to sniffle. The girls in my school preferred making raffia baskets to playing post office with me.

When I did get a valentine, there was always something wrong with it. Miss Murgaby always put one in the box for me, but that was because she knew my father was a musician and hoped he'd play the violin at her wedding if she ever got married. The other valentines were always the bitter ones like:

Roses are red.
Violets are blue.
I'd rather take poison
Than go out with you.

At that time every classroom had a box, and the kids stuffed their valentines in it. Then the teacher read off the names. I would sit there for hours, drawing scaffolds and daggers and bottles labeled POISON on my scratch pad while the other kids shouted how they had just got their sixty-eighth or seventy-ninth valentine.

When I'd get home my father would ask me how many I got, and I would blush and say, "One." He would look at me as if he had sired a mistake. One valentine! All my uncles and cousins had been married seven or eight times and I got one valentine! A little urging and he would have sold me into slavery.

When I got in high school, my ears stopped growing and my head rounded off and, while I wasn't considered handsome, nobody fled at my sight. Even then, the only valentine I got broke my heart. It was from Lilly Belle, a girl who had moved up from the South and who reeked of magnolia, moonlight, Spanish moss and lavender. When I found the valentine in the box, labeled, TO STINKY FROM LILLY BELLE, I was ready to secede from the Union.

My exultation was short-lived. Lilly Belle chased me down the stairs and asked for the card back. She said she didn't mean Stinky Fontaine. She meant Stinky McFarland. I almost wept. Everybody knew I was the original Stinky—I had borne the name proudly since childhood. McFarland had just appropriated his.

My one valentine in my senior year was from sentimental Miss Cogglin, who sent me a lace-encrusted heart which opened in the center and bore the message, surrounded by violets, "See me after school about extra tutoring in Ancient History."

Luckily the college I went to was all boys, and they were a little bashful about sending valentines to one another, so the whole thing ended. Not without leaving scars, though.

ROBERT FONTAINE

"That's O.K., I know an airport that can use them."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Material Change

Time was I used to knock on wood,
But now I'm more elastic—
Because, unless my luck is good,
There's nothing near but plastic.

RICHARD HOLLOWAY

Exhortations I Wish I Hadn't Exhorted

1. Hit the stake one more time and, for goodness' sake, stop worrying about my thumb!

2. When I give the word, you let go of your end of the refrigerator and I'll set her down!

3. O.K., junior, jump clear over the big puddle and daddy will catch you!

4. Go ahead, you won't hurt me. See if you can push my arm back when I have it braced like this!

5. Feel free to borrow my snow shovel at any time, old man!

6. Be a sport, Phil! Let's play for a tenth of a cent a point!

7. Next time you folks come over, be sure to bring the kiddies!

8. Just ask me, A.J. I'll do anything for the company; even—ha-ha—sweep up around here if called upon!

9. Look it up in the dictionary if you won't take my word for it!

10. Now, forgetting that we're friends, tell me very objectively what you thought of my speech!

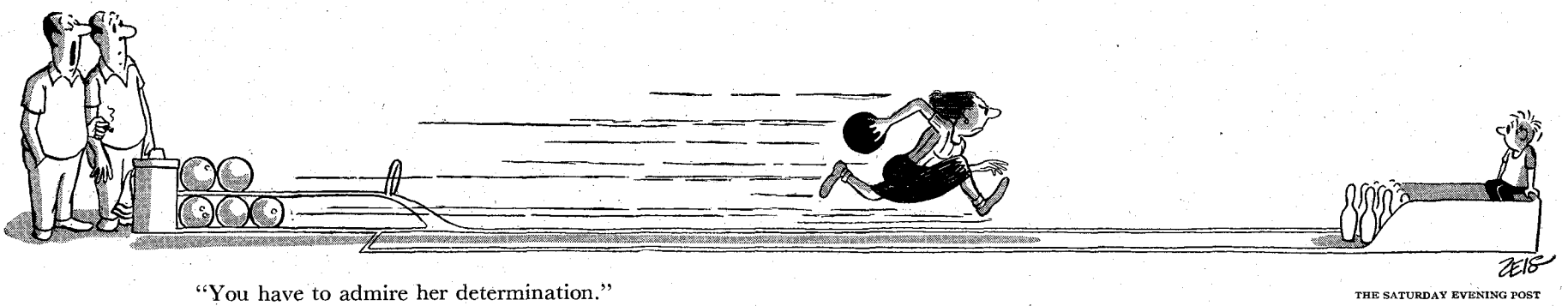
DICK EMMONS

A Heap of Difference

It isn't the year or the model and make,
Nor the miles put behind it that turn
A once-handsome car to a quivering wreck
As dated as grandmother's churn.

That day of decrepitude's due to arrive,
That day the old car is a ruin,
When, glossy and flossy out there on his drive,
Your neighbor unveils his brand-new one!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



"You have to admire her determination."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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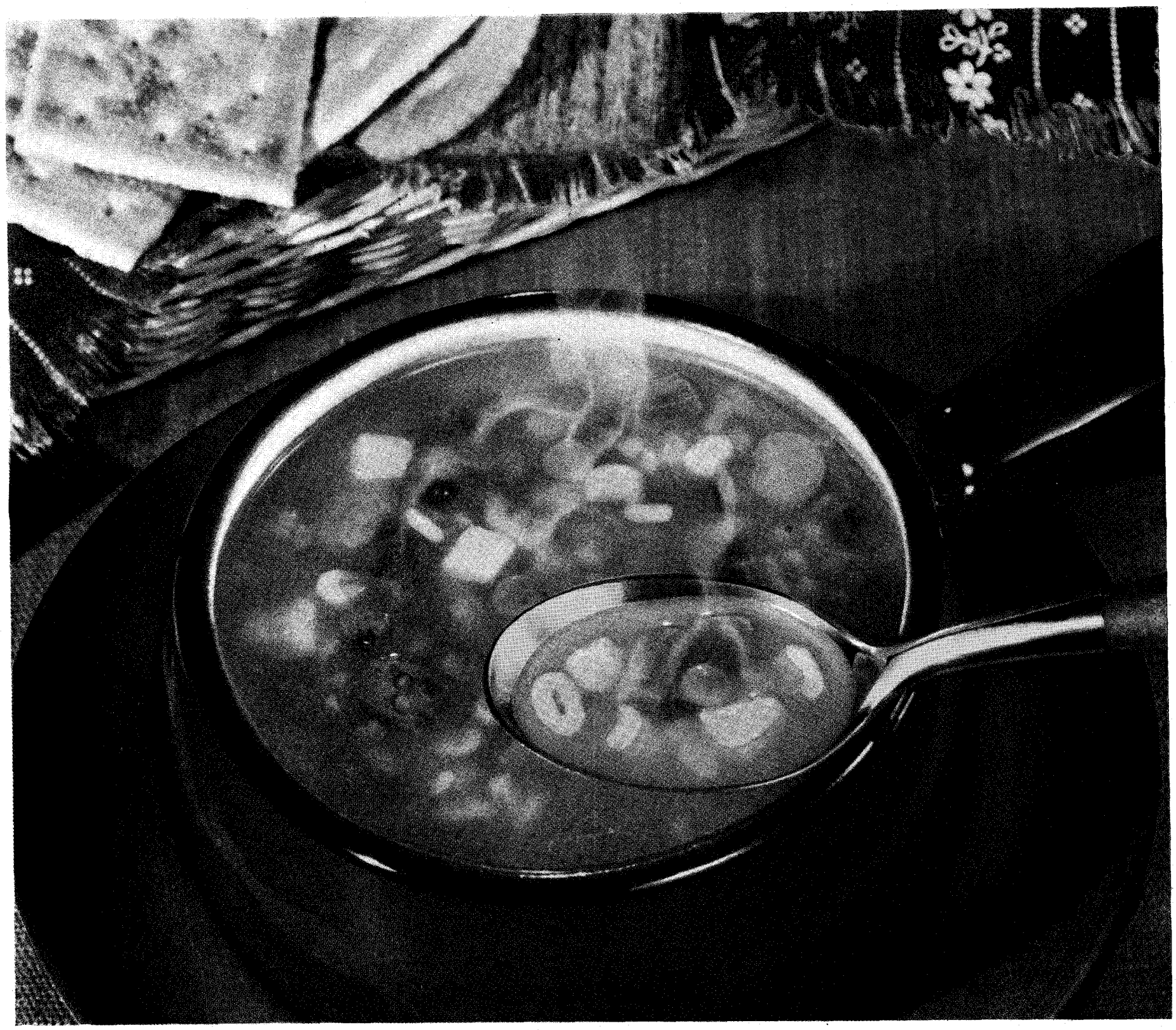

Favorite go-togethers—soup and crackers!

This is teamwork at its best! Campbell's Vegetable Soup and crisp, fresh crackers—all the makings of great eating. In the soup, there are fifteen vegetables, cooked in fine beef broth, seasoned to bring out the flavor in every last carrot and pea! Whether you dunk or nibble or sprinkle your crackers on top—soup and crackers pair up for goodness everybody likes!

Chowder Cup and Crackers... favorite go-togethers! Campbell's great Clam Chowder—choice bay clams in broth and all the good nourishing vegetables you could want.

More Soup and Crackers... that all-vegetable treat, Campbell's Vegetarian Vegetable Soup. 15 red, green and yellow vegetables steeped in their own vegetable broth.

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS: Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being • Proteins—for upkeep and growth • Carbohydrates—for energy

Once a day... every day...SOUP!

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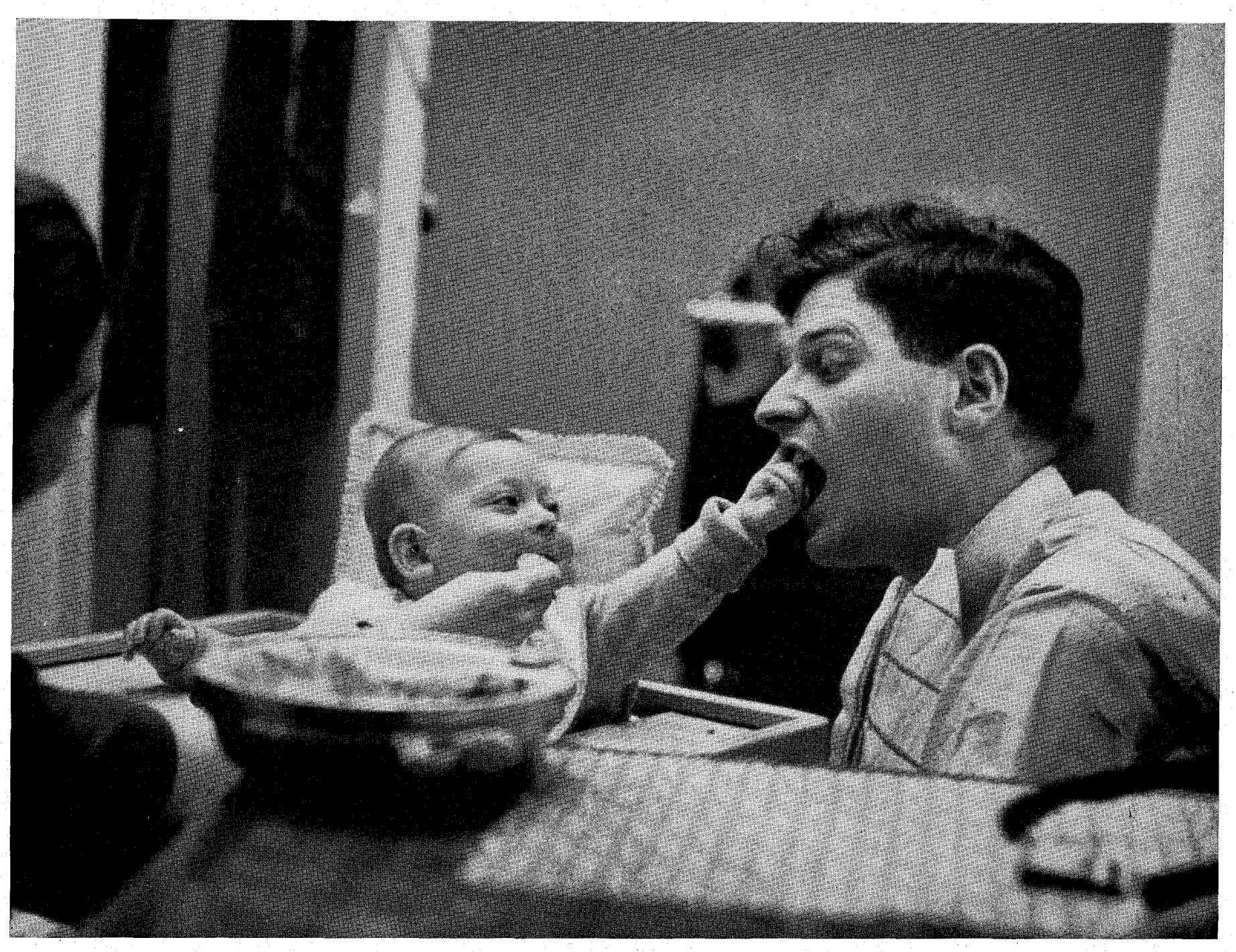

You can be the best provider on your street

(without the biggest salary!)

Let's say you make $110 a week. Or $125. Or more. You have one, two, maybe more children. A comfortable home. Probably a car, too. In short, your salary may not be tremendous—but a tremendous amount of good living for your family depends on it.

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THE GIRL FROM THE MIMOSA CLUB

No son ever asked himself a more terrible question: Had his own mother committed murder?

By LESLIE FORD

Kerry O'Keefe closed the door behind Mrs. John Summerfield and stood for an instant. *How horrible she must think I am,* thought Kerry. *How could she help it? But it would have been the same thing if she'd known I was a policewoman.*

Kerry was an undercover woman with the Baltimore police. Her job involved working as a sitter or B-girl in night clubs suspected by the police of carrying on criminal activities.

Off the job, Kerry met Johnny Brayton, a young lawyer and a member of a prominent Baltimore family. Kerry couldn't tell Johnny what her real job was, but he fell in love with her in spite of what she seemed to be.

Naturally, Johnny's family was horrified. His mother took the news quietly, saying: "If you love the girl, she must be all right." Mrs. Brayton had her own problem, however. She wanted a divorce from her husband, who seemed to prefer the company of a rich Texas widow to that of his wife. Yet he refused to agree to the divorce. Johnny feared things would end in either his mother's death or a murder.

Meanwhile, Johnny's grandmother, Mrs. Summerfield, went to Kerry and tried to pay her to give up Johnny. Kerry refused to listen to her.

Shortly after Mrs. Summerfield's visit, Kerry was assigned to escort a prominent group of out-of-town clubwomen on a local House-and-Garden tour. The tour included the Braytons' house. When the group arrived, Camilla Anne, Johnny's sister-in-law, recognized Kerry from some pictures Mrs. Summerfield had, and found out who Kerry was.

The next night Johnny received a call from a distraught Kerry. She was half crying. He understood finally that in some way or other Camilla Anne had wrecked a job of Kerry's, and that Kerry was on her way uptown to meet him near his house.

IV

The place Kerry usually parked in was taken and she drove on across Charles Street to a space reserved for a women's club west of the Monument, across the plaza from the Braytons' house. She saw Johnny come out and down the steps, very blithe, not laden with care of any kind, from the way he turned and waved cheerfully up at the window of the house next door. She sounded her horn as he headed for Charles Street, but he was in much too great spirits to hear it.

But, of course, why shouldn't he be? She'd assumed Camilla Anne had told him she was a policewoman, but it was obvious now he thought it was the sitter's job she'd meant. Reaching forward to start the car, she caught a glimpse of herself in the windshield mirror, her make-up a grisly mess, streaked with tears and smudged where she'd dabbed at her eyes to wipe them. She got the cotton and lotion out of her glove compartment quickly and swabbed her face clean, putting on her own rose-red lipstick, and combed her short curls neatly in place again. She was ready to start around after Johnny when she heard the shot.

She looked down at the clock on the dash automatically, opened her door and got out in the rain. She had hardly taken a step when she heard the second shot. It was not so loud, the central crack not so sharp, but it was a revolver shot nevertheless, and from the same direction as the first.

(Continued on Page 72)

Johnny Brayton stared in horror at his mother. He didn't even notice Kerry was in the room.

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Finest Expression of Motordom's

The great Cadillac car has always been designed and engineered and built to a single objective: to create as fine a motor car as the science of automotive craftsmanship will permit.

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Isn't it time you visited your Cadillac dealer for a personal inspection id demonstration of this latest "car of cars"?

We think that it is—and we think, too, that you will find it a truly onderful and rewarding experience.

Cadillac

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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Incredible New Frontier (Continued from Page 37)

north. Here there was a large flat area, with deep-water access for ships and the possibility of rail and highway connections to the outside world.

But all that was far in the future when Alcan first undertook the fantastic engineering project executed here in the past five years: the creation of an entirely new aluminum industry, complete with enormous power supply, smelter and all the necessities to make them work, in an absolutely untouched wilderness 400 miles north of Vancouver, British Columbia. This project was heady stuff for engineers and industrialists: a 350-square-mile reservoir was created by damming the Nechako River high in the Coast Range mountains; a twenty-five-foot-wide tunnel was driven through the mountain range; a powerhouse, with 488,000 KVA (kilowatt volt amperes) and 600,000 horsepower, was built inside a mountain; power was carried fifty miles overland across 5000-foot peaks; and a mile-long smelter was built. Now producing 180,000 tons of aluminum annually, the smelter has already caused an industrial transformation of the wild north coast of British Columbia, rescued a railroad from the doldrums and aided and abetted two airlines. Its product goes to the United States, the United Kingdom and Free Europe as well as to Canada's own ballooning industries. Construction on the power plant and the smelter is continuing, and it's entirely conceivable that in the near future this single smelter may effect major reductions in the world price of aluminum, by surfeiting the market.

That is, if Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Dimitriadis and some other ladies really like living in $15,000 houses, with green lawns, good schools, and neither shanties nor goats anywhere near. When Mrs. Heber looks up from spooning cereal into her youngster's mouth and admits, in broken English, "This is good—that is, my man has regular work the year around, so everything else is all right," then $300,000,000 has won an important victory. But it could as well have been three hundred cents when a teary blond wife, surrounded by furniture still in its packing cases, looks out at a city that was conceived by experts, planned to the last street and garbage dump, and built that way. She shrugs and announces her findings, "This is a perfect city? Well, not for me. I'm getting out just as soon as I can. My husband can stay if he wants to, but I'm leaving."

That sort of thing isn't likely to stop the production of aluminum, but it doesn't help. The company which spent $300,000,000 on power and smelter and town, and contemplates additional expenditure almost as large, doesn't exactly quake in its boots at the sight of a dissatisfied wife, but the look of pain on the corporate face is visible.

For the town of Kitimat, although an adjunct to the aluminum enterprise itself, was decidedly not an afterthought. Wanting between 4000 and 6000 men to stay permanently—in addition to other thousands hired for construction—the company had three alternatives. It could house the smelter crews in barracks. It could build and maintain a company town. Or it could plan an independent, normal, modern city. This last, the boldest and in many ways the hardest scheme, was the one the company chose. From the beginning, Kitimat was planned as a town where residents could own their own homes, operate independent businesses, run their own government and pay their own bills. Into such a city, other industry might come, lessening its dependence upon aluminum or the whims of aluminum executives. And the aluminum company could avoid the permanent problems of city government, neighborhood fights and leaky roofs.

Thus Kitimat first was only an idea. Battalions of planners fought the whole battle of what the town should be before a spade of earth had been turned or an acre of the dense forest cleared. Here was an opportunity for a near-perfect town, free of the structural mistakes which plague old municipalities, ready to develop with no carry-over of houses built too long ago, streets badly platted or neighborhoods gone stale. Except for a few parcels still owned by former settlers, only crown lands were involved; and the company acquired control of these—at very little cost—in the over-all agreement by which the province licensed the building of the entire project. Hence, Kitimat could be planned as a whole, without interference from landholders who might not choose to co-operate.

Clarence S. Stein, of New York, was co-ordinator and director; and Julian Whittlesey and M. Milton Glass, also of New York, were city architects. Specialists in commercial facilities, river control, climatology, administration, recreation, education, sociology and other details were called in. For a time, few of the seaplanes which ducked between mountains to land on Kitimat's windy Minette Bay failed to have at least one expert aboard.

On paper, the result was most impressive: a city, planned for the wilderness, which would lack no detail for pleasant living. Ten self-contained neighborhoods were selected in an irregular pattern well away from the port and the smelter, chosen so that not even industrial smoke would mar their views of sea and mountains. Residential streets curved to dead ends, lawns were big enough, but not so large that anyone would feel lonely. Greens and play areas separated groups of houses, shopping and school locations. Utilities were laid out in advance of construction. Dirty industries—garages, laundries, repair shops and such—were clustered in a service center near the railroad—which was not completed until well after the town was started. Space was reserved for heavy industry, close to the railroad and port, but away from housing. A suburban area was earmarked for truck farming. Impractical to control, the river was left room to overflow. A city center, to include major stores, auditoriums and government offices, was centrally located in a border of pedestrian malls and parking spaces.

A timetable for opening new neighborhoods would prevent haphazard growth, and the town would be protected by zoning from stringing awkwardly down the railroad or the highway still to come. Schools and municipal structures were designed to be built in stages for the expected population levels: 6000 at first, then 12,000, then 25,000—perhaps, eventually, 50,000. A convenient hospital site was chosen, and main roads were designed to handle the daily heavy traffic to the smelter, four miles away. Planners missed very little.

Kitimat's smelter was ready to run in 1954. Generators turned over in the 750-foot-long powerhouse inside Mount DuBose, and crews, sometimes carried by helicopter, put final touches on the fifty-mile power-transmission line. But even then the town of Kitimat was only a lovely idea, without a permanent house built or a street named. First elections were held in 1953, while all residents still were in temporary houses, trying to keep warm when the bitter winter winds hit in from the strait, trying to keep dry in the months of rain, and arguing rights of way with bear, moose, deer, enormous ravens, eagles and an occasional wolverine.

Even at this stage, the aluminum company began to step out of the municipal picture. It did underwrite many firsts: a bridge across the Kitimat River; streets and sewers; the first set of houses built along the edge of a plateau overlooking the valley; original retail-store and office buildings. But it promptly sold the houses outright, and presented both its plans for a near-perfect city and the bills for its start to the men who would have to build it and live in it. Plans could be adopted or refused, schools built or left in the dream stage, taxes cut or multiplied. Except as the taxpayer with 90 per cent of the assessed valuation, the company tried to keep its hands off. Kitimat was on its own.

"Halt. Heel. Mush. Help!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It's been three years since Kitimat's first permanent house was occupied. The permanent town population is estimated at 13,000, plus 4000 or 5000 temporary workers still employed on company construction which may presently double the tunnels serving Kemano's powerhouse and the size of the smelter. This additional construction could produce 2,240,000 horsepower, approximately the same electrical energy as Grand Coulee, and result in production of 550,000 tons of aluminum annually, close to half the total United States production in 1956.

Kitimat has daily plane and train service—over a new forty-two-mile spur from Terrace, British Columbia—and three passenger ships a week, plus a steady stream of ore-carrying freighters. Its first highway to the outside world, connecting with existing roads at Terrace, should be open early in 1957.

In September, 1956, a seaplane landed me at the harbor, where the long, low buildings of the smelter appeared to fill the whole end of the valley. This smelter includes a deep-water wharf, conveyors for all materials, bank after bank of electrical rectifiers, plus the lines of 1700-degree smelting furnaces, ingot-pouring chambers and huge shipping areas serving both the railroad and water carriers. More than 2500 men now work in its heat and fumes, and all of it operates seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day.

But otherwise, this dock area was just a big construction camp: a barracks ship; long lines of temporary shore housing; a store with counters piled high, like those of a trading post; a great deal of noise and immense ugliness between the mountains.

The railroad station, a couple of miles inland, is also the present center of Kitimat's business. Here are a hotel, with a beer parlor billed as Canada's largest; the plant of a semiweekly newspaper, plus stores and offices housed in buildings so constructed that they can be moved another mile or so to permanent locations very soon. When this happens, the station area will become the town's service center, but will no longer be its retail hub. As yet, however, it is much like many another boom town: rutted streets, a line of customers waiting at a restaurant; taxis with starred windshields competing for road room with dump trucks; off-shift workers milling between the government liquor store, a post office and a barbershop. A frightened bear which invaded the hotel lobby a few months ago—and cleared it of loungers in record time—is still a topic of conversation; and the departure of the evening train for Terrace and Prince Rupert—with connections at Terrace for Eastern Canada—a major event. This train usually carries three or four passenger cars; and on pay nights and weekends, a guard stands across the door of the one reasonably modern coach, which is reserved for women and families. Unaccompanied men go to the ancient relics at the rear of the train, where they are undisturbed unless their parties or fights tear up too much equipment.

In September, the view from the highway bridge across the Kitimat River included most of the elements in the new community: an ugly construction housing camp at the right, a torn-up area straight ahead, and just the roofs of a few houses visible on the plateau at the left. In the center area, men swarmed in great confusion over the frame of a big department-store building, half finished, and an office building going up alongside. But in spite of the confusion, the plowed-up ground and the ugliness, it was possible to see the (*Continued on Page 49*)

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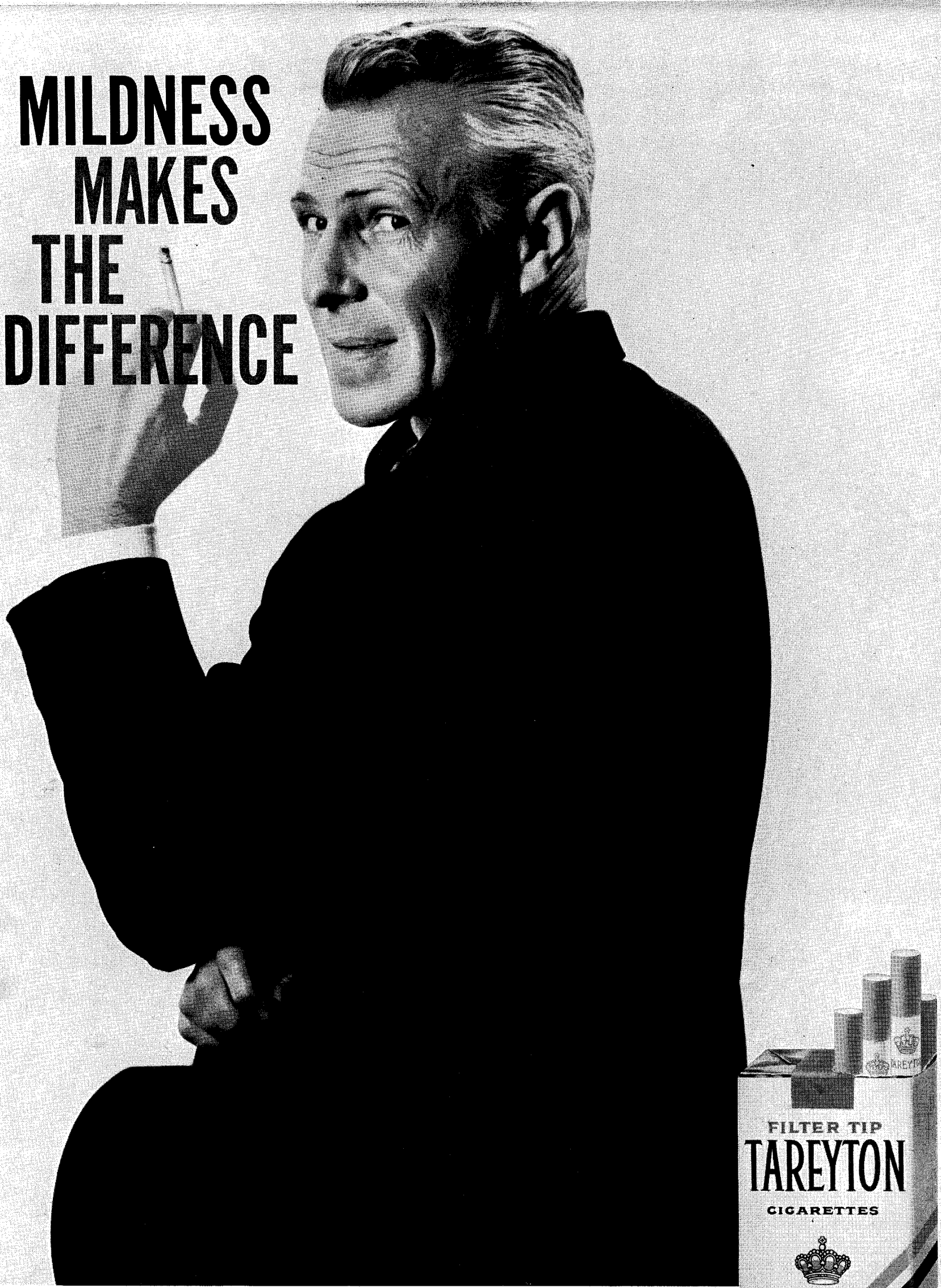
MILDNESS MAKES THE DIFFERENCE



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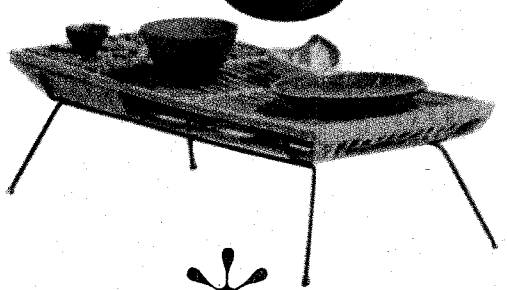
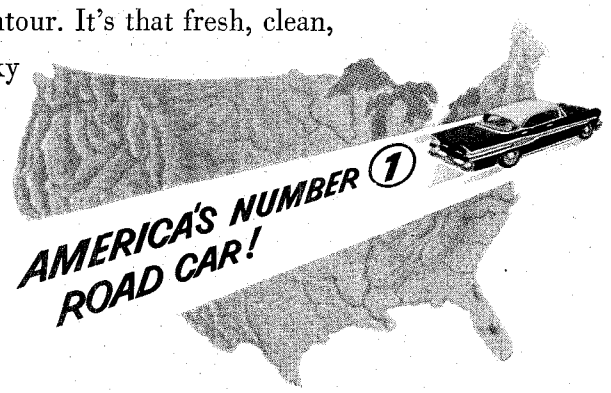
SEEMS TO BE UNANIMOUS—

Pontiac wins the Styling* Honors too!



* It sure proves people know a thing or two about styling . . . they nearly all rate Pontiac the pick of the new-car crop! What's the special attraction? It's those sleek, vigorous lines that greet you like a "go" signal. It's those bright and breezy colors that accent every sculptured curve and contour. It's that fresh, clean, uncluttered look of beauty *built in*, not hung on. And, of course, it's the way this husky honey supports the promise of its spry and eager styling that makes Pontiac the whole show this year. It rides, handles, performs like no other car you've ever handled, for it's the only one perfected, part and parcel, in a 100,000-Mile Marathon Run! Make a date to meet the beauty that's taking all the honors this year. One mile at the wheel will reveal why it's called America's No. 1 Road Car!



PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PROVED BY 100,000 MILES OF RUGGED ROAD TESTS

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(*Continued from Page 46*) beginnings of the town the planners envisioned. Beyond the city center, in another raw clearing surrounded by the dog-hair forest which recently occupied all this flat, mud streets curved between half-finished houses, skeletal beginnings of houses and foundations where houses would rise.

On a city map this last is Area C—it still has no better name—where 400 additional permanent homes should be ready this winter. In the autumn, contractors raced against the rains which would arrive with dreadful certainty in October and not let up—except to change to snow—until late spring. Nobody lived in Area C when I saw it, and it would not have set any homeseeker's heart afire. But houses would be ready for winter, which could be important enough to make up for rawness and treelessness and the dreary business of living in the unfinished.

But all this on the flat is Kitimat's future. The present lies on top of the plateau just visible from the river bridge. Climbing to it is like changing civilizations. Only two of the ten plateau neighborhoods planned have been built thus far, but it's hard to believe they're only a couple of years away from the confusion on the valley floor. Here, 900 houses have been occupied, good schools operate, a supermarket and half a dozen other stores are jammed, attorneys have offices, and city departments proudly occupy a brand-new public-safety building, with a brand-new fire engine peeping from its station. Paved streets curve away from the traffic arteries, and wide lawns stretch between the schools, the stores and the residential blocks.

In the late afternoon when I first saw it, the place was pulsating. Although Kitimat then had only seventeen miles of road, most of the 3000 automobiles in town—brought in by ship or train—competed for parking spaces around the supermarket. Covered walkways seethed with families, and a linguist could have had a wonderful time. Blond German boys in *Lederhosen* played heedlessly with a coaster wagon on the sidewalk while heavy Portuguese women walked around them, and Greek men, still with the sign of the smelter's heat on their faces, talked with voices and hands. Austrian, Latvian and French women followed one another through the grocery lines, carefully counting out the unfamiliar Canadian coins. Coastal Indians sipped ice-cream sodas, and Hollanders and Czechs and Asians crowded a women's shop.

Well over half Kitimat's population is foreign-born, ranging all the way from skilled New Canadians commanding half a dozen languages, down to raw newcomers. Their presence makes for curiosities: pretty May Nelson, new fourth-grade teacher, not only faces the usual problems but must cope with a bright Italian child, assigned to the proper grade level but speaking no word of English. A nonplused high-school instructor faces, in addition to her expected pupils, half a dozen big, smiling Portuguese men who speak only a smattering of English. Night workers in the smelter's hot fumes, they've decided to make up for the high-school educations they missed in Portugal. Night classes in English draw 500 pupils, including both ramrod-stiff former German *Wehrmacht* officers and Baltic refugees from communism. Voters' rolls remain small, because so many of Kitimat's home buyers still are not Canadian citizens.

All this is implicit in the supermarket crowds, but the net effect is normalcy, not strangeness. A visitor can select his street and imagine that he is in one of the better sections of any city, except that this one obviously is planned, far more workable than most. If the visitor has previously looked at artists' conceptions of what the town should be, the effect of seeing it is astonishing; this is, to a surprising degree, just as the planners thought it would be. Half the city area is reserved for parks and recreation. Houses are similar, but monotony has been avoided by irregular spacing of identical houses and by minor variations in plan. Tree plantings, house additions, carports and play pens add individuality to every king-sized block. There still aren't many dogs and cats, and even fewer television aerials, but this is a young town, full of young people. So the prettiest house may wear, like a flag, the proof that even architects can't think of everything. In this case, they made insufficient provision for drying laundry indoors. The result is the flying burgees of the young married: diapers, row on row.

I listened to a number of people: A. C. (Dutch) Turney, the aluminum-works manager, interested in the town only as a resident and because contented people simplify his employment problem; Ken Brumley, Australian-born editor of the Northern Sentinel, a newspaper which was expected to lose money for five years, but already shows a profit and is considering daily publication; mustache-decorated Cyril McC. Henderson, once city manager of Modesto, California, now working twelve or fourteen hours a day

> With all the street noises, it's amazing how a girl can recognize a certain auto horn as being for her.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

to make Kitimat, the city, as much as possible like Kitimat, the planners' dream, and as soon as possible. Turney talked of plant expansions, Brumley of street improvements and a golf course. Henderson regretted that the town lacks independent capitalists to endow libraries or perpetuate their names by donating playground equipment.

"But one of the things we need most," he said, "we can't possibly have: some old houses and beat-up buildings. There can't be any marginal property for years, so there's no place to start a boarding-house or set up a fix-it shop. Where in this town could a man start an auto-wrecking business or a used-car lot?"

He said the original investment in bridges, schools, civic buildings and sewers was so great that extra city financing had been essential. Bonded indebtedness already is $6,050,000 on an assessed valuation of $43,295,000—$4,705,000 outside of the aluminum company's stake—and 19.25 per cent of all revenues must go for debt service. Nevertheless, the 1956 program included seven miles of new paving, plus graveling, sanitary sewers and water mains. A city hall will soon be essential, although the public-safety building just opened.

A restaurant operator admitted, oddly, "We could use another coffee shop or two, to take some of the pressure off this one."

Dr. William Windrim, a dentist fresh out of Baylor University, in Texas, said, "Through their real-estate people, the aluminum company made me a fine proposition, but I've had to make about three times as big a bet on my own success as the average beginning dentist. With no service available, I couldn't afford anything but the best equipment—so I'll have to take in about seven hundred dollars a month before I have anything for myself. Other dentists tell me there'll be no problem, but the investment scares me to death."

An aluminum-company executive explained that the minimum Kitimat house, with two bedrooms, costs about $15,000, without garage. "This is the equivalent of an eleven-thousand-dollar house in Vancouver," he admitted, "or a little more than that in the Western United States."

Of this, the home buyer can obtain approximately $10,500 on a National Housing Act loan—similar to FHA—and the aluminum company will take a second mortgage for all but $750 of the rest. Payments approximate $100 a month, but, through a bonus system, the company makes up thirty-five dollars of this for its own employees. Clear title is available, but the company guarantees the sale of the house of any worker who wishes to leave, with a depreciation allowance equivalent to a seventy-six-dollar monthly rental. However, all resales so far have been at cash profits.

Residents also may build their own homes, if they abide by strict building and zoning codes. Duplexes have been built, and some apartments are planned. Better and more expensive homes also have been built, and the town, although still in its bare feet, has the beginnings of a gold coast in one area.

On one curving street I knocked at the first door. Answering was a middle-aged mother, five years out of England, two years in Kitimat. It was, she said, an interesting block: Hollanders across the street, Latvians, Germans, a Canadian family or two. "It's a good town," she said. "Nobody gets rich, but we're happy enough. I only wish there were more for youngsters to do. No real play field yet, and nothing for teeners to do in the evenings. The trouble is, we haven't any bright lights, and the country around is too rugged. You don't feel like letting them go hiking in these wild mountains, and you certainly don't want them swimming in twenty-foot, ice-cold tides. It's a beautiful country, but there aren't even many places to walk."

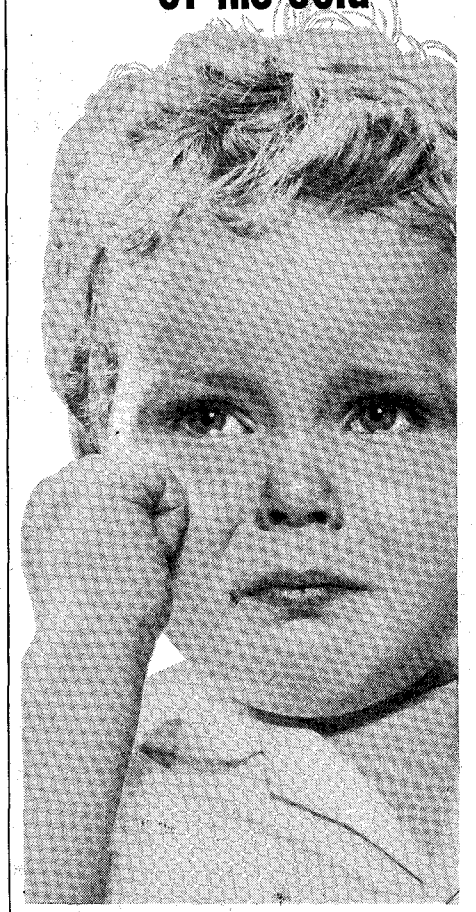
The Hebers, from Amsterdam, found Kitimat better than they had expected, but prices in the store frightening. They were sure they'd be happy wherever work was steady. Another young couple minded only the necessity of renting out part of their house—planners and city officials wink at this during the housing-shortage period—in order to meet expenses.

Then there was the blonde, wiping great tears from her eyes as she contemptuously showed me through a "skyliner," one of the contractors' houses with an unusual floor plan: all living quarters on the second floor, only utility space and a carport below. A company guide said, "People didn't care much for these houses until they spent a winter in them. But when the snow was six or seven feet deep, they were the only ones in town who really could see out of their windows." Although the blonde had been in town a couple of days, only essential beds were set up and no attempt had been made to clear out the movers' litter.

"Look at it!" she said. "To think I left a good home and brought my children out to this! Mud in the front yard, and the neighbors don't even speak English. Don't ask me about Kitimat. I'm getting out just as fast as I can. If my husband stays here, it will be alone. The kids and I are going back home to the Prairies."

On another street, a skinny man fixed a child's bicycle in a cluttered yard. "Some things all right," he said in a heavy German voice, "but not all. I buy brand-new home. Now look! Front steps crack where (*Continued on Page 52*)

What to do during the MOST IMPORTANT HOUR of his cold



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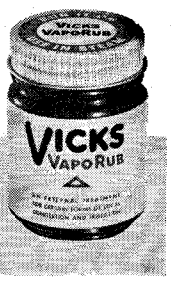
So, at the most important hour of a cold—do as 41 million mothers do—give your child fast relief with proved Vicks VapoRub.



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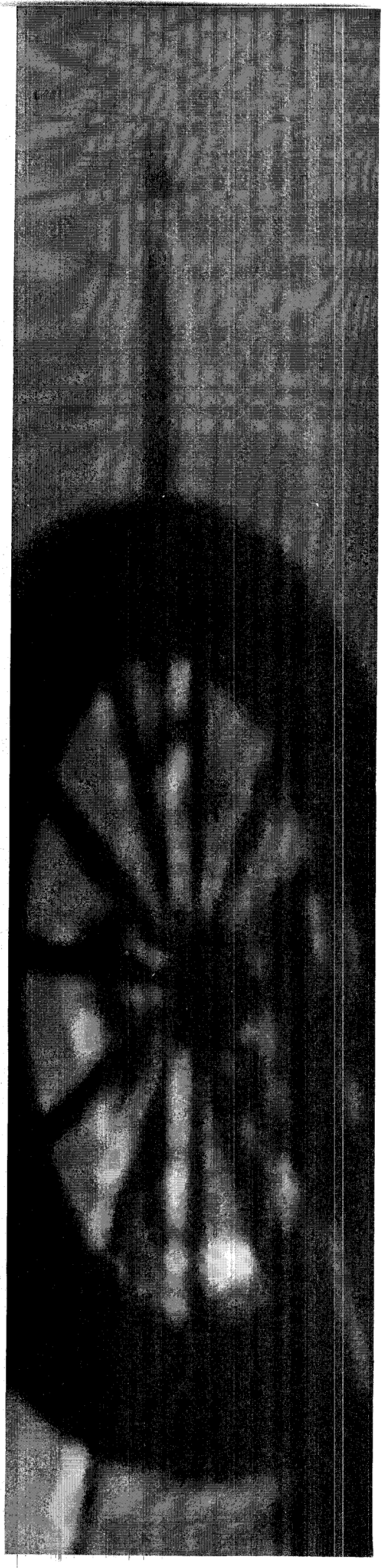

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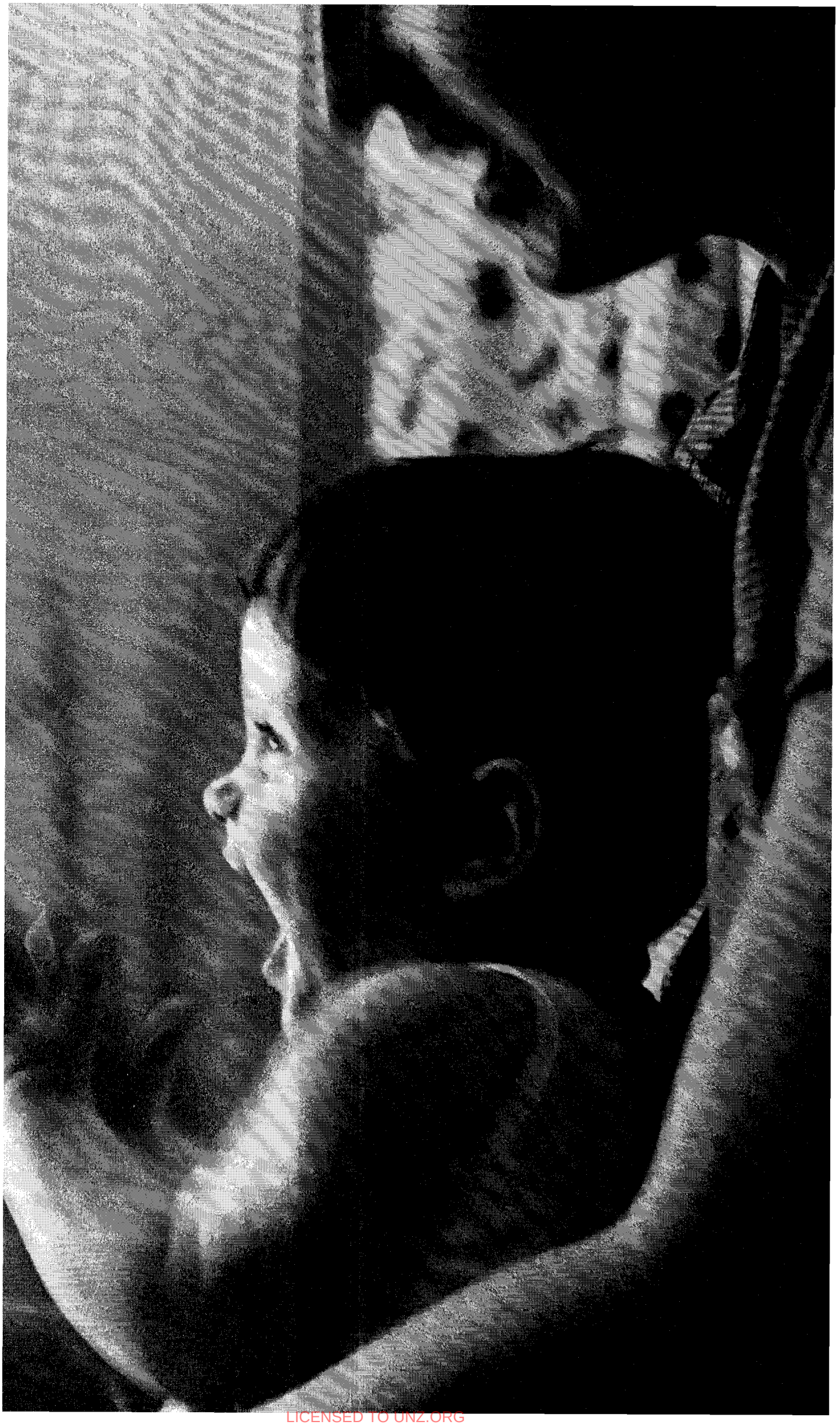

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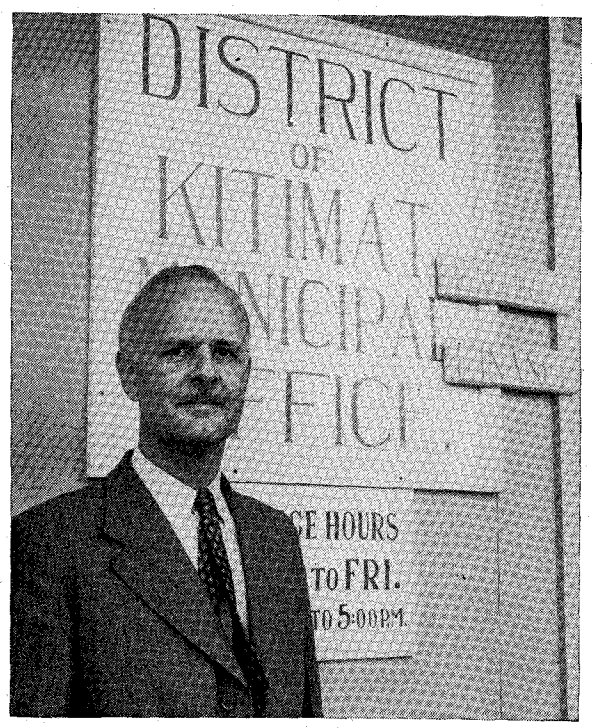
THEY LIVE AND WORK IN KITIMAT, REMARKABLE WILDERNESS BOOMTOWN



Municipal manager Cyril Henderson works 12 to 14 hours daily to turn "mud and uproar" into a planner's dream.

Smelter workers of eight nationalities enjoy bull sessions despite the language barrier. More than half the town's continually growing population is foreign-born, and night classes in English draw 500 pupils.

Fire chief Aubrey Creed, a native of Johannesburg, South Africa, brought his family here 2½ years ago.

(*Continued from Page 49*) concrete no good. Nobody will do anything—not contractor, company, anybody." He paused. "People tell you that everything under Nazis no good," he said. "That's not true. There were some bad things, but some good. There, I'd have written a letter to that man—who was it, Hess?—and pretty soon they'd have investigated about my steps. They wouldn't let this happen."

These are the people of Kitimat: the family which wasn't too enthusiastic until they nearly froze on a visit back to England with its lack of central heating; the onetime European tennis star now happy to be a smelter worker, teaching some tennis on the side; the musicians who organized a little symphony even before they had houses; the former RAF and *Luftwaffe* pilots who trade cautious reminiscences in the beer hall; the wandering dishwasher, Fred Ryan, who saw opportunity in Kitimat, now owns a photo shop, a boat-rental business and other enterprises; the lonesome men who haunt the post offices, waiting for grades in their correspondence course in English, radio repair or accounting.

Company men frankly are pleased that the city, so far, has approximated the planners' ideas. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police find their problems daily more like those in established cities, less like those of construction camps. The school district now has less trouble in recruiting teachers, although classes continue to multiply and 1000 pupils now are enrolled.

City manager Henderson says, "Our big problem is overselling. If we could just convince husbands not to oversell the place to their wives in advance, things would be much better. I tell prospective employees that it rains practically all the time, there's nothing to do in the evenings and they'll have to live in mud and uproar. So they're pleasantly surprised when they see Kitimat. But between what husbands tell wives and what they read, too many women come here expecting paradise. If they hit town in the rainy season and are led to some unfinished house with a sea of mud for a front yard, the shock can be nearly fatal. This is a workingman's town—a good one, we think, but not a fancy suburb. The people who want it to be more than it is have to do it themselves."

But P. T. Sampson, school-board secretary, merely shakes his head. "There's the crux of the problem," he says. "They don't want to do it themselves. So much has been done for them that they expect the town or the company to do everything else. They complain about nothing for the kids to do, but they wouldn't think of organizing an athletic team or a hiking club without help."

He grinned. "I don't imagine my views are popular, but there's another big difficulty. Here, nothing will do but the best. The company is basically responsible. They're building on a long-term basis and their people think that way. That's fine for a smelter, but where does it leave some young fellow who wants to get married, but only has a few hundred dollars and doesn't want to go in debt? He may only earn a dollar sixty-nine cents an hour (the smelter's basic wage) but if he wants a house, he has to buy one that costs fifteen thousand dollars. We have trouble enough in the schools. We'd like an athletic field, but one to suit the planners would cost thousands of dollars. Just clearing a field and playing as best we can between the mud puddles isn't nearly good enough.

"We need a swimming pool. We could dam up one of these creeks and make one, for a few hundred dollars. Can't do that either. We have to wait until we can afford something better than anybody else has. So in the meantime, people who want to go swimming or play soccer are out of luck. It's the great drawback to planning—people aren't as nearly perfect as the plans." THE END

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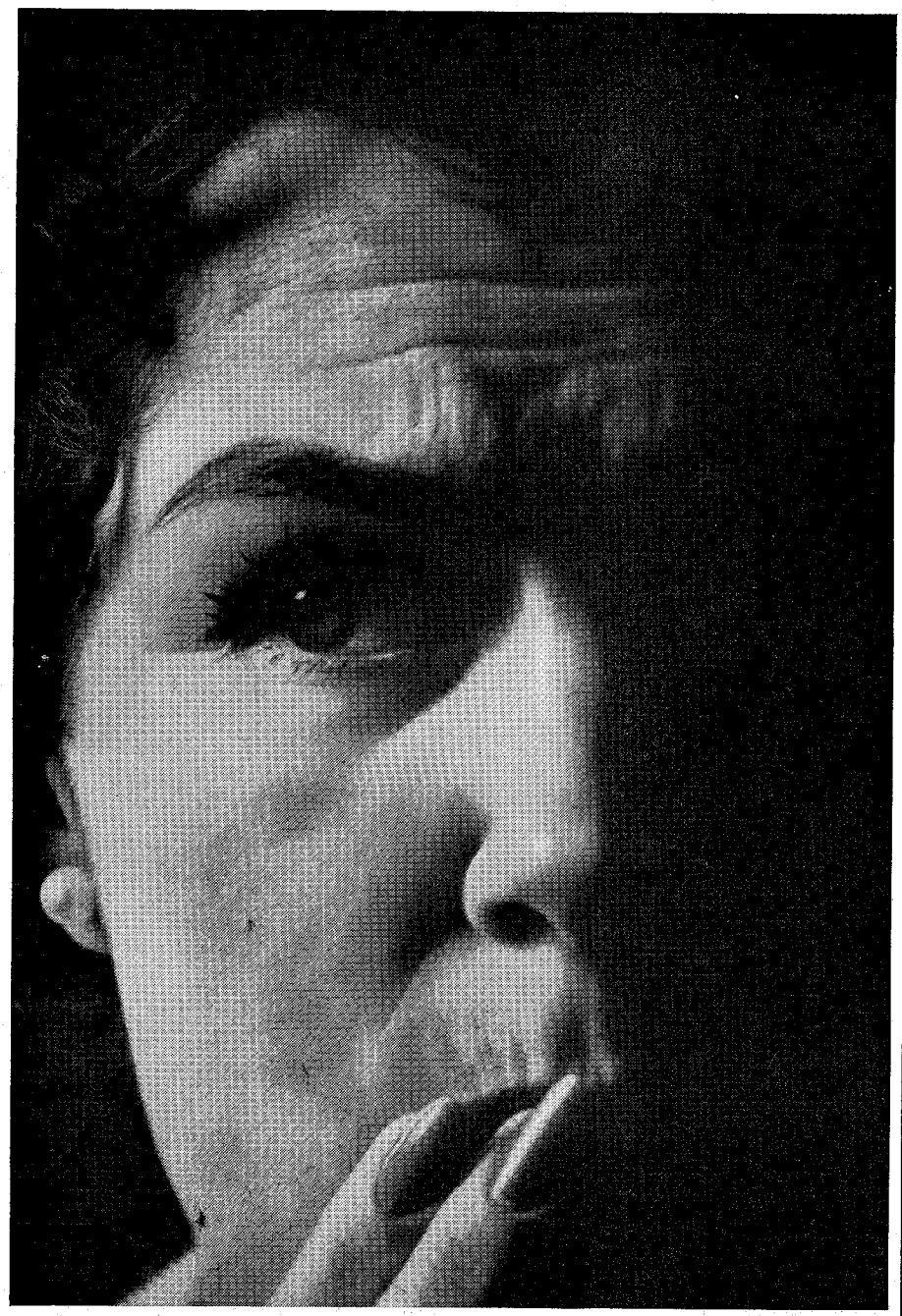

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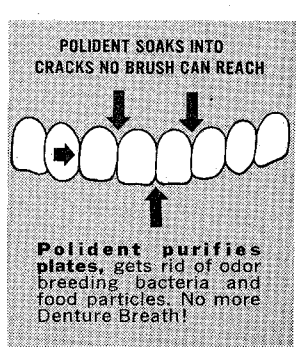
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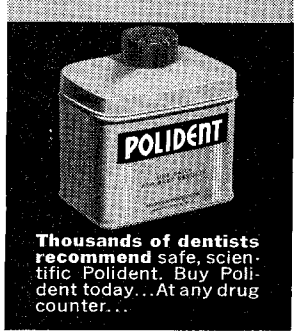

The Lady Called Brazil

(Continued from Page 31)

miss them three spittoons when I come in an' look around."

"That's it," Freddy said.

And he was satisfied that way. He had time. Plenty of it. He'd been a transport rider. Made a bit and had retired to a little farm just outside the dorp where he grew vegetables and truck stuff. He had three good boys, the soil was fertile and things grew pretty well by themselves. Every day he brought vegetables to the hotel in his old Cape cart, put up his horses and then sat around. He liked to watch people, to listen. It amazed him the way people could talk. The things they knew. He knew very little himself. He understood draft oxen and cattle. He could repair wagons and trek gear. He was a good shot and had green fingers with everything that grew. This was the sum of his knowledge.

He was not much interested in the hotel or in the money or the gold claims. It was Brazil he wanted—the great big golden woman who stood a full six inches taller than he. That was what he thought about when he was in the Arms. Brazil, like a great big blue-eyed golden-haired doll. Love. Its mystery. He was forty years old and had never been in love before. While Ben was alive, he had come just to look at Brazil, to watch her moving so deftly among the bottles. Now, with Ben gone, he realized that he had always loved her—that she was the beginning and end of everything as far as he was concerned.

One other thing he knew, though he did not know that he knew it, was men. He understood the workings of their minds, could guess what they would do next. His knowledge came from his understanding of livestock.

Lord, men had the same characteristics as the oxen he had handled for so many years. That was the trick that made a good transport rider; the mating up of his team into pairs, the leaders, fast and nervous, setting the pace. The best and biggest beasts that you could rely on at the pole. The lazy ones nearest the whip, where you could get at them. And then there were the wicked ones, the bad ones, the killers, just as there were among men. You could recognize them too. You could tell them by the way they behaved. When you moved in the herd, they did not turn away like the others, but faced you with watching eyes. There were men like that in the bar sometimes. They stood a little apart from the others and were very watchful, always looking round, always with one eye on the door.

Yes, there were plenty of bad men about in those times. Robbers, holdup men, tricksters, men who had committed murder on the frontier and got away with it. When they came in he watched them. *She*—he called her that in his mind—must have no trouble. That became his function—to stand between her and trouble if it came. Real bad men seldom came to the Arms. They went to the Standard, which kept three barmaids imported from Jo'burg to lighten the resting hours of the clients and relieve them of any unnecessary gold dust they might have in their pockets. But every now and then one did show up. When that happened, Freddy never took his eyes off him.

Then there were the others, not first-class bad men, but lively. Troublemakers, fighters, boasters, braggers, noisy men who intimidated the regulars. Black John was one of them. No one knew his real name. He was big, with black hair and dark eyes that flashed when he was in drink. He had an enemy called Fat Charlie, and he never stopped saying what he would do to Charlie if he caught up with him.

"Skin him," he shouted. "Boil him in a pot and eat his liver!"

No one quite knew the rights of the quarrel, but it was believed that there was a woman in it, because Fat Charlie was just as vehement about the fate that Black John would suffer when he came up with him. Both were miners with good claims, but by some accident they always missed each other when they came to town to exchange their gold dust for whisky, women and song. But there was a lot of talk about them and about what would happen when they did meet. It worried Brazil, because she hated fights.

"I don't want it in 'ere, Freddy," she used to say. "It" meant gun fighting. Both Black John and Fat Charlie were quick on the draw. "An 'ome from 'ome, that's what Ben wanted 'ere," she said, "an that's what it'll damn well be or my name's not Brazil Weston."

"That's it, dear," Freddy would answer. "A home from home, and that's what it is."

Then she'd go back to shining up the glasses—she wouldn't leave that to a Kaffir—or polishing the big mirror. Sometimes she thought she saw her Ben's broad back reflected in it when she turned toward it suddenly from the scales where she weighed the dust that the miners plumped down or poured into it from little rawhide bags that they carried in their pockets.

Freddy used to like to watch her doing that—the gold no more golden than her hair.

"A golden girl, that's what you are, Brazil," he'd say.

"Golden my eye, Freddy." But she liked it just the same.

"That's the only brass I want," he'd go on. "That's me. Now the other chaps, they want the other sort, with you chucked in."

"Like a pound of tea." Then she'd laugh. She had a loud, happy laugh, because she'd got over Ben a bit by now. She never forgot him, but the memory of him didn't hit her quite so hard.

Now, some men make love with flowers, but Freddy was a practical man. He did it with vegetables. Almost every day he'd bring her something special. A big pumpkin, a specially curly squash, some early tomatoes, a melon, a mess of green peas. "For you, Brazil. For you. Special, and not on the bill."

"Thank you, Freddy," she'd say, taking the offering. "I'm sure I don't know what I'd do without you."

"That's the idea, ducks. That's the way I want it."

"Is it, Freddy?"

"And do you know something?"

"What?"

"I want to be a habit."

"A 'abit," she laughed. "That's good, that is."

"And what's your habit, Brazil?"

"My 'abit, mister? My bad 'abit? Why, it's my lord and master, little Freddy Barker." She went off into more peals of laughter.

"Like golden bells," Freddy said.

"Wot is?"

"You, when you laugh. It's like silver and golden bells."

"'Eavenly bells, Freddy. That's me." She picked a glass and held it to the light. Breathed into it and polished it with her apron. "Dirty, that's what them boys are." She put it down with a bang. "You're a good boy, Freddy."

"Yes," he said, "I am that, and the woman that gets me's lucky. No harm in me at all."

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She leaned over the bar and patted his hand. "That's right," she said, "a good boy."

And that's the way it went. A slow steady thing without excitements.

That's what's wrong with it, Brazil thought. *If only he'd do something. Take me on his lap, pull me around a bit. Why, damn, I'd marry the little man.*

A quiet one he was, but too quiet for her and not much brains. Just nice. A good boy. A safe boy. She called all the men boys. That was her barmaid training. Her cockney dad had taught her that. "Treat 'em young, ducks, and they'll act young." A wise man, her old dad. He'd promised to take her to London when he'd made his pile. But he'd popped off first. Pneumonia, like so many on the Rand. A bitter-cold place that was, with the south wind coming up all of a sudden. And if it hadn't been for Ben —— Tears came into her blue eyes when she thought of her dad, of Ben, of herself.

Damn, she thought again, *if only he had a bit of life, or brains, or something. He's the only one that isn't after the brass, with me thrown in like a pound of tea. A pound of tea indeed*, she said to herself. She

smoothed the black satin of her dress over her hips. *It's a fine figure of a woman you are, Brazil. You're a golden girl.* She began to smile. *Sit on his lap? Why, the poor little man, maybe he'd better sit on mine.* She began to feel motherly about Freddy. But you needed a man to run a hotel. It was hard by yourself. No peace. But he must have go, have brains. There were problems. Money, staff, customers, repairs. Lord, there was a lot of man's work to do. And besides, she needed a man herself, being a fine woman. *Why*, she thought, *I'm a temptation, that's what I am.* The idea pleased her.

It was about this time that Black John started coming to the Arms. Behaved very well too. Spent freely. Stood drinks with his foot on the rail of the bar beside the middle brass spittoon while he talked. He talked to anyone who was there. But he was really talking to Brazil. Charming her.

"Like a bloomin' rabbit with a snake," Freddy said to her one day when he'd gone. "That's what you are."

"Me a rabbit!" Brazil had never heard him speak like that.

Love, she thought. *He really loves me. He's jealous.* After that she listened with wide blue eyes to Black John, leaning over the bar toward him, so that he could smell the perfumed tablets that she sucked.

"Tell me, John," she'd say. "Tell me, John, about that time you shot three lions with three shots and how you rode the big horse that no one else could get near."

And he'd tell her, while Freddy and the others listened. Sickening it was. Lies. Such lies! And she swallowed 'em all, wide-eyed, open-mouthed. "Why, I wish I'd seen that, John. Oh, I do wish I'd bin there."

"Pity you weren't," he said. "Then you'd have seen the kind of chap I am. A man. All man." And he looked down at Freddy.

"Looking at me, John?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"No reason, except that I don't like it."

"You know what you can do then?"

"Now, boys," Brazil said, "no quarrels. 'Ome from 'ome this is."

"That's right," Freddy said.

"Sure," Black John said, and spat into the cuspidor.

Next day Freddy came late. Black John was standing in his usual place.

"'Evening, all," Freddy said. Then he said, "John?"

"Eh, you calling me?"

"Yes, John. I got something to show you."

"What can you show me?"

"This," Freddy said, and he stood in the doorway with a gun in his hand. "Don't move, Johnny boy. Don't move. This thing might go off."

"Pull a gun on me, you little rat!"

"Not on you exactly, but I want to show you something. Come outside."

Brazil couldn't say a word. She just stood with her big blue eyes and her mouth wide open. *Freddy*, she thought. *That Freddy. 'E's mad. He'll be killed.*

Freddy threw his gun in the air and caught it in his hand by the butt. It was still pointing at John. "I can use these things," he said. "Coming?"

"I'll come."

They went out, followed by five or six men with glasses in their hands.

Outside the door, leaning against the wall was an ox yoke with four skeys in place. He set up a skey, one of the notched hardwood pins that hold the ox yoke in place.

"We'll have a shooting match, Johnny boy," Freddy said.

He was a different man with a gun in his hand. A little gamecock spurred for battle. He cocked his hat and looked at Black John.

"Stakes," someone said.

"A fiver," John said.

"No," Freddy said.

"Afraid, Freddy?" John said.

"No; make it a hundred."

"All right, if you want to lose your money. A hundred. No," he said, "a hundred be damned." He pulled a bag of dust from his pocket and threw it on the ground. "That's nearer three hundred. Will you match it, ounce for ounce?"

"I'll match it."

Black John pointed to a bare piece of ground near the hotel, a vacant lot.

Freddy laughed. "No," he said. "Go over there, Jan."

Jan, a big Dutchman, went where he pointed.

"Now throw it up."

"Up, Freddy?"

"*Ja*, up into the air, up like a bird."

"You can't hit it. No man can hit it," the Dutchman said.

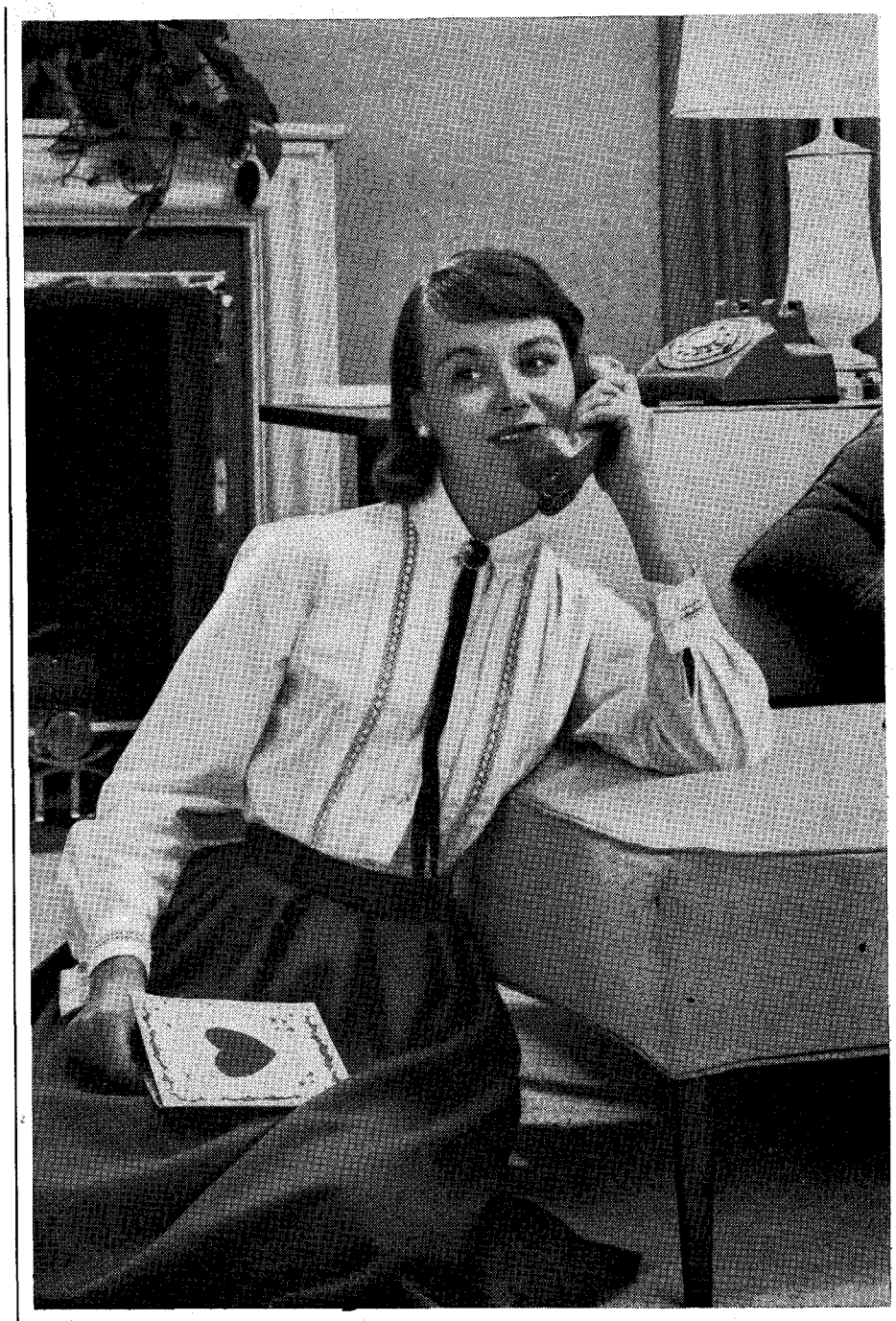
"Chuck it up." He turned to Black John. "Want first shot?"

"You take it. No one can hit it."

"Throw it, Jan. Throw it high."

Jan threw. The skey went up and twisted in the air. As it turned, Freddy fired, and the skey jumped away from the bullet as it struck. Before it fell, he'd shot and hit it again.

"That," the Dutchman said, as he went to pick up the skey—"that I do not believe. No, not even when I see it."



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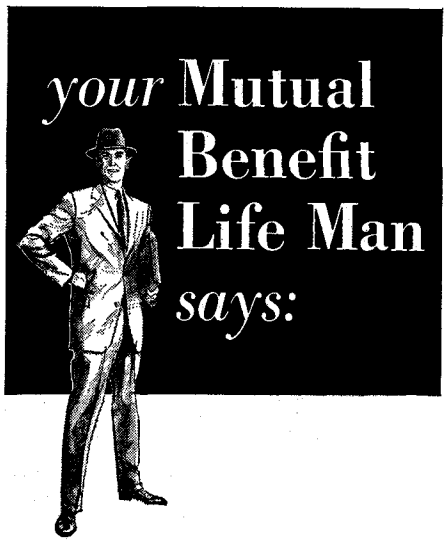

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"Your turn, John," Freddy said.

"Take the dust, Freddy."

Freddy put out his hand. "Keep the dust, John. You see, it wasn't fair. You didn't know I could do it."

"Then why?" He took Freddy's hand.

"Well, friend, I just wanted to make things clear. Wanted it to get around. No roughstuff in the Arms while I'm aboveground."

Brazil came up to him. She had seen it all. "Freddy," she said, "you can shoot like that?"

"Yes," he said.

"Always?"

"Always. It's a gift I have. A trick."

"Then why didn't anyone know?"

"I'll tell you," he said. "Once I shot a man."

"They didn't catch you?"

"He was a murderer. I shot him and I got a certificate from field cornet at Potchefstroom. A commendation. No one could get him. They were afraid, so I shot him. But I don't like it. No," he said, "I don't like to kill things. Not even men."

He turned back to John. "Now," he said, "we're both courting Brazil, but we'll court fair and the best man win."

"You mean you don't mind?"

"I mind, but that's not the way to do things."

"You could kill me."

"Yes, I could. Look here," he said. He put his gun in his holster. "Now," he said, and before the word was out of his mouth he'd fired two shots. "A trick," he said. "I've done it in a circus. It is a gift from God."

"Now we'll drink," Black John said. "It's on me, boys. Come on back. Fill 'em up, Brazil, and we'll drink to little Freddy Barker. By heaven," he said, "Barker's his name. Barker Fred we'll call him now, and it's a whisky christening we'll give him, boys."

This was all very fine, but Fred was friends with John now and he was a dangerous rival. A fascinating man. No doubt about that. And he'd promised to court fair. Well, there was fair and fair. He'd have to make a plan. And suddenly the plan came all ready hatched out of the egg of his mind, like a baby chicken running about on its own two legs. It was just a matter of waiting a day or two. Lord, it was easy when you knew cattle. Everything fitted, neat as a bolt pushing a cartridge into the breech of a rifle. There were one or two preliminaries, but that was all. Neat. That was the word for it. Very neat.

The next Saturday he was in the bar, talking to Black John, when his boy came to the door and asked for him. He went out into the street to talk to him.

"Boss, he's here."

"Where?"

The boy pointed up the street to the Standard.

"All right. You go and watch him. I'll come soon."

He went back to the bar. "John," he said, "did you ever think of riding your horse in here?"

"Can't say I did." The horse, a big bay, was hitched outside.

"Why not? It'll rile that Fat Charlie if you did it first. I've heard he planned to do it at the Standard."

"Did he, now? Then I will, by heaven!" John was out of the door and mounted in a flash. "Hold the door, boys."

"Stop!" Brazil shouted. "A 'ome away from 'ome this is, not a bloomin' stable."

But by that time he was in.

Freddy said, "Give him a drink, a real one." He passed it up to John. Someone gave him another, and he began to wobble in the saddle. Freddy went out into the street and ran back.

"Get him down, get him down! Fat Charlie's coming to get him."

By that time Black John was sitting on the floor with his back to the bar. His eyes were glazed.

"What'll we do?" Brazil said. "Get that horse out! What'll we do with John?"

"Got a bed?" Freddy asked.

"Yes."

"Then we'll put him to bed. You hurry. I'll try and stop Fat Charlie."

He ran up the street and into the Standard. "Charlie," he shouted, "this is it! Black John's ridden his horse into the bar at the Arms. He says he won't move till you come and get him. Says you're afraid."

"Afraid? Me afraid of that big black mole snake? Where's my horse?"

"In the stable."

"Get him out. Saddle him up."

The horse was brought out, and he jumped into the saddle. For a fat man he was very agile. Before he knew what had happened, Freddy was up behind him. They rode into the bar together.

"Where is he? Where's that black-hearted devil that stole my girl? I'll fry him in oil! I'll boil him! I'll make a 'baccy pouch with his hide."

"Here, drink this," Freddy said. "I'll go and find him." He went through the door into the living quarters.

Brazil ran after him. "You couldn't stop him?"

"No," he said. "I tried hard. Where's John?"

"In bed and snoring."

"Good. Just leave this to me."

He went back. "He'll be here in a minute, Charlie," he said. "But you might as well have another drink while you're waiting."

"I'll drink. And then I'll skin him alive. All alivo!" He took the drink Freddy gave him.

Brazil was wringing her hands. "A stable!" she said. "Just look at my floor. Horses! What would Ben say?"

Fat Charlie was wavering in the saddle. "Bring him here," he said. "Bring him." His voice faded out and he began to slip.

"Catch him, boys," Freddy said.

They caught him.

"Take out the horse."

"Now what?" Brazil said. "Now what'll we do?"

"Put him to bed," Freddy said.

"There isn't another bed."

"Put him in the same one. It's a double bed, isn't it?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Come on, boys."

They half carried and half dragged Fat Charlie into the bedroom. "Take off his boots," Freddy said, "and shove him in. Put his feet on the pillow." He laughed. "Like twins in a cot," he said, "foot to head, the pair of 'em. And now we'll leave 'em. Just take their guns, boys."

"You're mad, Freddy," Brazil said.

"You'll see," he said.

And they did. But not till morning.

In the morning they came into the bar together, arm in arm. "We're partners," Black John said. "Ain't that so, Fatty?"

"That's right," Fat Charlie said. "You see, she was a no-good anyway, and not enough for two chaps like us to quarrel about. A habit it was," he said; "just a habit." He patted John on the back.

"A habit?" Brazil said. The word sounded sort of familiar in her ears.

"And now a hair of the dog that bit us, Brazil," Charlie said.

They drank and went to the stables to get their horses, mounted and charged up the street, firing their guns in the air and yelling blue murder, so that all the Kaffirs ran and all the dogs barked.

Brazil left the bar and came to Freddy. "How did you do it, Freddy?"

"I knew," he said. "You see, they're like bulls—very evenly matched. And bulls like that take a lot of trouble to avoid each other. They know they may kill each other. So I thought I'd bring them together, in case they met in here and busted up your mirror. We don't want any shooting in the Arms, do we, Goldilocks?"

And before she knew what had happened he'd put his arms round her neck and pulled her face down to his. When he'd finished kissing her, he said, "Well?"

She said, "Well, what? That was nice. You know, Freddy, it's going to be a habit. But tell me something ——"

"I'll tell you anything."

"How did they get drunk so quick?"

He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a little flat bottle. "Methylated," he said.

"So you're clever too?"

"Didn't you know?" he said. "I thought everybody knew." THE END

"Tell you what . . . I'll hold him and you give him the needle."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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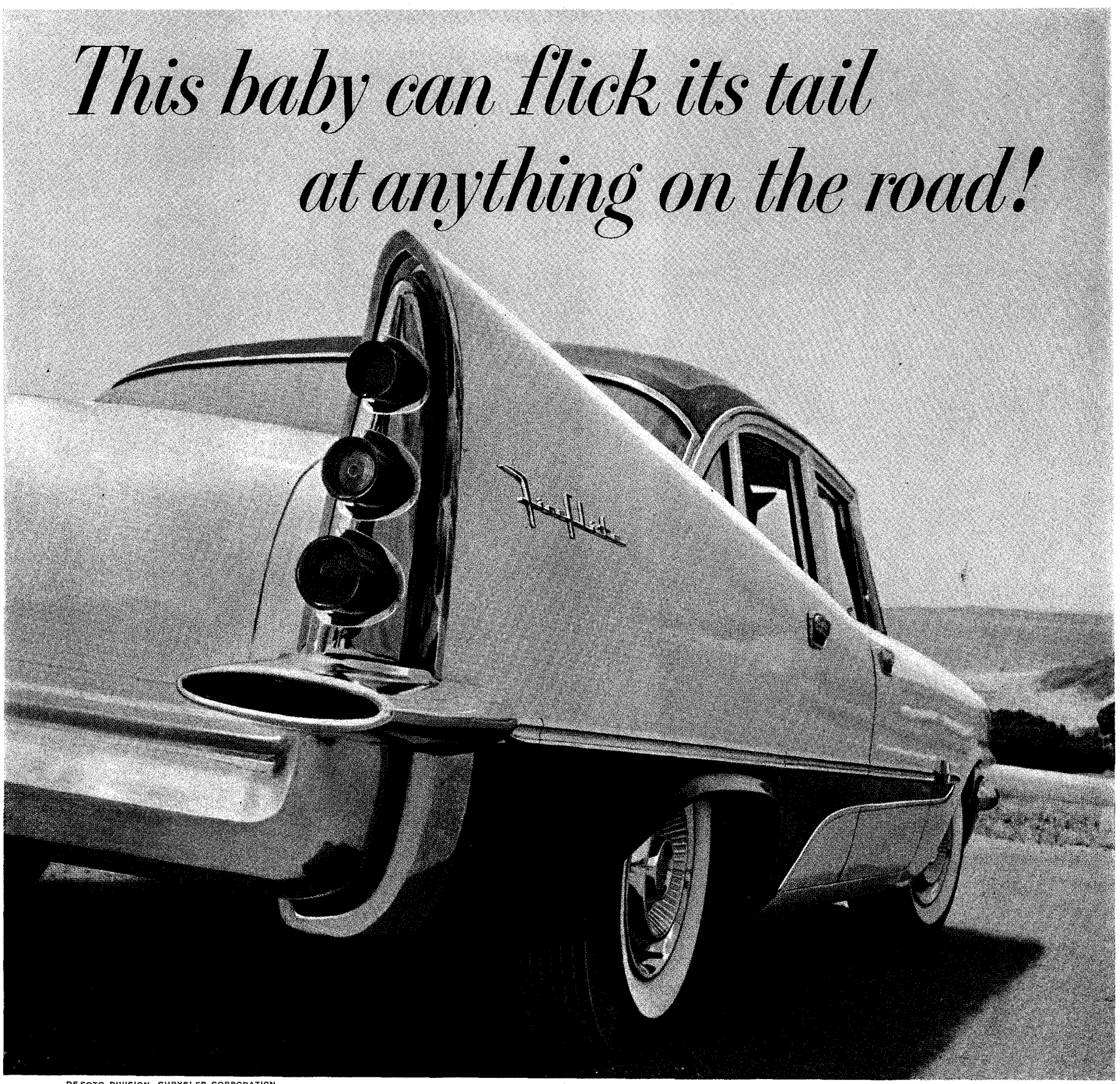

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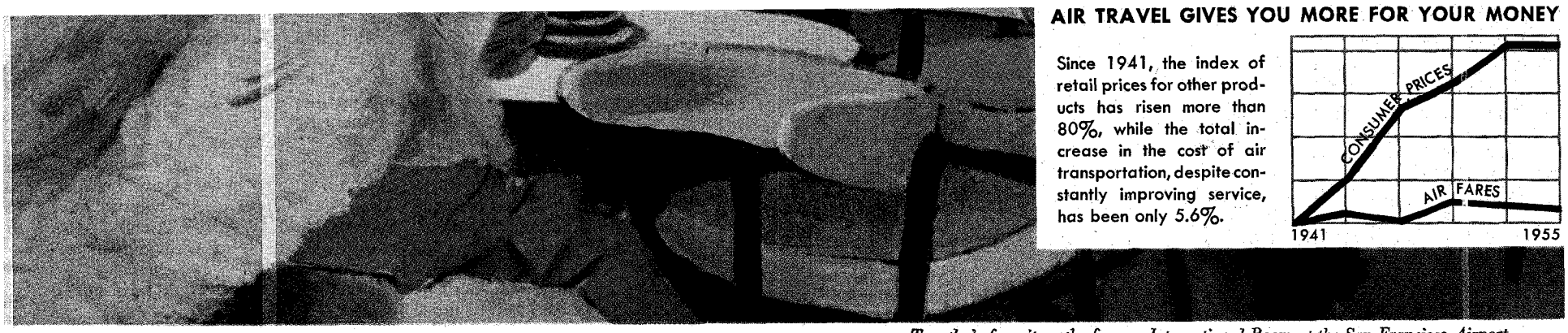

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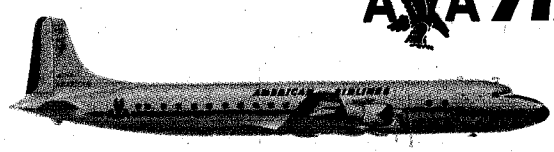

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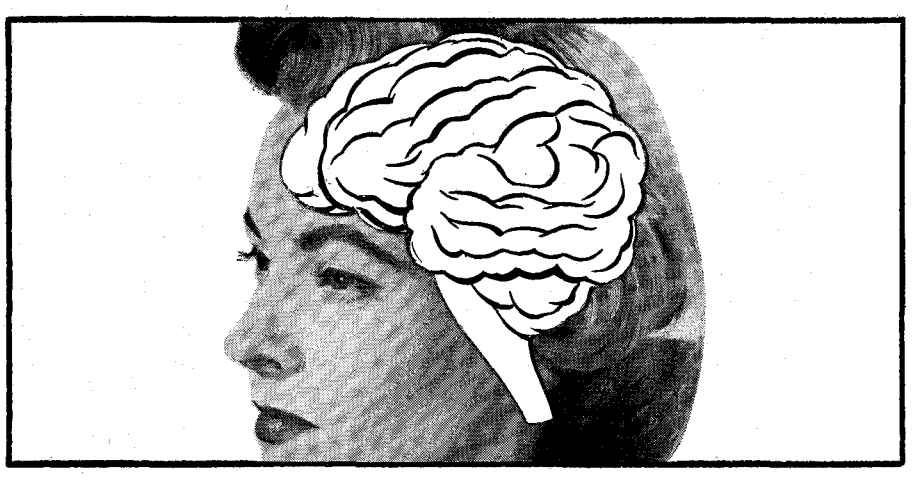

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Can not upset Your Stomach!

The Second Mrs. Thorpe (Continued from Page 23)

Sylvie said, "I'm teaching them."

"You're teaching them?" I raised my eyebrows. That child in the awful dress!

She said, "I see you're surprised, Mr. Cameron. No doubt you're accustomed to the reverse technique—where the servants are forced to teach the employer."

Brack said, "I think dinner is about ready."

It was a nice dinner. Plain, you understand, but tasty. Actually everything was acceptable except the conversation. That was a filthy bore. I used to so enjoy the unabashed deviltry of your lousy disposition. You always disagreed with everything Brack said, and sometimes it would take you as much as an hour to realize that you couldn't egg him into a brawl. He never let you make him forget that he was a gentleman. And how bravely he bore your comments on the way he'd ruined your career. As though any man could have done that. It took a plane to —— Oh, why weren't you satisfied with your old broomstick, you dizzy witch? But again I ramble.

Another thing I missed in conversation was shop talk. My shop and yours. Such good talks we had too. Naturally, the new Mrs. Thorpe, as we could tell at a glance, knew no more about clothes than I know about locomotives. With you, second to the stage was clothes. And I don't mind telling you that you knew quite a bit about them. Sometimes you frightened me a little, you knew so much. Heaven alone knows what agonies of boredom poor Brack must have gone through while we discussed colors and materials, but I always enjoyed it.

Sylvie and Brack are interested in oak trees and that's what they talked about. It seems that in some quarters this is an absorbing subject. Can you imagine a real hot piece of gossip about an oak tree? Oh, it was dreary. Brack, who is always so nice, must have realized I found it all hideously hard to take, because he tried to switch the conversation to something else by reminding Sylvie that they had to drive to town on Monday.

"Oh, yes, the dentist's appointment," she said. "Darn it, I wish I didn't have to go."

"You really don't," I said. "I think it's nonsense to bother about it till you get your second teeth."

Now what else could I have said? It was a natural remark, wasn't it? This little bit of a thing can't be much more than a child, and I hadn't referred at all to the fact that Brack must be every day of forty. However, with the most innocent intentions a person can be plunged into hot water. She actually glared at me. But glared, my pet.

Brack reddened slightly and looked uncomfortable, so of course I had to think of something that would restore serenity to the dinner table.

"Tell me something about the ballet."

"I will, Mr. Cameron," the little thing said. "I was raised in a ballet troupe where my mother was *première danseuse*. And I will tell you this about the ballet: It is so full of delightful people that I am poorly prepared to cope with smart-alecky dressmakers."

You could have hardly done better yourself. I was at a loss for words. A dressmaker! A smart-alecky dressmaker!

Brack said, "Sylvie dear, the genius who is responsible for Cameron creations is no mere dressmaker. You might at least call him a smart-alecky *couturier*."

"That's like calling an undertaker a mortician," she said. "A euphemism. I detest euphemisms. A dressmaker is a dressmaker." She lunged at me like a baby cobra. "You do sew, don't you?"

"I design," I said in a clear, dignified tone. "People who work for me do the sewing."

"I see," she said. "And you don't know the first basic thing about sewing? You don't know whether they're doing slip stitches when they should be ——"

"Of course I know."

"Then you can sew. You have sewed."

"Yes, but not in years. Not in years, I tell you. Not in years!"

I was livid for the moment, but you know me—*toujours* forgiving. After all, I wanted no open breach with her. I wouldn't want to hurt Brack. I always liked him. At the risk of sounding absolutely maudlin, I must say that Brack is decent—and when did you ever hear me say that of anyone else?

After dinner we sat outdoors for a while. It was very quiet and peaceful, and I missed you terribly. The outdoor-lighting system you spent so many pennies on, my dear, is not used. The new Mrs. Thorpe likes quaint things—like moonlight, for instance. Had you been there we'd have sipped champagne and talked of next season—the shows, the clothes. Instead we were silent, save for the times when Brack asked polite questions about my house, my health, my poodles. By the way, I have two new ones, Apollo and Adonis. They're absolute fiends, my dear. They've chewed up everything but the bathtub.

Sylvie said nothing, and after a time, when a clock struck somewhere, she rose and left us. She waved somewhat airily to me and went over and kissed Brack. A funny thing about that kiss. Do you realize that I never saw you kiss Brack good night? Of course, in other days it was he who left early for bed, murmuring little things about morning appointments. You and I would remain to finish the champagne or the argument. Of course I don't mean I never saw you kiss Brack. You always kissed him when you were getting on a plane or a ship, but that was different. The newspapermen were there.

Well, she kissed him and drifted away in the moonlight, and Brack and I sat listening to the crickets and breathing in those night fragrances that I'm sure are awfully bad for a person.

He said, "I love this place. Do you know what, Cammie? I'm thinking of giving up the town house and living here permanently."

I was appalled. Nobody, but nobody, gives up a town house. Good heavens, what would a person do without one? Where would he see his friends? How could he keep in touch with really important things?

I said, "Brack, you would be insane to do that."

"You think so, Cammie?"

"I do. After all, this isn't one of those congenial countrysides where your neighbors are producers and actors, Brack. Here your neighbors are—well, they just don't speak our language."

"That's right, they don't," he said, and he sounded as though he was grinning.

"You'll destroy yourself, Brack. Oak trees can become pretty dull, you know. And how on earth would you have people in down here? Why, a person practically has to arrange with a travel bureau before he can accept an invitation from you."

"You accepted," he said.

"Well, that's different. Me you'd have if you moved to Afghanistan. I just have so much curiosity about old friends that I have to see what's going on with them."

"Are you often disappointed, Cammie? I mean when you've finally seen?"

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"No. I'm so interested in everything I never feel any disappointment."

We were silent again for a time, and I thought how odd it was that we should be sitting together. I don't think I ever before sat alone with Brack. I was your friend really. Never his. We had nothing in common except you. He was your husband and I was your dressmaker. Dressmaker! Good heavens, now I've said it myself.

But seriously, pet, Brack and I had no conversation, nothing in common. Only we had known each other for years, and the years make a perfectly silly kind of bond. There was something else too—that admiration I had for a man who was actually famous for his kindness. There is no one who can truthfully say an ill word of Brack, except perhaps that he's a little stuffy and has no sense of humor. Do you remember how we used to scream about things like Millicent Arden's diamond anklet and how he used to look at us as though we were cracked? All right, so he has no sense of humor.

He said, "Would you like to walk a bit, Cammie?"

Now you know how I loathe walking, but in the country one has to expect such

... ...

They're All in the Same Boat

By Richard Wheeler

A lot of people sit and rock
And hope their ship will
shortly dock
(They look for quite a
stanch one);
But they await their ship in
vain,
And why they do is very
plain:
They've failed, alas, to
launch one.

... ...

strange customs, so we walked. He walked as though he actually enjoyed it, up hill and down dale, till I thought these old arches would shriek their agony to the high heavens.

At long last we re-entered the house by way of the kitchen and he let me sit down. He offered me milk, but I wasn't that much in tune with the rural atmosphere. Brack drank milk and I had something else. I wonder if you ever poked your nose into that kitchen. I hope you saw it. It's really lovely and you know I'm not the type to go mad about such things. It's Dutch. Bricks, you know, and cozy chairs and gleaming wooden cabinets. It's the perfect place to drink milk from cows that actually belong to one's host. It seemed almost pagan to drink anything else. But call me bacchante and pass the brandy.

After that it was bedtime. I had the room you gave me that summer you stayed at the farm. It has new draperies. They're just the blue of a Siamese cat's eyes and are shot through with little flame-colored slivers. Not the flame of a bonfire exactly, rather more like the flames one sees in the hearth—more disciplined, less orangy, if you see what I mean. Rather good material. Not fantastically expensive, you understand, but adequate.

I prepared for bed and was in my dressing gown when there was a knock. No, not a knock. It was a bird's wing skimming past my door. On the threshold I found the second Mrs. Thorpe, still dressed in her dear little sewing bag. She put her finger to her lips and slipped into my room. *Well*, thought I, *you are a fortunate one that I'm just a broken-down old dressmaker. What kind of a performance is this for the lady of the house?*

When the door was closed she stood looking at me for a moment, and there was no smile on her face, no twinkle of congeniality in her bright eyes.

She said, "Please sit down, Mr. Cameron; I would like a word with you."

I sat, but she remained standing. She did not look at me. She looked through the wall behind me and she said, "I have come to ask a favor of you. I would appreciate it deeply if you would refrain from being so horribly amusing at my expense."

"Well, really now, my dear ——" I began.

She interrupted me. "Not, Mr. Cameron, that you embarrass me or even disconcert me. You are annoying as—well, maybe a small moth, and I even believe that I could slap you down real hard. But I wouldn't enjoy slapping you down."

I said, "That's because I'm utterly and irresistibly charming."

She did not smile. She said, "That isn't exactly the reason. The reason is that Brack would be pained to see you hurt."

"Oh, fiddledeedee, madame," I said. "This is a tough hide and, I may add, I don't hurt easy."

"Don't you really? I'm glad to hear that, for Brack's sake. He rather worries about you, you know."

"Worries about me?" This was laughable, of course. Why would anyone worry about me? By most standards I'm a wealthy man with a dear little thriving business, a gorgeous apartment and the health of a crocodile. "Why would Brack worry about me?"

"Well, in a way, he's fond of you. He has an almost fanatic loyalty toward people who ever befriended him or his. In my estimation, it's a pleasant fault, but it can be carried too far."

She stood there in that silly sewing bag, and it will be hard for you to believe that dear old Victoria in bombazine and a lace cap couldn't have been more dignified and freezing. Of course, you know I detest dignity. To me it's a clay pigeon that exists only to be shattered.

I said, "How divine to have Brack worry about me. Will you worry a little too? I'd be so pleased if ——"

"Actually the word 'worry' was a poor choice, Mr. Cameron. Let me say instead that Brack feels sorry for you."

"What?" Now really! Sorry for me! Why, no one has ever been sorry for me. I'm the most envied creature I've ever met. I was inclined to scream with laughter, but then suddenly it didn't seem funny. Suddenly I felt angry and bruised. A peculiar feeling. Did you know there is something insulting about being pitied? No, of course you didn't. Who could pity you, with six wardrobes full of wonderful Cameron creations? I felt almost sick.

I said, "My dear Mrs. Thorpe, there is, I assure you, no reason why your husband should feel sorry for me."

"Isn't there?"

"Of course not," I said a little heatedly. "Has he said why I am the object of his good and Christian pity?"

She hesitated. Then, "Yes, I think he's mentioned his reasons." She looked thoughtfully at me and decided to continue. "He's sorry for you because you have no one that's really yours. He doesn't rank the affection of poodle dogs as highly as you do. He feels that the emptiness of your life is what makes you vitriolic. Too, he attributes your penchant for startling (*Continued on Page 64*)

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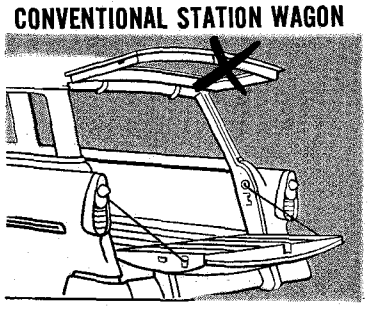

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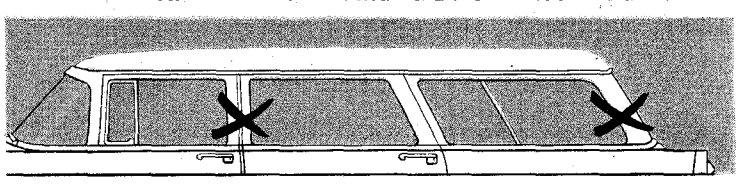

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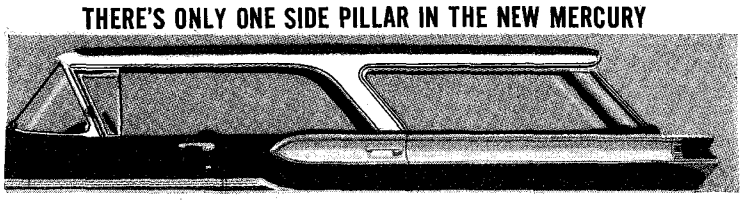

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(*Continued from Page 61*) remarks to an inner spiritual starvation that makes you strive to be noticed and admired. He says, 'Underneath, Cammie means well. He actually hasn't an unkind bone in his body.' You understand, Mr. Cameron, I am quoting my husband. Personally I think you're just a natural-born jerk."

"Thank you."

She shrugged. "I only ask—in order for Brack to be comfortable—that while you are here you will cease feeling that it's necessary to be amusing."

By this time I had recovered somewhat from the beastly shock of being pitied.

I said, "May I ask if all the first Mrs. Thorpe's friends are treated with this degree of hostility?"

She shook her head. "Oh, no. Some of them are quite well-mannered. Besides, I don't judge people by whose friends they are or were. I will admit that she had a curious menagerie of followers. Some wanted her company; some her money; some only wanted to warm themselves in her blaze of glory."

"I wanted her company," I said. "Nothing more."

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps! Anyone would have wanted her company. You didn't know her. She was beautiful, brilliant, bewitching. She had a mind like a steel trap and the fascination of a serpent. She was witty, generous, glamorous, gracious. She was ——"

"Oh, come off it, Mr. Cameron. She was a capable performer with a pleasing voice and a personality that delighted an audience. As a person she was strictly second-rate."

I gasped. She said that about you. This little child dared —— I can't express the amazement I felt. For years not even a critic has dared question your absolute perfection on the stage. And as for your being less than the most marvelous woman who ever lived—well, there's just no one on Broadway or in Hollywood who hasn't been busy creating legends about your personal greatness of heart and soul ever since the news bulletin came.

"I don't believe Brack said that."

"You can well believe Brack didn't," she told me. "I saw her on the stage before I knew him, and reached my own conclusions concerning her talents. I reached other more important conclusions about her as a person in many different ways." I did not reply, and she looked at me for a long moment; then she said, "But you keep your picture of her as it is, Mr. Cameron. I have no right or wish to disturb it. All I ask is that for Brack's comfort you will be reasonably polite to me."

She turned then and started from the room. I got up from the chair to which I had been absolutely riveted.

"Just a moment, Mrs. Thorpe," I said. "It's very magnanimous of you to be willing that I keep my picture of an old friend, but I'm not sure I'm willing that you keep yours. If you were a farmer's daughter or some such creature with no knowledge of the show world, I would let it pass. But you are by way of being a professional yourself."

She paid me the courtesy of not interrupting even to defend her reputation as a dancer.

"If you think the first Mrs. Thorpe was a fiend in Cameron clothing just because she didn't stay home and sift ashes and teach the maids to wash dishes, you're being frightfully unfair. You're simply creating an image as you want to see it. You want to think that she was a wicked, selfish woman."

"What nonsense," said the second Mrs. Thorpe.

"Nonsense or not, there it is. You know very well that women don't quit show business when they get married. The only time that happens is when the career was going to pot anyway."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it's so. You know very well that if you ——" I paused, remembering that, after all, the ballet world thought rather highly of this child with the fluid motion. "Well, all right," I said. "How about you, for instance? Are you quitting the ballet?"

"No," she said, "I am not quitting. I have already quit."

"You have?" It wasn't exactly a stinging retort, but then, I was a little surprised. Women don't just quit, do they, my pet?

"I will never dance again professionally," she said. "If I wanted dancing, why would I have married?"

"Well, there's love," I suggested.

"Yes, you are right, and when there is love, why would a woman travel away from her husband?"

"There are many reasons."

"There are no reasons, Mr. Cameron. She loves him and wants to be with him or she does not love him and shouldn't have married him."

"That's a narrow-minded view," I said. I said it rather peevishly, I'm afraid, because a remark like hers makes a person wonder. It set me to thinking of the show that ran two years. You never missed a single performance. Those must have been lonely nights for Brack. Why did you marry him? I never wondered before. He was wealthy, handsome, well-born. Any girl would want him, so it seemed natural enough that you should. But you didn't really want Brack as a person, did you? Not really. You only wanted to be Mrs. Brack Thorpe, with all the lovely conveniences that came along with the wedding ring. Oh, shame on you, pet, if this be the unvarnished truth. Someday I will look you straight in the eye and ask you.

But at the moment, there in my room at Thorpe Farm, I thought the matter over and I felt like an absolute rat. Here I was accepting this girl's remark as a yardstick by which to measure you.

She said, "I don't think there's anything else we need say to each other."

Again I stopped her as she turned from me. "Do you actually mean that you are finished with the ballet?"

She looked at me very severely. "That's what I said."

"But people don't do that. They don't give up great careers."

"Oh, I have a great career? A moment ago I was 'by way of being a professional.'"

"A mere figure of speech. Of course, you have a great career, and I don't believe you intend giving it up."

"I don't really care what you think, Mr. Cameron. If I had Brack's kindness of heart I would care, I suppose. I would take earnest and compassionate notice of your unwillingness to believe that anyone was more sincere than your ideal woman, the late Mrs. Thorpe. It is hard for you to grasp the thought that someone married Brack to make him happy, isn't it?"

"She made him happy," I said. "She made him happy."

Sylvie smiled chillingly. "Mr. Cameron," she said, "I really do have my second teeth. You are not talking to a child."

"But she made him very happy. Very happy."

"I think you're getting hysterical. Such repetition is a bad sign."

"Listen!" I cried. "Women don't give up applause and excitement and glamour just to be wives! You're talking very prettily, but I'll just make you a small wager, my little one. If you're not back in the ballet by next winter, I'll make you the most spine-tingling Cameron wardrobe any woman ever owned. The works, Mrs. Thorpe, from cottons to lamé."

She shook her head. "I'd be dishonest to take you up on that. I shan't be dancing next winter. I'll be busy having a baby."

Somehow I had never thought of such a possibility. Brack with a baby. Would he like that sort of thing? Yes, all at once I knew that he would. I remembered how he took to that dreadful little morsel of wetness that belonged to his sister. I recall how you said at the time that it was so primitive to have babies. Of course it is. You were perfectly right, but still it is done.

"You mean you're expecting a baby right now?"

"Yes," she said. "Let us have your gay quips and merry banter, and get it over with before breakfast."

I stared at her. "You do think I am a monster, don't you? Why, child, I'm so happy for Brack that I could weep. I'm fond of him, you know, and this is the very nicest thing that could happen to him."

"Do you really think so?" She looked at me doubtfully. "You amaze me, Mr. Cameron."

I stood there hating myself. What kind of a person must I be that little, expectant mothers don't believe that I rejoice with them? I fumbled in the pocket of my dressing gown for my handkerchief. I felt all choky, my dear, simply because I was a horrible jerk, and because Brack was to have a morsel of wetness all his own, and because Sylvie suddenly didn't remind me of Queen Victoria. I was overwhelmed by the way she looked at me. It was touching and rather wonderful. There was a dazzle in her eyes, a sweet welcome that I should have awakened when I first walked into the house. We could be friends, her eyes said, we could be friends, and for the first time that day I wasn't thinking of you, my pet. I was thinking that I wanted to be friends with Sylvie. I wanted to come to the house and see her and Brack with their baby. I wanted to see that sweet welcome in her eyes forever and ever. And, as I say, I was overwhelmed. So much did I want to be part of their lives that I went all out and threw common sense to the wind and made what is probably the rashest offer of my life.

And that offer is what this letter is all about. I told you I had something juicy to report. I certainly was a long time getting to it, but here it is: In the workrooms of Cameron, Inc., we are making a layette! Doesn't that kill you? Oh, unfortunate phrase. I really mean isn't that something? It's in lovely shades of blue, with magnificent embroidery, and the lace that will be on the christening robe—well, I'm doing it myself, personally. Stitch by stitch, with these pale old hands. My masterpiece, my pet. So that's the news. I wanted you to know it first, but it's not really a secret. You can buzz it all over hell, for all I care. THE END

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Hogarth, having lost heavily on horse races, hopefully agreed to hand Sammy the Tout $2500 to recoup. Sammy assured him the money would be put on a "sure thing" in a fixed race. To Hogarth's horror, he later learned that neither the horse nor the race ever existed. Sammy, having dreamed them up, disappeared with the cash. To salvage something, Hogarth deducted the $2500 from his income tax as a gross-income loss due to "theft." When the Internal Revenue Service refused to allow the deduction, Hogarth sued.

"In taking my money to bet on a nonexistent horse race, Sammy literally stole it," Hogarth contended in court. "Therefore I am entitled to deduct the amount as a theft loss."

"Hogarth handed over the money freely and voluntarily," Government counsel retorted. "While Sammy abused his confidence, the money was not really stolen. In fact, Hogarth was ready to cheat by betting on what he hoped was a fixed race."

If you were the judge, would you allow Hogarth's deduction?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Hogarth won. The court ruled that a thief is liable for income taxes on stolen money. Hence his victim is not liable, and may deduct the amount even if the victim's motives are not above reproach.

Based upon a 1956 United States decision.

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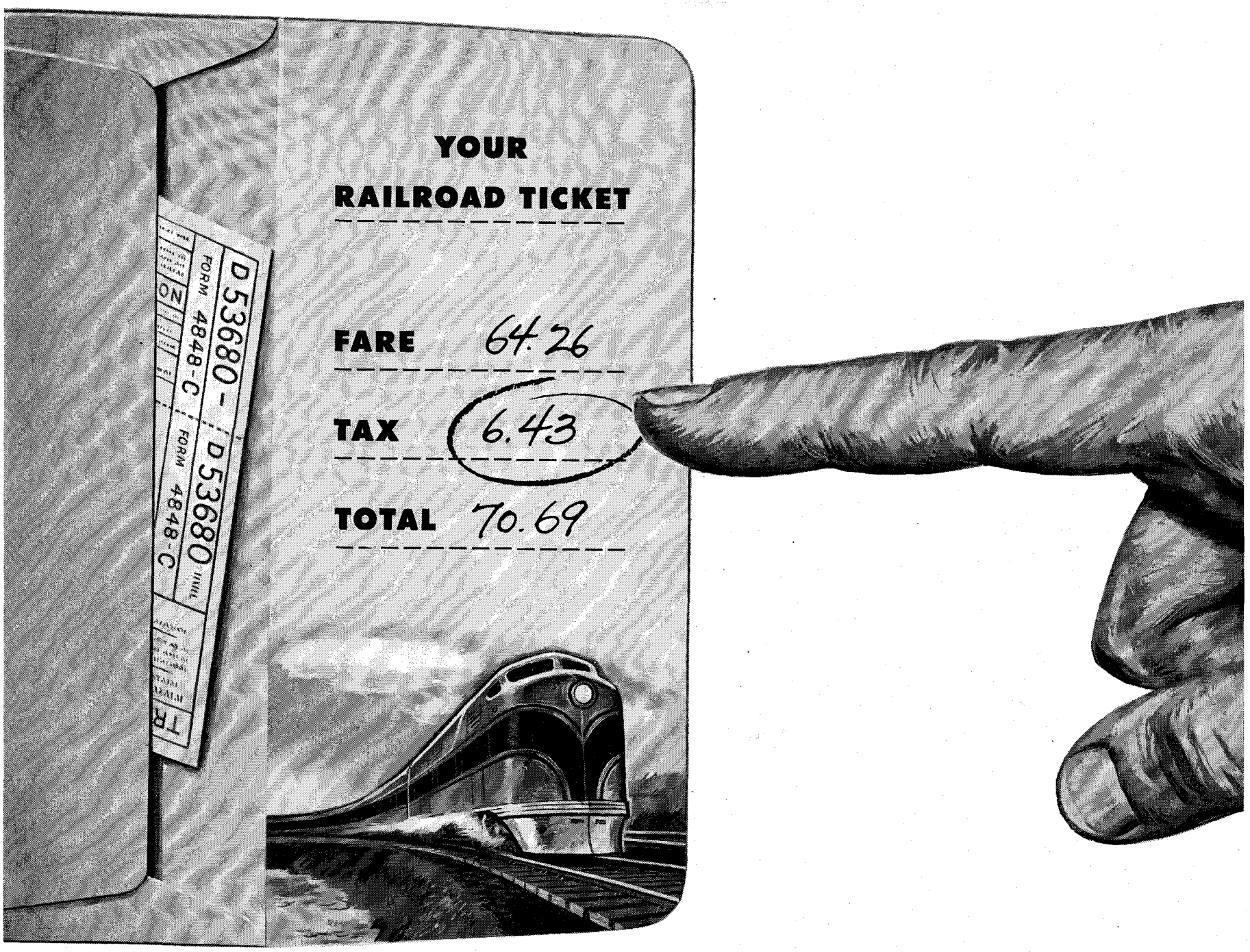

You still pay these "temporary" wartime taxes

During World War II, Congress levied special taxes on the passenger fares and the freight charges paid to railroads and other forms of public for-hire transportation. One reason for these special taxes was to discourage the use of these transportation facilities in wartime.

The war ended more than ten years ago but these taxes go on – and on. They still add an extra 10 per cent to the passenger fares you pay, and they add 3 per cent to the freight charges on everything that moves by public carriers such as railroads.

The reason for these "temporary" wartime taxes vanished long ago. But they are still discouraging the use of our public transportation systems. And by so doing, these taxes are weakening our public carriers—essential to peacetime commerce and vital to national defense.

These discriminatory and burdensome taxes should be repealed – *now!*

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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So many express satisfaction in these terms:

"I found Blue Cross is like having a personal introduction to the hospital staff!"

EVERYONE recognizes the Blue Cross card when you go into the hospital*. They hardly have to ask you any questions at all. Blue Cross Plans work directly with hospitals—like a partnership. That's why Blue Cross protection is so different. It aims to get you *hospital care*, rather than a money allowance. Really practical! And did you know that every cent Blue Cross takes in, except for small administrative expenses, goes toward hospital care? Last year alone, that care totalled more than *one billion dollars!* No wonder you get so much protection for so little cost. Millions who have been helped by Blue Cross never want to be without it. *To join: Most people join through employee groups. Ask your employer, or the local Blue Cross Plan. Blue Cross Commission, Dept. 314, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

**Over 6000 hospitals work hand in hand with Blue Cross Plans.*

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Hollywood's Unlikely Hero

(Continued from Page 25)

however, all but approximately fifteen per cent has been handed over to the Internal Revenue office in Los Angeles.

Such a bitter tax bite, plus his own unwillingness to lounge around between pictures, has got Ladd up to his neck in an astounding number of extra-professional deals, few of which seem to turn out right.

He has a $200,000, sixty-acre ranch in Hidden Valley, an exclusive section forty-five miles northwest of Hollywood. Here he raises between 3500 and 5000 chickens, an enterprise on which he breaks even. "I defy anyone to say I'm not in business there," says Ladd. In addition he has eleven horses—he used to have twenty-seven—ten golden retrievers, five dachshunds and assorted other critters. At one time he tried to raise six massive black Angus cattle, but the herd, as heavy as a couple of tractors, used to spend hours leaning up against a board fence, crushing it to the ground. "It made me mad," says Ladd and, on the foreman's assurance that the five cows simply were bloated, not pregnant, he sold the lot. A few weeks later each cow dropped a $600 calf and Ladd fired the foreman.

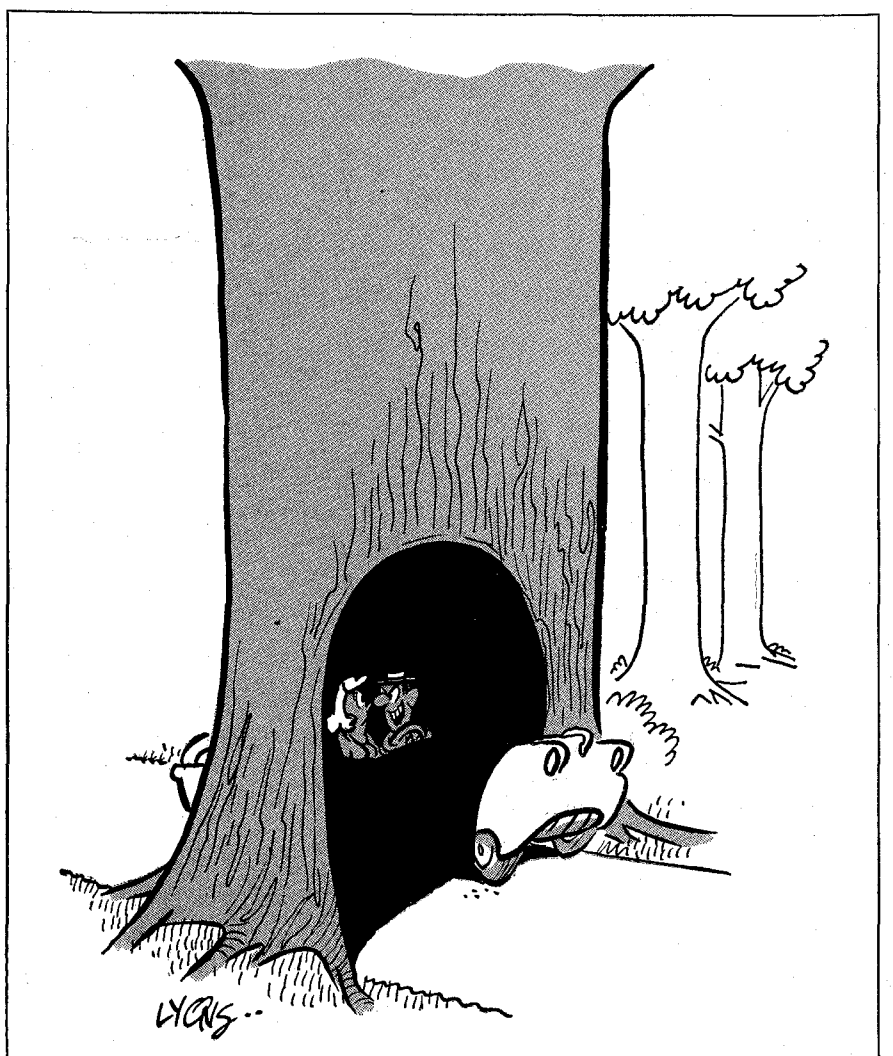
He bought three dozen assorted pigs and was surprised when the swine commenced to vanish. This remained a mystery until he came upon the head and entrails of a 500-pound sow; some thief had been quietly slaughtering them. The discovery annoyed Ladd and he sold the whole bunch. At one time he reveled in a balanced zoo: seventeen boxer dogs, seventeen cats, seventeen horses and seventeen rabbits. "Even the rabbits wouldn't rabbit when I caged them together," says Ladd. It made him mad and he got rid of all of them.

More recently, Ladd's self-confidence has been bolstered somewhat by his success with turkeys. "We raised forty out of forty last year," he says proudly. "But we don't sell them; we give them away." Only one entry in the ranch ledger shows a real cash profit. Out of the horses Ladd raised, one proved to be a huge—seventeen hands, two-inches—black stallion named Alsulad. Ladd swears he learned how to run by backing into an electric fence. Whatever the cause, Alsulad earned back $14,000 in racing before he went lame. "This supported three or four others of the string," says Ladd. He has two foals by Alsulad, one of which he feels may prove a future winner.

The swank $225,000 hardware store has been a problem. Open for about a year, it is breaking a little better than even.

In real estate the Ladds possess a valuable business site in the exclusive town of Rancho Santa Fe near San Diego, a lot on Lake Sherwood near his ranch, a "house for relaxing" in Palm Springs, and 110 acres of strategically placed real estate in the same area, covered with date palms and tangerine trees. Ladd had two plans for the property: either subdivision or the raising of rare cymbidiums. "My movie production manager, George Bertholon, is an expert on orchids and there's no use wasting him, is there?" he asks.

Many movie stars have entered the oil business, chiefly because of the extraordinary 27½ per cent income-tax deduction. Ladd is no exception. This venture has been good to him. He has a percentage in oil fields scattered through California, Oklahoma and Texas; and on a total investment of less than $150,000, he can



"We're out of gas."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Millions find reassurance in this fact:

"You know Blue Shield is best because the local doctors sponsor it!"

PICKING Blue Shield to help with surgical-medical bills may be the smartest thing you ever did! With most doctors behind this, how could anything else be more dependable? When you need an operation, your Blue Shield Plan really helps on the doctor bill. Blue Shield pays on more types of surgery than most people have heard of—and for lots of non-surgical services, too. Of course, Blue Shield is not-for-profit and that really helps to assure you the most for your money. *To join: Ask your employer about group enrollment. Or contact your Blue Shield Plan. Blue Shield Commission, Dept. 314, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

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expect to get back a 50 per cent return each year for possibly twenty years.

"I'm preparing for the future," says Ladd gloomily. "I'm working myself to death so that the guy Sue marries afterward won't be in financial want."

"Alan has a great sense of insecurity," says Sue. "Every picture, he thinks, will be his last. He can never believe he is where he is or understand how he got there. But I know: he has a great strength and tenderness on the screen—women want to take care of him."

This is probably a very good estimate, by a woman who has spent nearly twenty years trying to be objective about him. One of the supreme secrets of male movie success is to be either a man women want to succumb to or one they want to succor. With picture audiences supposed to be predominantly female, having either type of appeal will do; having both, as Ladd seems to, is better yet.

Sue knows that in Ladd's portmanteau of neuroses he has a large complex about his height and coloring. He was one of the first to break through the taboo against small, blond leading men, and is both proud and apprehensive about it. But his five-foot-seven height still bothers him. It stems from his fruitless days of job seeking, when he sometimes had to stand on a box, as he still does, to buss a tall actress or play a scene with actors like six-foot-four Jack Carson—an agonizing affair that once lost him an M-G-M contract. It persists at parties when some tall, dark friend is likely to holler, "Sit down, Alan; you look as if you're standing in a hole!" Once Ladd was willing to fight when anyone said that; now he merely retreats to Sue.

She protects him from most of the world. At a critical point in their married career a few years ago, Ladd got a crush on a pert little actress. To her friends, Sue gritted, "I'd like to drown her in a teaspoon of water," but in the same breath she admitted, "Alan feels abused, and he should—I haven't been giving him the attention he needs." She tries to keep bad reviews and articles away from him by scissoring them out of the papers. But Ladd got hold of a couple of mordant comments by Bosley Crowther, critic for The New York Times, and smoldered for years until Crowther came to Hollywood. Ladd invited him to dinner. After coffee, he took him into the library and showed him the offending sentiments. "You say I'm my usual grim, poker-faced self," Ladd said grimly. "That's the role in the picture. What was I supposed to do, come in giggling and scratching myself?" Crowther laughed and said nothing; his next review of a Ladd picture contained the mixture as before. Lately Ladd has acquired a wry humor about such comments. "The terrible part about cracks like that," he says, "is that they're right."

Like some other Hollywood stars, Ladd shudders visibly at the idea of "live" television. He prefers to have his acting edited by film cutters. In spite of this, his appeal is deemed strong enough for a major sponsor to make him a standing offer of a two-a-year, half-hour filmed show—at $50,000 apiece.

Ladd's long film career commenced with bit parts in 1933. He estimates that he has appeared in "about 150" pictures, but this includes appearances in mob scenes, educational films and even advertising-convention rousers. Somewhere in the welter of his career, the little blue-eyed, blond leading man has made it his business to find out what his audiences want and give it to them. Success escaped him for eight awful years. It came only when he managed to shape his personality by his own hunches—and met Sue Carol.

Sue, a doll-faced, dark-haired Chicago girl who had come West on her own in 1929, was hardly more than twenty-one when she starred in a series of depression movies, the best called Soft Cushions. Ten years later she turned agent, organizing her own firm. Within the first couple of months she was asked to listen to a radio show. She heard only two characters—an old man and a very young one—that she thought might fit into her folio. She invited them both to drop in; a single youth appeared.

"Where's the old man?" asked Sue.

"I'm both guys," said Ladd solemnly. As far as she was concerned, it was love at first sight. "He was the cutest boy ever," Sue says. "Very shy, sun-bleached hair, a wonderful smile, trenchcoat and muscles. He was for me."

She got him a job playing the part of a young sailor at $250 a week. He worked in only two scenes, but they happened to be the first and last scenes taken—so Ladd was carried for sixteen weeks. On the strength of this, Sue got her future husband his second job in a propaganda film, The Beast of Berlin. This cost $20,000, was shot in five days, and made $5,000,000 in release. The confusion was so great that connoisseurs of Ladd films find their idol twice: once being killed as a young anti-Nazi and, later, resurrected, digging a grave for someone else.

The bit roles that followed were shrewdly judged by Sue. If they were short, she charged $750 a week; if long, she charged $150. "Our idea was to get lots of film to show producers," she says. She let her other clients go and she and Ladd lived on his earnings. At last Ladd got a chance to do a scene with some Paramount contractees in the famous "glass cage"—an enclosed, brightly lighted booth in which actors did their stints while the producers sat outside in the dark, making caustic comments. Ladd worked with quaking knees, but his voice—a soothing growl—intrigued his critics. He was offered a contract at $300 a week. He rushed across the street to the RKO studios to meet Sue for lunch. She hurried up to him: RKO had offered him a $750 job in a picture.

They took the Paramount offer. Ladd got his first big part as the gunman Raven—thus setting off a trend in baby-faced criminals. His popularity soared, but he got no more than $300 a week for starring in a series of pictures that were immense grossers: The Glass Key, Lucky Jordan, and China. Sue, who had persuaded him to dye his hair black for his first part, also got him a salary boost. By 1942, when he enlisted in the Army Air Force, Ladd was getting $750 a week.

During World War II Ladd managed to work up to a corporal. He was offered a commission a couple of times, but refused because he felt his star status might have influenced the offers. He underwent hazing by people who wanted to meet him and then said, "Oh, I thought you were taller!"

When he was taken off the garbage detail by an officious officer fan of his, he begged to go back. "I'm happy with garbage," he explained. A few Army friends asked him for dates with Hollywood stars, and Ladd explained, "I'm a married man myself." He had wed Sue just after finishing This Gun for Hire. It was the second marriage for Ladd, third for Sue. Ladd had married a childhood sweetheart in 1936, but they broke up in less than two years; Sue had married actor Nick Stuart in 1930 and was divorced five years later. She married a Chicago businessman, Howard Wilson, in 1936, and was divorced again after two years.

The war ended for Ladd in November, 1943. Just before he was due to take part in the invasion of Bougainville in the Southwest Pacific, he was discharged for medical reasons. "Among other things," says Sue, "he had double hernias."

Ladd returned to Hollywood and his Paramount career. Unlike many movie stars, his fan prestige seemed not to have suffered by his absence. He made such films as And Now Tomorrow, Salty O'Rourke and Two Years Before the Mast; and his salary rose to $3500 a week.

"Most of my pictures got to be the same," Ladd says disconsolately. He escaped from gangster portrayals into Westerns only to have a six-shooter pushed into his hand again in Whispering Smith. He was scheduled for a second-rate soldier-of-fortune show called Saigon and balked unless he could do Gatsby. He got his wish, but his bosses showed him how much business the former had done. "You just keep pulling the triggers," they said jovially, "and we'll keep pulling in the money."

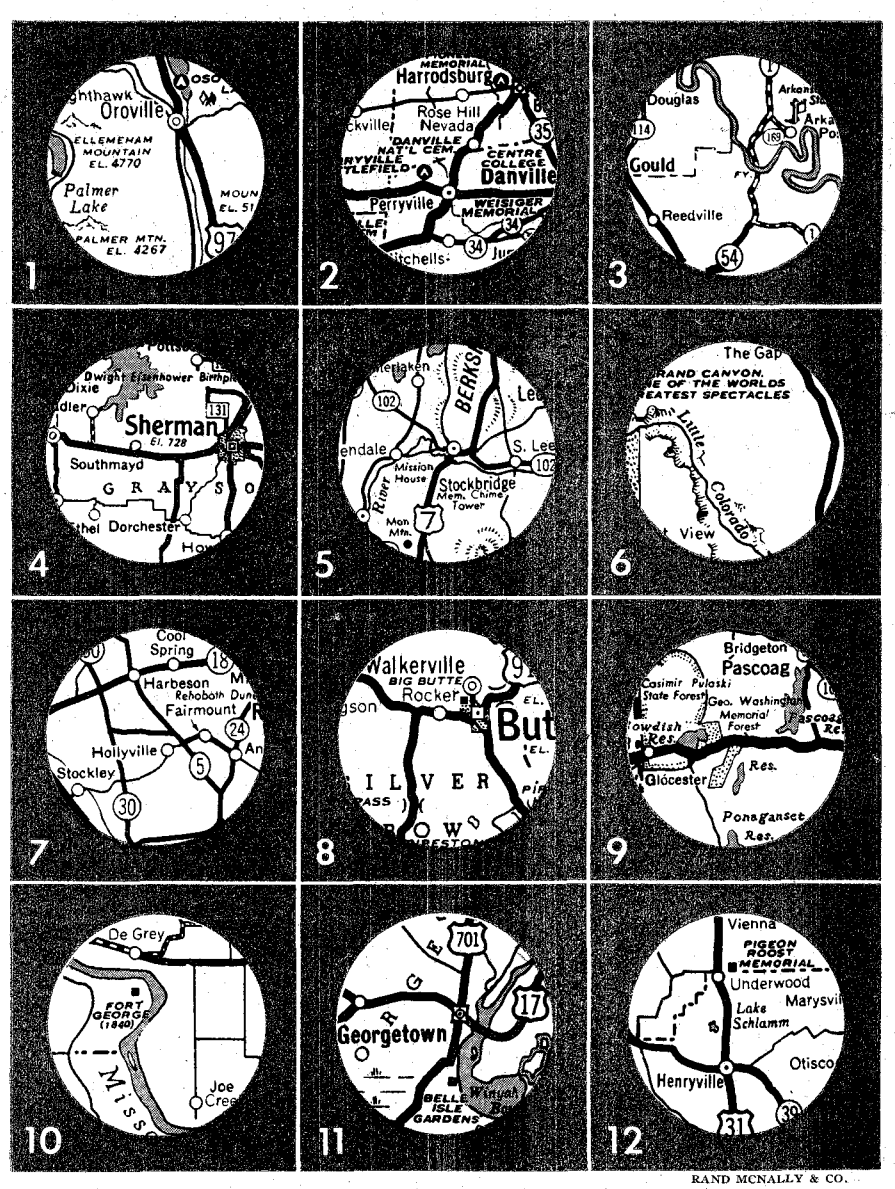
This cynicism about his talents has given Ladd a simple philosophy. "Maybe I can't act," he says defiantly, "but I know the gimmicks. I've studied movies all my life and I know what's good for me. I can't play black or gray; I can't be a villain or anything too close to it. I have to play white."

His friends—among them such excellent actors as Van Heflin, Lloyd Nolan and Edmund O'Brien—think more of him than that. "By the curious chemistry of film," says O'Brien, "Alan has a great following, but it has nothing to do with acting. So you are surprised to find, when you play opposite him, that he is a very good actor just the same."

Ladd himself is a little doubtful about this. So is Sue, his constant counselor on roles. It was she who dissuaded him from taking the unsympathetic role played by the late James Dean in Giant, a meaty portrayal that most actors would have welcomed. Being a devotee of the director, George Stevens, who had given him his favorite part in Shane, Ladd was in favor of it. Sue pointed out that the continuity of his popularity depended upon his playing the clean-cut, wholesome hero who is able to handle any emergency. Ladd accordingly took just such a role in Santiago, an outstandingly mediocre adventure tale that further lowered his critical stature and enlarged his bank account.

Sue occasionally complains that "people like to make me the heavy with Alan." She denies that she makes his decisions for him and Ladd backs her up. "We have quite a few beefs," he says tersely.

Sue privately concedes that her and Alan's theme is a line from a song: You Always Were a Headache, but You Never Were a Bore. "I contribute my judgment," she says, "and he goes ahead and does what he (*Continued on Page 70*)



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce**

(Answers on Page 71)

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1. Your tires take a beating even when you're "just driving around town." Bumps that you hardly notice in today's smooth-riding cars can cause weakening bruises in tires made with ordinary cord. This unseen damage can cause sudden tire failure when you least expect it.

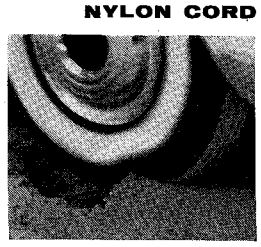
2. Here on the highway is where a weakened tire is most likely to give out. Nylon cord shrugs off the day-after-day punishment a tire takes, gives you protection and confidence. The *lasting strength* of nylon cord tires has been proved in billions of miles of use by safety-conscious truckers.

For today's horsepowers and highways, you need tires with the lasting strength and safety of nylon cord

Now for today's heavier, more powerful cars, for the sustained speeds permitted on today's highways, there are modern tires with the added safety only nylon can give. Nylon cord protects against the four major causes of blowouts, lets you drive mile after mile with utmost confidence in your tires.

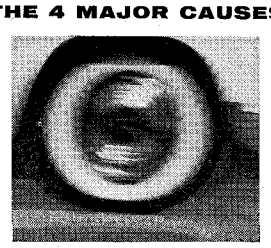
All tire companies make nylon cord tires. Whether you choose premium or standard nylon tires, they offer you greater protection than comparable tires made with ordinary cord. Look for the identification on the sidewall. Insist on nylon when buying new tires—change to nylon when buying a new car.

NYLON CORD PROTECTS AGAINST THE 4 MAJOR CAUSES OF BLOWOUTS



1. BRUISE DAMAGE caused by hitting a rock, hole or bump is a frequent cause of blowout. Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness guards against impact damage, gives you extra safety mile after mile.

2. MOISTURE seeping in through cracks or cuts in tire rubber weakens ordinary cord; results in unseen damage to tires. Nylon ends blowouts due to moisture damage because water can't rot nylon cord.



3. FLEX STRAIN that occurs every time a tire turns can sap strength, lead to premature failure. Nylon's resilience guards against flex fatigue, gives lasting protection against this cause of blowout.

4. HEAT can permanently weaken tire cord, lead to blowouts. Nylon gives two-way protection: It has greater heat resistance — also makes cooler-running tires. That's why racing tires are made with nylon.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

The safest, strongest tires that you can have on your car are made with nylon cord

Watch Du Pont Theater, Tuesdays, ABC Network, 9:30 EST

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(*Continued from Page 68*) wants anyway. To give you an idea, he's always inventing household gimmicks in his head. I pooh-pooh them and a little later someone else puts them on the market. I've had 'I told you so' said to me so many times that it sounds like 'howdy.'"

One of the family beefs came during Ladd's first visit to England, where he has made three pictures. He rarely complains about money matters, though he insists on getting the change from a dollar if the children buy a paper or gimcrack. Thus it came as a shock to Sue when he became infuriated about her purchase of a magnificent Georgian silver tea set. "Send it back!" he rasped in his best movie tones. Sue did—back to the United States. And she ordered two other sets for their girls.

The family operates with four children. Two are by the earlier marriages of Sue and Ladd: Carol Lee, Sue's twenty-four-year-old daughter, and nineteen-year-old Alan, Junior. The two others are thirteen-year-old Alana and nine-year-old David Alan. The latter endeared himself recently to his tax-conscious father when, having been presented with a quarter, he remarked gravely: "Well, this is really only ten cents after the Government gets its cut, isn't it?"

Most of the success that Ladd enjoys results from his deliberate combining of his personality with roles that are in the Great American Image. The box-office effect has been especially notable abroad, where the old-fashioned form of democracy is widely believed in. Ladd makes the impact more direct by the way he acts. "I've got to let the audience know what I'm thinking," he says. "I have to get ninety per cent of my work down to reflexes."

If he must open a door in a scene, Ladd may spend hours opening a similar one at home. If he has to smile at a critical moment, he will grimace a hundred times into a mirror. He trained his voice to its pleasant, low level by reading from the Bible day after day, stumbling through the thickets of unfamiliar pronunciation until his voice failed. One day his voice descended to its present caliber and maintained its strength. "I think it's the tonsils," Ladd says thoughtfully. "David, my kid, had a voice just like mine until he had his removed. Now I'm scared of any sore throat."

His single-mindedness—"I just like to think about one thing at a time," he insists—comes from an experience in his past. Ladd had a diving teacher in North Hollywood High School who was a stickler for preparation. When Ladd was a senior, the instructor used to make him get out on the board and bounce on it hundreds of times simply for balance. "I never hit the tank for weeks," says Ladd. "Bounce, bounce, bounce; shower and go home. My feet used to bleed from that coconut matting. Then I had to make the approach and never dive, but finally he let me go in, and I discovered that all I had to worry about was what to do when I got up in the air. That's how I like to act."

Ladd was born in Hot Springs, Arkansas, on September 3, 1913. His father was an English public accountant who died when Ladd was four. "I don't remember anything about him, and my mother never spoke of him," he says. "When I was in England I started to look up the name, but I got cold feet."

His mother took him to Denver, where she met and married James Beavers, a house painter. In the 1921–22 depression the family moved west in a model T Ford, taking four months to reach California. En route, Beavers painted houses to keep them in food and Ladd's mother took jobs washing and cooking. The paintbrushes were finally sold to buy the last few gallons of gas. They arrived in a Pasadena tent and shack town without tires, a kerosene lamp as a headlight. "Those were the rough days," says Ladd ruefully. "I used to hike six miles to school from the combination garage-house we built. We got potato soup and cheap mutton week after week. I still turn green when Sue serves lamb."

His stepfather got a job painting for movie studios and, according to Ladd, he could have become an executive. "But he was scared even to be a foreman," he says. Nevertheless Beavers labored twenty-four to forty-eight hours at a stretch to bring in enough money to support his family. When Ladd was ten, they moved out to North Hollywood to a rented cottage in the midst of vast areas of grapevines, citrus fruits and peaches.

"We never really had a place of our own," says Ladd. "I kept arguing with my stepfather about buying acreage, when he was getting sixty dollars a week, but he never could see it." Ladd's stepfather died of a heart attack in 1936, three years after Alan graduated from high school. The following year, in a fit of depression, his mother committed suicide.

Something of iron from this period must have stiffened Ladd. He has an inflexible kind of discipline which he is able to impose on himself at any time. "When we used to go from agent to agent and studio to studio looking for jobs," says Sue, "Alan would sit for hours in the car, reading or doing puzzles. He carried a whole wardrobe in the rumble seat, from sports jacket to tuxedo, just to be ready to act in any emergency."

Not many people did Ladd a favor in his early days; those who did he remembers with a loyalty that outweighs all other considerations. He tries to get old hams directing jobs because they befriended him. He gave a $700 movie camera to one simply because the fellow admired it; he has handed out several complete wardrobes to out-of-work technicians and publicity men.

Ladd has a compulsion to make up for his own hardships as a youngster. At the age of eleven he was offered his first job—as a kid extra in Hollywood at a buck a day. He ran away from it, hiding in an open grave in a nearby cemetery. The next offer he accepted: his work consisted of mopping out a candy store at five o'clock every morning. "The proprietor used to come in and count the candy," Ladd says, "and I hated him for it." In the summer he got a job cutting open apricots and later smoking them in sulphur dioxide, and "to this day I hate them." He and a chum were fired for sleeping on a pile of drying fruit. "We kept warm overnight from the heat, but we got canned for mashing the apricots," says Ladd. He went to work for one of the first supermarkets, the pioneer Piggly Wiggly stores. "Pulling the wilted leaves off the lettuce, polishing the apples—there isn't a trick I don't know," says Ladd. "I only stole one thing in my life and that was an avocado on this job. I didn't know what they were, so I picked one up, took it into the men's room and bit into it. It was awful—and I was stuck with the seed. Ever try to hide a hot avocado seed?"

Meanwhile Ladd was having trouble in school. "I guess I was a brat," he says. "I had a lousy temper and the first day some kid pushed my head into the fountain. I started to punch him and found out that he was twins, but I licked them both." His size inspired a loathed nickname, "Tiny" Ladd. His marks wavered near

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the bottom until he suddenly found out about sports.

In the next few years he became a hero to the school. He spent four years in varsity football, held the 1931 San Fernando Valley shot-put record, and was the fifty-yard free-style interscholastic swimming champion for years—as well as being one of the star divers of the area for nearly a decade. The name "Tiny" became an accolade.

As his grades started to climb—he ended a B student—he became head of the World Friendship Club, the Hi Y, captain of swimming, track and football, and president of the student body. He started to like clothes and became the nattiest dresser for miles around. A clothier gave him free suits in exchange for exhibiting the newest fads: loud neckties, belts, crazy socks. He commenced to take an interest in girls. "I did all right," says Ladd. "I borrowed a car and went to dances, and one year I was state champion in the fox trot and waltz."

An English teacher worked on him to enter dramatics and finally prevailed. Ladd took the part of Ko-Ko in The Mikado and planned to make his entrance swinging in from the rafters on a rope. The rope broke at the *première*, however, and Ladd landed on his head. Fortunately, he was not injured, and he reveled in the thunder of applause and laughter.

Meanwhile, his odd jobs continued. One was pumping gas, another was hawking papers at a road junction. He sold some of the first potato chips manufactured in the West, pedaling furiously from house to house on his bike to insure that the brown paper bagfuls arrived hot.

His gymnastic appearance as Ko-Ko in the school play had made an impression. In that year of 1933 a small studio was trying to form a stock company, and Ladd qualified for the tryouts. He spoke his lines so poorly, however, that he was encouraged to seek some other career. Together with another young hopeful named Tyrone Power, he passed unregretfully out into the workaday world.

Ladd went to work for eighteen dollars a week on a local paper, the Sun-Record. As printer's devil, columnist, advertising manager, copy boy and sports editor he rose to thirty-five dollars a week in two years. Leaving the paper, he started Tiny's, a hot-dog stand. This enjoyed a modest success, enabling Ladd, in three years, to pay for his parents' $6000 house and to pocket about $1000 a year extra. Since Tiny's occupied only part of his time, he took on a succession of daytime jobs. One of these was as a salesman for National Cash Register, for which he got forty-five dollars a week—until he was fired because he insisted on wearing a loud, fawn-colored suit and suède shoes to work. By 1939 he was reporting the radio news for an oil company at seventy-five dollars a week. But he was looked upon as a spiffy part-time movie extra rather than a radio career man. Finally his sponsor asked him stiffly, "Movies or radio, Ladd?"

With the instinct of a salmon swimming upstream, Ladd chose his nonexistent movie work and his still-functioning hot-dog stand. Not long after this, a studio worker who owed him a sizable tab for food and drink offered him a job as a "grip"—at that time the trade name for a studio handy man. Ladd went to work for Warner Brothers.

The first day he made every possible mistake and was promptly fired. A friend interceded for him with the boss. The latter demanded why Ladd should be rehired.

"Well, he used to be one of the best high divers around," said Ladd's friend weakly.

"O.K.," rasped the boss, around his cigar. "He's hired for the high work."

For the next few months Ladd worked on beams sixty-five feet above the stage floor for $42.50 a week. Once he lost his balance, fell on a set rigged below him and wrecked it. Another time, he dropped a plank through a piano. Later, being a swimmer, he was sent under water to steer a miniature frigate through a tank while an imperturbable marksman shot bits off the model with a high-powered rifle.

Then one day Ladd looked down from his perch and saw an actor friend reading a paper. The friend did nothing else for ten days. Ladd could not help asking him what he was doing there. His friend replied that he got fifty dollars a day for waiting around to do his part. That decided Ladd; he went home, sold his hot-dog stand for $1500 and entered a school of dramatic training.

The night of his graduation *première* at the school he was offered a job with a news service at $300 a month, starting immediately. But Ladd chose to stick with the intangible, a decision he regretted for years.

Getting acting jobs was rough. His chief income was from making transcription records for radio at fifty cents a shot. He tried to keep a car and a watch to pawn for $150 and $7.50 respectively. He finally settled down to doing between fifteen and twenty shows a week on a Los Angeles station—a two-year workout which broadened his experience if not his acting knowledge. He hocked his car to rent a tuxedo for the Goldwyn Follies, in which he did a comedy bit. He got the lead in a commercial film for an insurance company, playing a man who ages from eighteen to eighty. Bette Davis chose him to play opposite her in a couple of radio programs, and he snared two scenes in a film called Captain Caution. With Sue's steady pushing, he was slowly getting to be well known by the directors and producers when the double chance at RKO and Paramount suddenly came his way—his career was air-borne.

These days Ladd keeps himself as busy as ever. He is designing a "real modern" medical building for a couple of doctor friends. He is starting a series of TV shows called Box Thirteen, adapted from one of his old radio shows. Getting ready for more of what he sardonically calls his "good-Ladd, bad-Indian" pictures, he maintains a correspondence—via secretaries—with about 600 faithful fans here and abroad, some dating back to 1936.

He is also occupied with nursing along $400,000 worth of life insurance and an annuity, which will pay him a tax-free $250,000 when it falls due in 1964. He had what he terms "a short beef" with Sue recently when she dropped an additional $100,000 insurance policy without his knowledge. "Never do that," Ladd told her. "You never can tell when we might need it." THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 68

1. Wash.	2. Ky.	3. Ark.
4. Tex.	5. Mass.	6. Ariz.
7. Del.	8. Mont.	9. R. I.
10. S. D.	11. S. C.	12. Ind.

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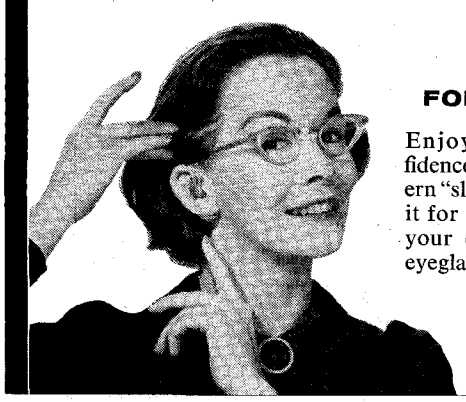

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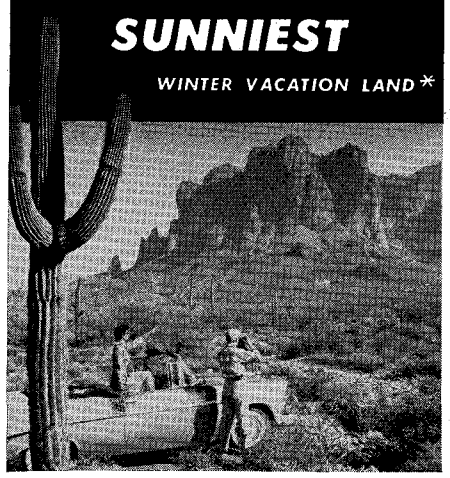

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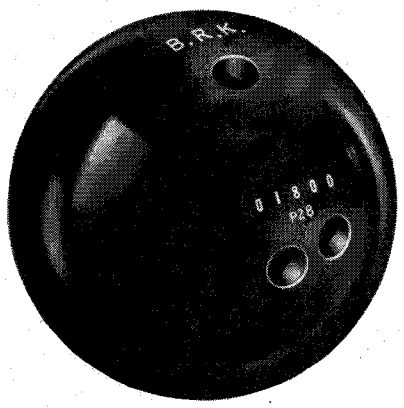

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The Girl From the Mimosa Club

(Continued from Page 43)

Both were from inside a house. She knew that from the overtone, a muffled reverberation.

She looked quickly up and down the houses on either side of the central garden, empty now in the chilling rain. No policeman was in sight. The reports seemed to have come from the other side of the street and from somewhere above the first-floor level. She waited, listening intently, but there was nothing—no confusion, no door burst open, no car stopping. No pedestrians were wandering around in the rain, chilling to Kerry herself in the trench coat one of the detectives had thrown around her as they pushed her out of the Hay Ride Club as the near riot broke loose. She'd been running for her car when she heard the crash of shots down there, and there'd been shouting and confusion. Here she heard nothing at all. Nothing but silence and the swish of cars on the wet pavement round the Monument.

She got back into her car and checked the time. It was eighteen minutes to eleven when she'd looked at the clock on the dash. She sat there restlessly, watching for the post officer or a police car, no idea now of driving around for Johnny. Her job was to stay until an officer came into sight, to see that nobody came running or walking from the scene of an accident—or a crime.

She watched the minute hand of the clock move. One minute, two, three. It was moving to the seventh minute when she saw a door burst open—the Braytons' door. She stiffened sharply, opened her door and was out again. A woman in a bathrobe was running down the steps, waving her arms, looking frantically up and down the street. Kerry was running instantly, through the rain, across the gardens, pulling the belt of her trench coat tighter as she ran.

The woman was not Mrs. Brayton. *It must be his Aunt Elizabeth. "My aunt's not bats precisely, just a gently harmless addict to the dope dispensed via her TV set on the third floor."* That flashed through her mind as she reached the sidewalk and heard a voice calling down from the second-floor window of the brownstone house adjoining.

"What's happened, Miss Brayton? Do you want me to call for help? But there's a policeman coming!"

Kerry saw the post officer running from Charles Street. She stopped on the steps till he came up.

"I'm Policewoman O'Keefe. Assigned to Rackets. Inspector ——"

"My brother's shot himself." Miss Elizabeth Brayton was suddenly calm. "I think it's most peculiar I don't hear any sirens. On television, when the police come, there are always sirens."

The post officer's eyes rested steadily for an instant on Kerry's face. "Look, get this balmy dame inside. I'm O'Brien. Here comes Garrett. I'll leave him here at the door. Get her in and stand by."

"Their son's down by the Peabody. Can you send somebody for him?"

Maybe he could get one of the people beginning to gather out of nowhere, hanging curiously around the bottom step. The woman next door was still leaning out of her window, but she was as silent as the ones on the sidewalk.

Miss Brayton gathered her robe and nightdress around her knees and streaked up to the second floor. She stopped there and moved her hand out toward the door of the front room to the left.

"You'll find him there," she said, with gentle composure. "Excuse me now, please. When the program's finished, I'll dress and come down. If I'm to be grilled with the rest."

Kerry went across the hall. The door of the study was open, the smell of burned powder drawn out by the draft from the downstairs door. She saw Mrs. Brayton first. She was sitting in a chair by the fireplace, her back to the window, her hands folded in her lap. She was still dressed, in a soft sea-green wool suit, her face ivory pale, as calm as the depths of the quiet sea, her eyes fixed on some scene infinitely sad, infinitely remote. No tears, no despair. Nothing but sadness. She was facing the desk set diagonally in the wide angle of the fireplace wall and the inner partition, but she was not seeing the terrible figure lying across it.

Kerry saw it now. The body of a man with silver hair sprawled forward on the desk, the left side of his head blooming horribly in crimson death. His left hand was flung out in front of him across the desk, the pen set tipped sideways. A revolver lay to his left on the floor, as if flung reflexively from a lifeless hand to skid across the polished surface of the desk to the floor.

Kerry made herself move across the room, forcing her voice steady.

"I'm a police officer, Mrs. Brayton." Then, because she was also a woman, she said, "Your son will be here in just a moment."

"Oh, no!" The instant alarm in Margaret Brayton's voice was so startling that Kerry unconsciously moved back a step.

"Unless the police have called him," Mrs. Brayton added quietly. "He's working downtown tonight."

Was that the first thing that disturbed her? Kerry was to ask herself that many times. But if something hadn't disturbed her it would have been so natural to say, "No, I saw him leave the house." She didn't say it. Then, hearing Post Officer O'Brien running up the stairs, she went quickly out into the hall.

"Don't you think it would be a good idea to check the back doors?"

He looked surprised, but nodded at once. "You stand by. I'll take any statements. Homicide's on the way. Garrett's at the front door. He's sent a guy to look for Brayton."

Kerry went back into the silent study.

The marble fireplace with its shining andirons where a fire had died was flanked with bookcases from the floor to the carved cornice, the four-foot sections divided with fluted pilasters of polished pine, satin-sheened and dark with age. The heavy cherry-damask curtains were drawn in sculptured folds over the two broad windows looking down on the gardens of Mt. Vernon Place. A great velvet-piled Oriental carpet stretched from wall to wall. Over the mantels and on tables were photographs signed by the world's distinguished great. Her eyes, traveling from where Doctor Brayton's head would have been as he sat at his desk, saw the bullet, its nose buried in the broad gray back of a book on the shelf against the inside partition wall. While she was looking at it she heard Officer O'Brien coming back.

"All locked," he said curtly. "Chain-bolted on the inside." He gave an instinctive start as he saw the figure on the desk, and came forward a little to look more closely.

He turned then. "My God, Mrs. Brayton!" He was deeply moved. "Why—why would he do it, ma'am? He always seemed so ——"

"I know, Tom." Margaret Brayton closed her eyes an instant. "I—I was in my sitting room at the back of the other side of the house. I heard something. It sounded like a shot. I came out in the hall. I knocked at my husband's door. Then I opened it and saw him. It—was so awful I couldn't believe it. It seemed to me like hours before I could move—get the phone to call the police."

"And Miss Brayton. Did you call her?"

"No. I didn't call her. She came down, just a few moments ago, to go to the icebox to get something to eat. I'm afraid we forgot her today. The servants are out.

"Aren't you dancing?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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She smelled the powder and came in, and started running out into the street, hunting a policeman. I couldn't make her understand I'd called them. She tends to be a little—a little fey, you know."

"I know, ma'am." O'Brien was looking at the gun on the floor. "Was the—the doctor was left-handed, was he?"

"Yes. He was."

Kerry saw his relief. She hesitated an instant. *Did you say you heard one shot?* She started to ask that, but O'Brien interrupted her at the sound of many feet in the hall below.

"You'd best go to your room, ma'am. They'll talk to you in there." He was pathetically anxious to save her all he could.

"Thank you, Tom."

Mrs. Brayton rose and started for the door, but before she reached it the room seemed suddenly swarming with men. But men silently making way for her. Men used to death, but never used to it. And then came the instant that Kerry O'Keefe would never forget. Before Mrs. Brayton reached the door, Johnny Brayton was in it. Kerry in the trench coat, moved to one side and turned away from him. But she could see him, see his face, see the stunned horror on it as he saw his father, and see, in the split fraction of an instant, the greater horror as his eyes moved to his mother. It was only a tiny fragment of time before he reached his arms out, protectively drawing her into the hall.

"Come away, ma. Come away."

Kerry stood, her heart frozen, her hands clenched tight at her sides, not daring to breathe, her eyes closed then, not daring to look at the faces of the men around her—waiting. Surely one of them had seen what she had seen. Johnny Brayton's face when he looked from the body of his father to his mother. As if he had shouted it with all his strength: "Ma, you killed him. How could you do it, ma?"

She opened her eyes then, very slowly, and looked around her, hardly believing what she saw and heard. Every man setting about his own job. None of them had seen.

She heard him almost instantly in the hall again, and one of the detectives.

"I'd stay out if I were you, Mr. Brayton. Not very pretty to see. We'll talk to you in a minute. Maybe you can tell us why he did it. He was left-handed, wasn't he?"

"That's right."

She could hear the agony behind his voice, knew he did not dare ask the question torturing him.

"We'll check on the gun, but there's not much question about what happened. You go on with your mother, son."

Kerry leaned against the wall. She watched the flash bulbs, saw the swift routine. *This is the time to tell them.* But she didn't speak. She saw the medical examiner, a very young man, and heard his technical phrases that added up to a single bullet fired at close contact, entering the left temple, going through the brain and out the right temple, death instant and forever. She saw the detective examining the gun.

"Get the bullet out of the book there, Bill. Check the gun. One chamber empty."

I've got to tell them there were two shots. As soon as they've finished. But suddenly they were finished.

"Send him over to City Hospital. Tell the son he can have the body first thing in the morning."

The medical examiner said that on his way out. The camera and fingerprint men were closing their bags, Detective Sergeant Horner was waiting, the men with the stretcher were coming in. Kerry turned her face to the window. When she turned back, only she and Officer O'Brien were left in the room.

"You'll make your report separately, I guess. It's a shame. She's such a nice lady. I'll go in while they talk to her. You want to come?"

Kerry shook her head. She was alone then in an empty room. It seemed more terribly empty than any room she'd ever been in.

You didn't tell them. You were afraid to tell them. Because it's his mother. You're withholding information. . . . I'll tell them tomorrow. . . . Tomorrow'll be too late. You've forgotten you're a policewoman.

She went swiftly over to the door, closed it and came back to the desk. She pulled the phone forward and dialed.

"Is Sergeant Trumper around anywhere? It's Kerry O'Keefe. Get him for me, can you?"

She waited, her body taut, her face white.

"Dave. Listen. I'm at the Braytons'. Doctor Brayton's dead. Shot. They've taken him to City Hospital. Could you get hold of Doctor Fisher or Doctor Freimuth?"

"Both out of town, attending a meeting."

She didn't realize how long her silence was until she heard him speak again, very deliberately. "What's the deal, Kerry?"

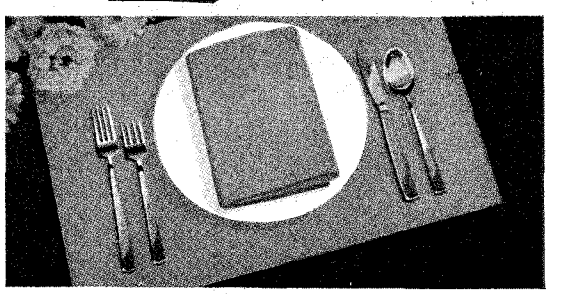
"It's just—just if one of the senior men —— I mean, Doctor Brayton's so well known and ——"

There was an instant's sharp silence at Trumper's end. "O.K., Kerry."

She put the phone down and held onto the desk, steadying her knees, swallowing the painful (*Continued on Page 75*)

Beauty

THAT'S MORE THAN SKIN DEEP



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(*Continued from Page 73*) lump in her throat. *If they see him and say it's* —— She let it go there. She'd done her duty. Or had she?

It was done enough to dull her own conscience. Or so she tried to make herself believe, until at six the next day Dave Trumper came, on Rackets business, as impassive as ever. No mention of the Brayton suicide, announced over the radio the night before, and implied if not stated in the morning paper. It wasn't till he was leaving that he stopped and looked at her a long moment, before he opened the door.

"It's not always so easy to be a good cop, is it, Kerry?"

He went out then, but not, she knew, before he saw the sick pallor that blanched her cheeks and saw her eyes move away to keep from meeting his.

From then until six o'clock the next evening was a thousand hours, each dragging its leaden, sleepless feet through her heart and through her mind, each longer than the one before it. She hadn't heard from Johnny, and she'd tried to tell herself it was perfectly reasonable. Whether the suddenly guarded accounts in the Saturday and Sunday-morning papers were guarded out of deference to Doctor Brayton or because the police were guarded, she didn't know. Like Johnny, she didn't dare to ask. But wherever she turned she could see Trumper's impassive face, hear his impassive voice. *It's not always so easy* ——

At six o'clock on Sunday evening she dialed John Brayton's number, her heart constricting as tightly as her throat when she heard his voice.

"It's Kerry, Johnny."

There was silence, sharp and cold; then his voice, cold, too, and colder as it went on, "Policewoman O'Keefe, you mean, don't you? I'm afraid ——"

"Oh, Johnny, please don't! I've got to see you. It's hideously important. Please come!"

She put the phone down before he could answer, and buried her head in the bed pillows, beating her fists in agony.

Maybe he won't come. It was almost a prayer, hoping he wouldn't. But he came at nearly ten o'clock, when each of them was worn taut with separate and personal despair. He came as a stranger, someone she'd never met before.

"I'm sorry I couldn't make it sooner. There seems to be some kind of mystery, the way they're holding my father's body. I've got to get back. If you have anything to say ——"

She flushed hotly. "I'll say it as quickly as I can then." It was easier than she'd thought; now it was a stranger she was speaking to. Or it was easier until she was actually saying it. "It's about—Friday night. I was across the street, waiting for you. I—I heard the shots. There were two shots, Johnny. Not one."

He stood motionless, staring at her. His face, at first gray-white as he heard and understood what she said, flushed a dark, angry red. "What the hell are you talking about?" he demanded harshly. "There was one shot. One and one only. There couldn't be ——"

"I'm sorry." Her voice was still steady. "There were two. I heard one, and then I heard the second." Then, seeing him, seeing the gray horror seep back into his eyes, her voice broke, torn by her own special agony. "Oh, Johnny! I'm so sorry! I didn't tell the police! I've tried not to! But I've got to tell them, Johnny! I've got to. But I had to tell you first."

"Tell me first." He looked at her silently for an instant, his voice terrible then in its bitter irony. "You're telling me first that you're branding my mother as a murderer?"

"I'm not! I'm not! All I'm saying is I heard two shots!"

Johnny Brayton no longer made any attempt to control himself.

"It is my mother! You know she was alone in the house. You know she hated my father. You know it because I've been in love with you and told you all about my family—not knowing you were a police spy, thinking you were the girl I loved. Even when I thought you were a sitter, I loved you. But you weren't. You were a policewoman. My heaven, if I'd known that! You have to tell me first—after you've spied on my mother to crucify her!"

"Stop it, Johnny! Stop and listen! It's you that's accusing your mother! I'm not! Let me tell you what happened!"

"I don't want to know what happened. All I want is out, now and forever. Go to your police. Tell them everything I've ever told you. Tell them I had to wait for the dumb cop on the corner to tell me it was Policewoman O'Keefe told him to be sure nobody was in the house—nobody but my mother. Kerry O'Keefe, the tramp I got out of jail, that broke my heart, that I kept begging on my knees to marry me and give it up. And all the time you were laughing, talking about big kettles and little kettles, laughing behind my back, waiting, just waiting for the chance to tear my heart out. You don't know my mother. You've never even seen her."

"Oh, Johnny, stop it! Can't you see what you're doing? It's you that thinks she killed your father! I don't! All I know is what I heard! Just let me tell you about Friday."

"The hell with Friday! Tell the police; don't tell me!"

He pulled himself together, his jaw hard, his eyes furious, his voice scathing with contempt.

"Tell them I think my mother's a murderer. I should have cut my tongue out before I spoke her name to you. Where's your tape recorder? It'll back you up. You're a policewoman; do your duty and be damned with it. And the next poor sucker that wants to marry you, just tell him he's welcome to you. Thank God I got my neck out of the noose in time. Good-by. You're free, Officer O'Keefe. Free as the wind. I wish I'd rotted in hell before the day I ever met you!"

She heard the door slam and his steps pounding down the hall. The outer door slammed. She sat there on the sofa, her heart too numb to feel. It was there that she woke the next morning, cold and miserably spent, to crawl wretchedly through the hours until she went down to Central Police Station at eight o'clock, to crawl back home again. She was there, the last rays of the sun creeping like living fingers through the slats of the Venetian blinds, when the phone rang. She dragged herself slowly into the bedroom and picked it up.

"Kerry?" It was Dave Trumper. "Better sit down, Kerry. I've got tough news."

Her heart soared like a lark rising to the sun. Tough news for Trumper had always meant the collapse of a case, a whole fine theory vanished into nonexistent air. She waited, standing erect, her eyes bright, lips parted, breathless, for him to go on.

"You caught the perfect murder, Kerry. Not suicide. Murder that so damn near worked it makes me sick. If you hadn't heard that second shot it would have worked."

Kerry sat slowly down on the side of the bed.

"And as you're the first officer on the scene of the crime, you report in at nine, the inspector's office. Try to get some sleep, Kerry. It's tough on you now, but it's going to be a hell of a lot tougher before it's through."

At nine o'clock on Tuesday morning she was in the small soundproofed room with burnt-sienna curtains on the fifth floor of Central Police Headquarters. At ten-thirty the inspector of the Rackets Division came back from the conference in the commissioner's room on the fourth floor. It was a summit conference, the commissioner, the chief inspector and the heads of the Detective and Rackets divisions listening intently to the autopsy report brought up from the morgue.

"So what we've got is the perfect murder that missed by a hair," the commissioner said, summing it up. "Like the Grammer case. Sheer chance or the grace of God, but we had a police officer at the right place at the right time. We know what looked like suicide was not suicide. It's impossible that Pierce Brayton could

"She went out with the other clown tonight."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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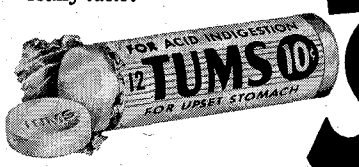

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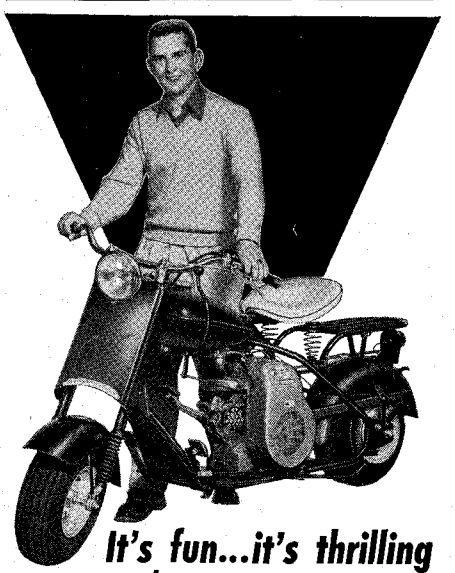

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have fired the gun that killed him. That seems to be all we know. Take it from there, gentlemen. Rackets should stay with it on special assignment, working with Homicide."

As the inspector came in and sat down behind his desk he gave Kerry a brief appraising glance. She was pale, her blue eyes a dull gray.

"Well, there's no evidence of any second shot, Kerry. There's one contact wound, one bullet track through his brain, one exit wound, one bullet nose buried in a book on a direct line, level with his head as he sat there, one chamber fired. That's the story."

"You think I just dreamed it?"

"I'm talking about evidence." The inspector of the Rackets Division was a lawyer as well as a policeman. "If we can't prove it to the court or jury beyond a reasonable doubt, it's still the perfect murder as far as the law's concerned. I'm talking about the gun the Crime Lab says is the one that killed him. What we've got so far looks like conclusive evidence pointing two ways in opposite directions."

He glanced up at Dave Trumper coming in.

"Contact wounds are conclusive evidence of suicide. Nobody's going to sit motionless and let somebody jam a gun right against his head and not even jerk while it's being fired. That's why this was written off with no question—until you stuck your nose in it. Then they make every test in the book. They come up with conclusive evidence that Doctor Brayton never fired that gun. Or any other; but that one for sure. It hadn't been cleaned since all six chambers had been fired the last time. But his hands were antiseptically clean. No trace of nitrates or nitrites, doc says. And it's a sure thing he didn't wear gloves and take 'em off. So, it looks to me like there's got to be this second shot that you say you heard."

"That I did hear."

"Take it easy, sugar," Trumper said.

"What I'm saying is, the evidence of the gun says there was only the one shot. But with the evidence of his hands, it doesn't make sense. But unless we can prove there was a second shot, we're leaving a big loophole for reasonable doubt. So that's where we start. Special assignment, Trump. You and Kerry."

"Looks to me like Kerry's done her job," Trumper said impassively. "And one thing's sure. Nobody else on Mt. Vernon Place heard a second shot. Nobody heard from nothing. Caspari combed the street yesterday afternoon. Not even in the house next door. The two old girls who're tenants on the third floor were dead to the world. Didn't hear a thing. A couple of empty sherry bottles gives 'em pretty good backing. The office on the first floor was closed. Woman named Remstad owns the house, lives on the second floor, and she clammed up. Caspari said he didn't know whether she didn't like him or didn't like cops. So I went to see what I could get out of her. It's cops, period. Chiefly Officer O'Keefe."

He glanced at her as he went on.

"Mrs. Remstad likes John Brayton—he speaks to her on the street. She offered him money to get married on, and she's burned up now the girl turns out to be a cop, not a sitter. That's the only reason she talked to me at all. She'd just found it out last night. And she didn't like me either."

He gave them a dour grin.

"I was tryin' to be sociable. She's got a collection of little china animals—pigs, cows, chickens and stuff—in bookcases both sides of the fireplace. I picked one up. It didn't pick—glued down. She said, 'See, that's so people can't walk off with 'em. The cheap ones are over there by the windows. It's O.K. if you stick one of them in your pocket.'

"So all I got was she saw John Brayton leave the house and saw Miss Brayton come out waving her hands. In between, she was out in back in her kitchen, and she was eating and getting herself some beer when she heard a sound. It could have been a truck or could have been her TV. She had it on at this same Western that Miss Elizabeth Brayton was looking at."

The inspector shook his head. "No second ——"

"Inspector, she heard a sound, period. And if Doctor Brayton killed himself or somebody killed him, it's O.K. with her. She said, 'You can't expect me to weep any salt tears.' She's lived in that house right smack up against the Braytons' twenty-seven years and John Brayton's the only one ever gave her the time of day. She'll neither help 'em nor hinder 'em, she says. They mind their business, she minds hers. But one thing I got, I didn't expect. There's a woman whose car came for Doctor Brayton all the time. It's got gold-plated fittings, leopard-skin upholstery and a Texas license plate. It's the first we've heard about ——"

"That's Mrs. Ristwich's," Kerry said quietly. "She's a patient of Doctor Brayton's. An oil widow."

The inspector and Trumper looked at her and briefly at each other.

"Homicide's checking," Trumper went on. "And one other thing: Last night they had a whole flock of lawyers out at the Braytons' place. One of the Homicide boys walked past a huddle of 'em on the sidewalk afterward. Heard one say something about holding off awhile. He said,

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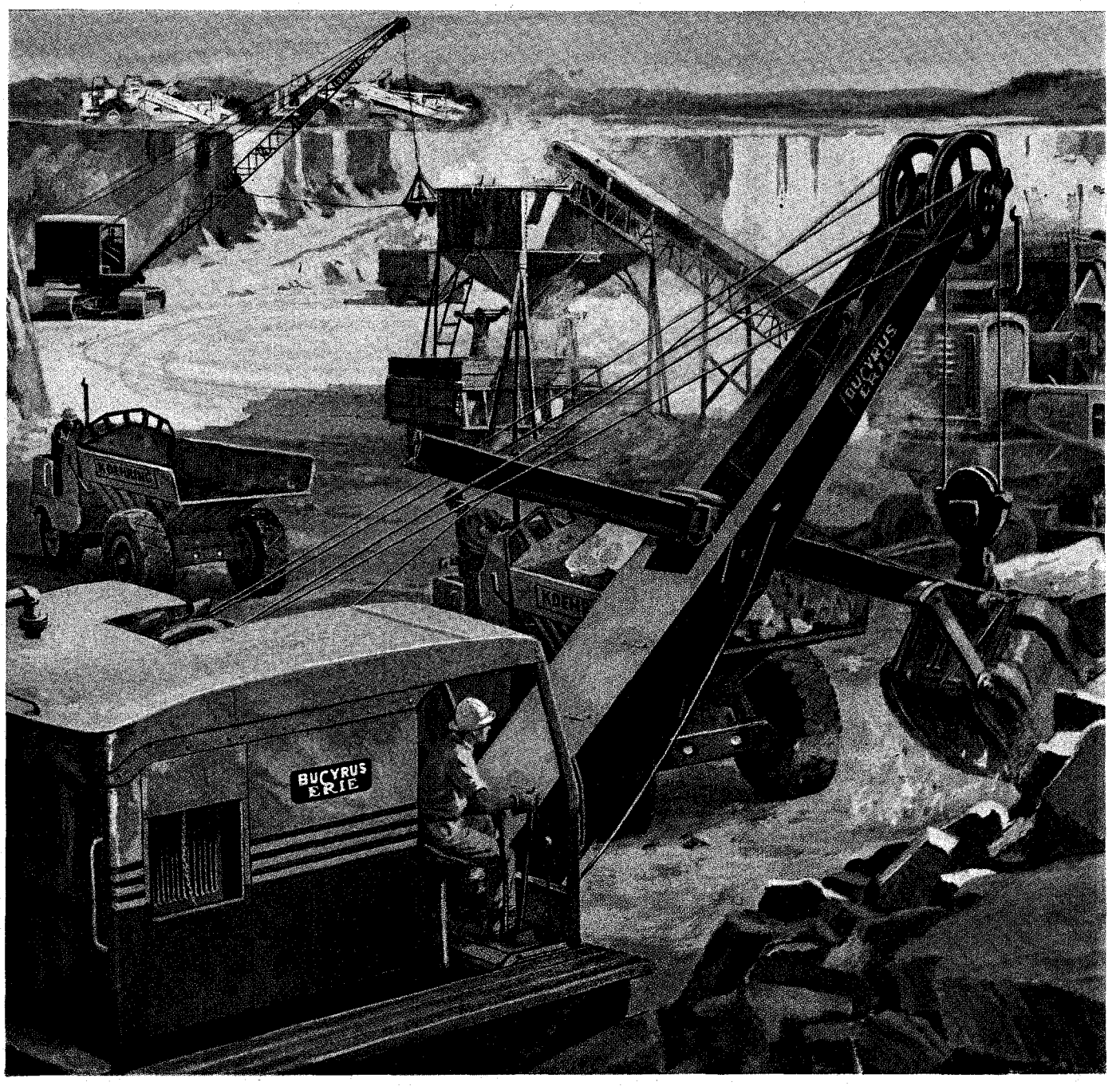

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Getting Enoch Chew's like pleading uilty before she's accused.'"

"Who's Enoch Chew?" Kerry asked, hen neither of them said any more for a ioment.

"He's the top trial lawyer in these arts, sugar," Trumper said. "A trial wyer they're talking about—before ey've got the body back."

Kerry flushed, the tears springing out long her lashes before she looked quickly way from the two dispassionate faces.

Trumper looked down at the inspec-or's desk. "You got O'Brien's report there?" he asked without any apparent connection.

The inspector riffled through the dozen or so reports in front of him, the bare beginning that would add up until they made an immense black-jacketed volume containing every item of information, relevant or not, that came to hand. He handed Trumper Post Officer O'Brien's report, laboriously hand-written and turned in on Saturday morning.

"Listen to this." Trumper read it:

"Ordered to investigate report of suicide phoned in from Brayton residence, West Mt. Vernon Place, May 1, 11:24 P.M. Found Policewoman O'Keefe on premises with Miss Elizabeth Brayton. Miss Brayton said, My brother's shot himself. Informed by Officer O'Keefe that John Brayton, the son, was in the vicinity. A crowd was collecting. Instructed Officer O'Keefe to proceed inside with the sister Miss Brayton and go to scene. Waited for Patrolman Garrett. Instructed him to stay at door and send for John Brayton if possible. Proceeded to second floor. Officer O'Keefe said an inspection of premises should be made. Instructed her to remain on situs and did so. Found all cellar windows locked and barred, doors locked and chain-bolted on inside. Checked first floor. Kitchen and pantry doors to back porch bolted likewise. Windows secure. Second floor, right rear sitting room locked. Entered through right front bedroom and bath. Noted sitting room fireplace full of burned papers, ashes cold. Center room front piled with boxes and wedding presents, otherwise empty. Third floor check found Miss Elizabeth Brayton watching TV in front right bedroom. Rear right bedroom occupied by John Brayton recently occupied. Lawbook open page 811. Meat of half apple showing tooth marks still fresh, not turned brown. Checked closets and bathrooms each floor. Checked attic."

Trumper tossed it back. "We're talking about you, sugar," he said bleakly. He turned to the inspector. "Everything O'Brien did of any importance he did on account of Officer O'Keefe told him to. He was thorough, but it was O'Keefe's idea. Maybe you lawyers can twist things around and keep Kerry off the stand, if we get to trial. Regulations say the first uniformed officer on the scene joins Homicide till the investigation's complete, and that's O'Brien, policewoman not being in uniform. Or maybe you can stretch the rule about a cop not making an arrest in his own or his family's quarrels. I don't know. But I know if you put O'Brien on the stand instead of Kerry,

> The fellow who burns the candle at both ends probably has two flames.
>
> CY N. PEACE

he's so honest he's going to say, 'It wasn't me, it was Officer O'Keefe.' She ordered the premises searched, and by doing that she put the noose around Mrs. Brayton's neck. Because that's sure where it is."

Kerry O'Keefe closed her eyes. *Oh, Johnny, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.*

Trumper motioned down at the reports on the desk. "That's the trouble with those things. They're just a bunch of observed facts. They don't say what's the feeling you had when you observed them. You don't have to be in that house five minutes to see John Brayton thinks his mother did it. Those things don't tell the impression you get when the kid sister they call Lolly gets back from some place down South and comes into her mother's sitting room, and nearly faints when her mother introduces Caspari and me."

The inspector made no comment. He was sitting, his chair tilted back, hands clasped behind his head, his glasses on the desk, staring abstractedly into space.

"Those shots," he said abruptly. "Kerry, you're sure ——"

"Oh, I'm absolutely sure! And I wish all of you people would just stop nagging me! I wish to heaven I'd never ——"

"Take it easy," Trumper said. "If you say you heard, you damn well did. Nobody doubts your word. We're just trying to figure. And nobody's going to beat your brains out, Kerry. You better get out of this. Go on upstairs. There's plenty of work on my desk. Get going, officer."

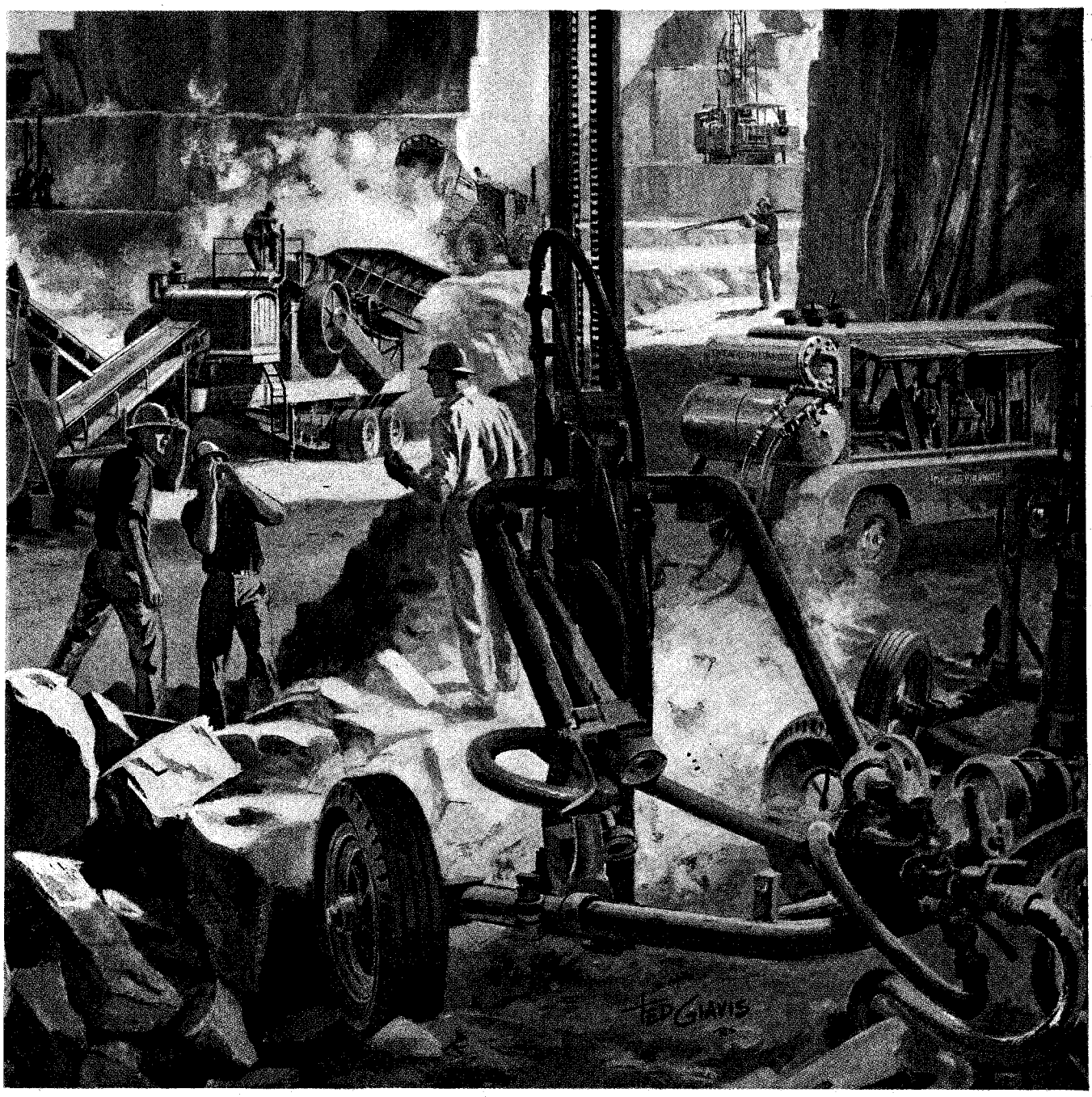
He held the door open as she went blindly through.

"The poor little devil."

The inspector nodded. "If we have to put her on the stand and they get Enoch Chew, he'll tear her to ribbons. But if there's an out, I don't see it. What do you think about her?"

Trumper was silent a moment. "The big deal she and this Brayton boy had's

f pits and quarries?



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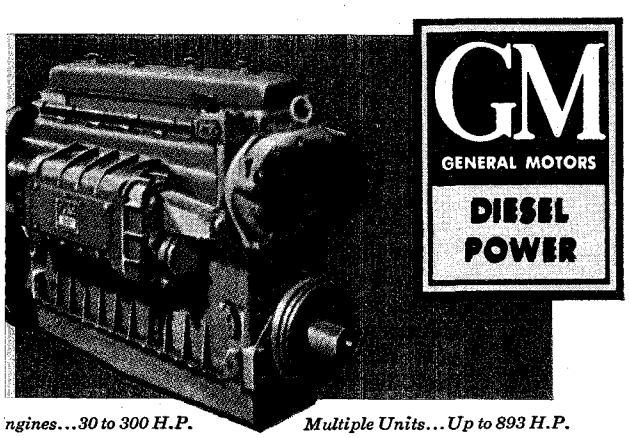

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all smashed to hell. She's in ribbons now. She knows she's the one that nailed the killing on his mother. I don't think she'd leak to help him, but I wouldn't stake a case on it. She's like the rest of us. She's human. Why not send her to Pine Street on regular duty?"

"Wilmington wants to borrow a girl. Why don't I send her there? We'll know she's safe."

Trumper nodded. "Hold off till the four-thirty shift leaves. There's a waitress from a pizza joint on Thames Street saw the Braytons' pictures in the paper, says she recognizes Mrs. Brayton and her son. They were both there, the son with a girl. She's got quite a story, if true. If it was Brayton, the girl'd be Kerry. But Caspari wants to keep this waitress under wraps for a surprise witness, if she's dependable, so he wants to see if she can pick Kerry out of a bunch of other girls piling out of the elevator going home tonight."

"Then ship her off first thing in the morning." The inspector tilted his chair back again, staring off into space. "Trump," he said, "if it wasn't suicide, it's got to be two shots. Whether anybody heard 'em or not. If suicide's out, it's murder. If it's murder, there's got to be two shots. Not one."

Trumper got to his feet. "You're the boss. You figure it. I'm going." He grinned at him from the door. "Tell me when I get back, will you?"

As he closed the door he heard the desk chair shoved forward. He didn't see the excitement with which the inspector reached for the phone to dial the City Morgue.

"Doc? Listen, doc ——"

So Kerry O'Keefe read in a Wilmington paper that Miss Laura (Lolly) Brayton's wedding had been called off and presents returned. The Braytons' social connections made it front-page news. It was there that she read that Mrs. Brayton had been arrested and charged with murder and that she had refused to take a lie-detector test.

It was three days later that she saw the headline: GRAND JURY INDICTS WIDOW IN DOCTOR'S MURDER.

Four days before the trial was opened she got her orders to return to Baltimore.

John Brayton sat beside his mother in the courtroom, Enoch Chew on the other side of him, his head bowed, listening, hardly hearing the words being read: "How say you? Are you guilty of the matter wherein you stand indicted or not guilty?"

"I am not guilty."

His mother's voice was quiet, but distinctly clear, her face, as he looked up at her, tranquil, serenely lovely.

"Don't, Johnny. Don't worry, sweet," she whispered, kissing him good-by as the matron came to take her back to the Pine Street Station, to the narrow room on the second floor. He could only close his eyes and thank God she wasn't down in the cell block behind the silvered gates that tore him with rage every time he went there to take fresh clothes or went with Enoch Chew when he talked to her, and had to relive that Sunday morning with Joe Anselo and the girl in the red dress.

As he was reliving now the night his grandmother's lawyers brought Enoch Chew to the house—the night of the day his mother was arrested, charged with murder. Enoch Chew was a large, genial man with a handsome grizzled mane and comfortable paunch, a trial lawyer whose tears came easy and expensive, whose voice could be a lion's roar or a kitten's purr with equal facility as occasion demanded.

"I'm sorry I wasn't brought in sooner. From what I've read and what you've told me, I wonder if a plea of not guilty is really advisable."

"My daughter says she is not guilty, Mr. Chew." Mrs. Summerfield fixed bitter, indomitable eyes on him. "Therefore she is not. It's preposterous on the face of it. When the invitations to her daughter's wedding were already in the mail. No woman would commit murder three weeks before her daughter's marriage."

Chew smiled. "Feminine reasoning isn't necessarily specious," he observed pleasantly. "We should have some ladies on the jury, I expect."

"And if it hadn't been for my grandson taking up with that jailbird, my daughter would never have been put in this position. Never. It's pure, unmitigated spite."

Johnny saw Enoch Chew's eyes going over him in minute appraisal.

"If we ask Mr. Grimes to lend him to us for the defense table, it will probably be a great comfort to his mother," he said easily. "I'm sure it can be arranged. And as we haven't much time, perhaps he and I could have a chat. In private, if you don't mind. And if it's convenient, perhaps you'd wait, Mrs. Summerfield, and give me a lift home."

In private the genial mask was gone, sharp intelligence there in its place. "I want to know everything you can tell me about her—this girl, Brayton."

"Let's keep her out of it, sir." Johnny's jaw hardened. "She's not a jailbird. I don't want to drag her ——"

"Your mother's charged with murder, Johnny." Chew shifted into paternal kindliness. "She says she isn't guilty. At this time I'll be frank to say to you, I see no way of proving it. But if your personal feelings ——"

Johnny flushed. "It's common decency, sir."

"In a murder trial, Johnny, there's no decency of any kind. It's this girl or your mother. Take your choice. All I want from you is the plain basic facts. Where you met her and how." *The rest I can get from that old rogue, your grandmother, and this sister-in-law I've heard about.*

Johnny Brayton put his head in his hands. In his pocket was the telegram his mother had slipped there for him to send just as the police arrived.

"Don't worry. Don't come. It's what we feared. Pray for me, is all I ask." It was addressed to Maj. Gen. Robert W. Preston.

While in the small soundproofed office on the fifth floor, Dave Trumper had just come back from a final check with Homicide officers at the office of Alec Dobson, assistant state's attorney in charge of the prosecution.

"He's crazy," he said, staring grimly at the smoke curling round the tip of his cigarette. "He's opening with Kerry. Maybe he's got to do it that way. It scares the hell out of me. Throwing Kerry to the wolves. It makes me sick. Like that night she was jailed. In fact this whole case worries me. I don't buy this Ristwich dame, myself."

"Nobody did till Caspari turned up with that note Mrs. Brayton wrote her husband," the inspector said. "But it's out of our hands now. Go on home, Trump, and get some sleep."

The State of Maryland versus Brayton opened in Part II of the Criminal Court of Baltimore City on the last Tuesday in June, before Judge Sansbury.

If it seemed to the crowds packing the public benches that Enoch Chew had lost his old fire, it was a relief to Alec Dobson, backing up his belief that the Brayton family, sitting stanchly together in the front bench nearest the defense table, would play it down as much as possible. And so he thought until Friday morning, when Enoch Chew accepted the last four names presented for the jury at once and without any of the tedious wrangle that had occupied the three preceding days, the panel was sworn in and Alec Dobson was opening for the State at twenty minutes past eleven. As Chew's great forte was the drama of his openers, he made his own short and severely factual, closing it with the noon recess. When court reconvened at two o'clock and Enoch Chew rose easily to his feet, it was too late for the prosecution to change tactics.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the honorable jury: I am not going to weary you with discursive prose. I ask you only to look at the lady who sits here, the defendant in this case, and to watch her during the unhappy days that must come to her. The human face is the external image of the human heart and the human soul. If there is guilt in either, it is there reflected. I ask you to watch for it here in hers. For try as it will, and by its very nature must, and with every means, fair and foul, it has in its ever-growing, its frighteningly increasing power over us, the State, through its prosecutors here, will never alter, never change the transparent innocence of this woman's face, in this lovely mirror of her heart and mind. A terrible charge has been brought against her. It has neither truth nor substance. The truth and the substance are the quiet plea she made here when this charge was made, the question asked, 'How say you? Are you guilty or not guilty?' She said, 'I am not guilty.' Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, that is the truth."

There was a flicker in his eyes meeting his old friend Alec Dobson's as he sat calmly down beside John Brayton at the defense table, aware of the sudden flurry at the table for the prosecution and the sudden flurry at the press table. He was aware also of the startled silence, equally sudden, along his own table. His brothers for the defense probably thought he'd been too brief, not knowing that his whole strategy, the only real hope he had for the defense, was to get the girl O'Keefe on the stand with time left for him to cross-examine her, to tear every shred of credibility and respectability from her, before the weekend recess.

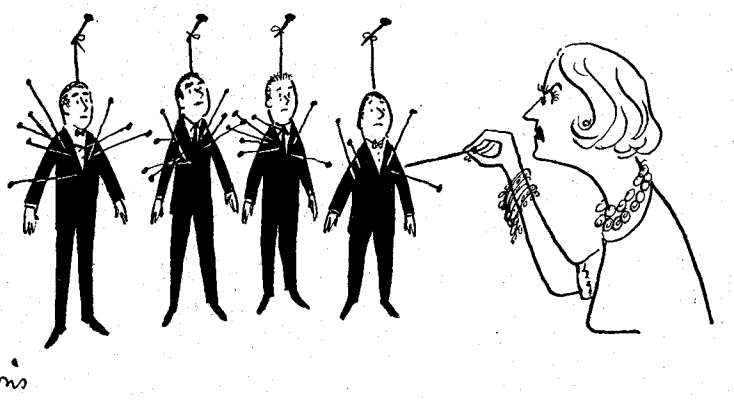
He leaned back, smiling a little, as the assistant state's attorney rose and came forward. "Police Officer O'Keefe."

Kerry heard her name and heard Dave Trumper sitting beside her whisper, "Take it easy, girl." She had never been on a witness stand before. She rose, her feet moving the rest of her in a kind of paralysis as she came forward, unconscious of the audible gasp that went through the packed benches.

Enoch Chew was conscious of it, in the benches and in the jury box, even on the bench, as Judge Sansbury's eyes opened with surprise an instant before they swept over the room, silencing it. But none of that was as important to Chew as what happened at that instant to John Brayton, sitting beside him. It was the first time he'd seen her since the Sunday night in May. Presumably he hated her. But for a tortured instant his eyes met hers, suddenly pleading, as she stood, her hand on the Bible to be sworn in, torture in her own eyes, her hand trembling, her face suddenly pale.

Enoch Chew had himself been startled. It was the first time he'd seen Kerry O'Keefe, except in the pictures Mrs. Summerfield had and a casual glimpse of her with her head bent down, shoulders drooping, behind the prosecutor's table. He was not prepared for the girl he now saw, recovering her poise, clean and fresh, her voice and chin steady as she sat down, folding her hands in her lap, crossing her slender ankles over high-heeled

(*Continued on Page 80*)



The Perfect Squelch

Twice-divorced Mrs. Broith collected men as other women collect antiques, but she seldom kept them long. She always found that her men had feet of clay, and just as inevitably bored her friends with a word-by-word description of their faults.

Once, while she was being especially bitter about the imperfections of a recent escort, a listener interrupted her. The woman, who happened to know and like the man being criticized, tried to stop Mrs. Broith's fault-finding with the query, "Do you plan to get married again?"

"Oh, heavens, no," Mrs. Broith said quickly. "Why, every time I see a man now, I run."

"Yes, I know," the weary listener sighed. "But I wondered if you could still catch them."

By Forrest L. Miller

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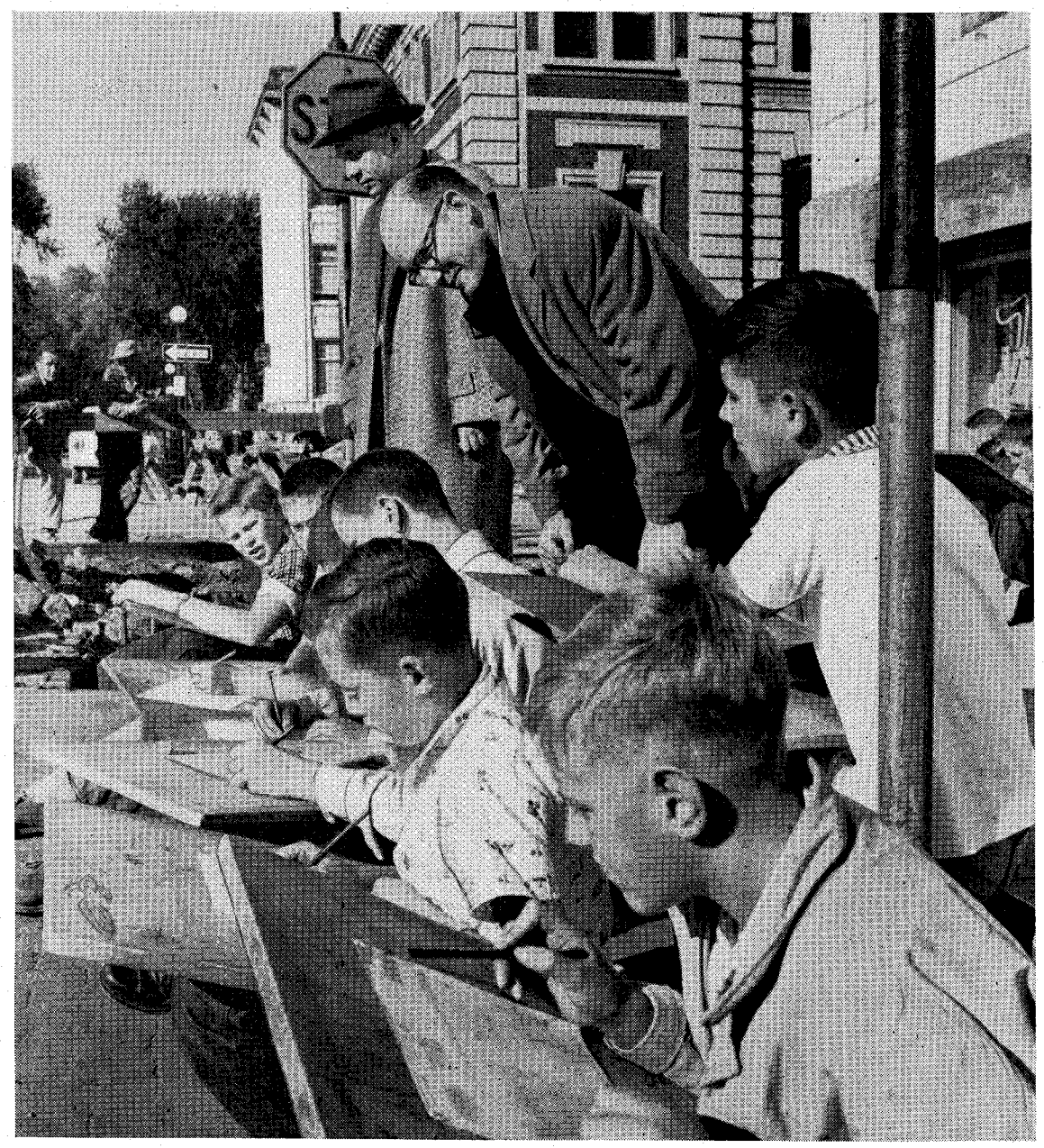
A noted research man finds a fact that can't be put down in black and white

Wausau Story

by A. C. NIELSEN, JR.

Executive Vice President, A. C. Nielsen Company



Curbstone artists from Wausau's Junior High School and Mr. Nielsen get a lesson in art and observation from instructor Don Crawford.

"Every time I'm near a construction job, I have to stop and see what's going on. They were repairing a street when I was in Wausau so, of course, I joined the crowd along the curb.

"Then I discovered I wasn't among the usual crowd of sidewalk superintendents. I was right in the middle of an art class from the Wausau Junior High School. I watched those boys as they'd take a good look at the busy scene in front of them and then sketch what they'd seen. 'This makes sense,' I said to myself. 'These youngsters are learning how to observe and record their observation.'

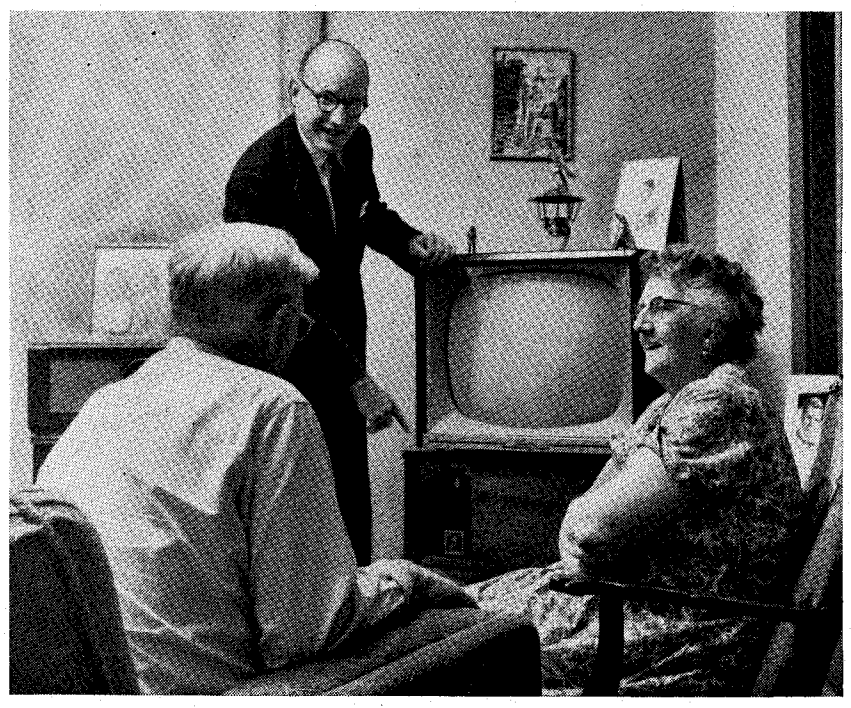
"I'm a great believer in that. Naturally, I suppose, because I'm associated with a company whose business is observing. As a market research organization, we watch and record the progress branded merchandise makes in stores all over the country.

"An interesting thought struck me as I observed Wausau and its people. Here is a city that has become a famous brand name. Not a name on a package of merchandise but a name that identifies a good way of life. An attitude and a manner of living as closely distinguishable as any trade-mark.

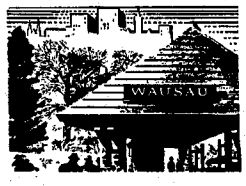
"That's the kind of information you can't record in a statistical table and show on a trend chart. But I could sense it and knew it for something mighty worthwhile as I visited Wausau, Wisconsin."

Employers Mutuals thanks Mr. Nielsen for his comments on our Wausau "brand" of life. We try to make it our brand of business, too. Our business is insurance. We write all lines of fire and casualty and we are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. Find out about our brand of doing business. See our representative (consult your telephone directory) or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

"I enjoyed visiting the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hansen in Wausau. They have one of our Audimeters on their TV set. It automatically records their pattern of listening. By collecting data we can tell advertisers how their programs rate. Mrs. Hansen was canning pickle relish from her home-grown ingredients. She gave me a sample. It sure rated tops to my taste."



Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 78*) blue pumps. She was nothing whatever like the girl either Mrs. Summerfield or the sister-in-law had described to him.

Sensing the atmosphere of the courtroom—hers, all hers—and hearing the satisfied note in the prosecutor's voice, slow anger burned inside him. *This will take a miracle*, he thought.

"You are a member of the Baltimore City police force, are you not, Officer O'Keefe?"

"Yes, sir."

"On the night of May first you had reason to be in your car on West Mt. Vernon Place. Were you there officially or otherwise?"

"Not officially, sir."

"Will you tell us what happened while you were there, Officer O'Keefe?"

She told it, simply and briefly, only the occasional dark arrow of pain in her blue eyes, the quiver of a raw-touched nerve at the corner of her mouth and the unconscious quickening of the pulse in her throat betraying her.

Enoch Chew, leaning forward intently, felt a nudge at his elbow, glanced sharply around and saw the note slipped covertly down from the other end of the defense table. He opened it and read it:

"She's going to hang us. For God's sake do something."

He crushed the note savagely, his face unchanging, and jammed it into his pocket. Now they were telling him. A cold fury settled in the pit of his stomach. If they hadn't lied to him, if they'd given him an honest picture of the girl —— He looked at the clock. She was finished, but Dobson was trying to keep her on the stand. He couldn't keep her long. Judge Sansbury had already started to tug irritably at his gown. Then abruptly it was over. The state's attorney moved back, leaving her there for the defense.

Enoch Chew glanced at the clock again. There was an hour left. It was all he needed. He rose and came forward, genial and benign, smiling at the girl there on the stand.

TO BE CONTINUED

Ambush at Blanco Canyon (Continued from Page 39)

boys fix you up. . . . You tell the major we're ready, ma'am."

Patricia checked him as he turned to go, "Oh, Steve ——"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Mr. McKay has the notion Rufus Hannesey may be setting a trap of some kind."

"It had better be a good one, then. Don't you worry about us, ma'am. We can take care of ourselves, I reckon."

"I'm sure you can, Steve," she said, and watched him leave, and stood regarding the closed door a little longer than was necessary. When she turned and found McKay watching her, color came into her face. She started to speak, but was interrupted by the entrance of her father, and she addressed him instead. "Steve says the boys are ready to ride."

"Fine," the major said. He was buckling about him a wide, hand-carved belt that carried a holstered revolver with white ivory grips. Another belt hung from his shoulder. He let this slip down his arm, caught it and held it out to McKay. "Fair exchange," he said. "Try it on, my boy."

McKay took the gun belt and fastened it about his waist.

"The piece is loaded in five chambers," the major said. "It's well to keep an empty under the hammer to avoid accidents. Well, if you're ready sir, we'll ride. . . . Good-by, my dear."

"Be careful, dad," she said. "Those Hanneseys are a tricky bunch. . . . Good-by, Jim."

Major Terrill laughed. "Oh, don't be bashful, girl. Kiss him. And don't worry. I'll take good care of him for you."

The major strode beside him; and McKay glanced at the older man and ahead to where the two saddled horses awaited them, one a handsome animal of a type he had heard described but had never seen. He thought it was called a palomino. The other was a less spectacular specimen of horseflesh, a buckskin-colored gelding of uncertain age that looked weary already from the mere weight of the saddle—not that the beast could be blamed, McKay reflected wryly, considering the amount of furniture it was being asked to carry. The great, ornate Texas saddles, with their double cinches and large horns, looked very strange to a man used to nothing larger than a Maryland hunting saddle.

The major's face was expressionless. McKay watched his future father-in-law swing himself onto the tall palomino with the ease of a youth of twenty. The older man turned away to speak to one of the cowboys.

Steve Leech, holding the other horse, drawled, "We generally get on from the left side, Mr. McKay."

McKay looked up at him, and at the nearby riders. They were waiting. The major's attention was still firmly fixed elsewhere. McKay looked at the buckskin again. The picture was very clear; a bad horse was a bad horse anywhere, and this animal had the eye of a mean one. McKay could see the next few moments very plainly: he was an adequate rider, but no more, and the horse would undoubtedly buck and throw him, to the great joy of the watching cowboys. The major would turn and be greatly shocked to discover the trick that had been played; Steve Leech would receive a sharp reprimand; and he, McKay, would be picked up with great concern and many apologies, dusted off and put on a reasonable mount—assuming no bones were broken. Then they would all ride off, bristling with firearms, to teach the Hanneseys a lesson.

He was aware, without looking around, that Patricia was watching from the house; possibly she had recognized the buckskin horse and would run down to expose the trick—or perhaps, like her father, she was letting it proceed, to see how he would conduct himself. At any rate, he knew she was there somewhere behind him; he thought he would always know when she was near, because he loved her. But a man could not pretend to be something other than he was, for a whole lifetime, for any woman.

McKay took a long breath and stepped back. He unbuckled the gun belt from his waist, fastened the buckle again and hung the weapon on a post of the nearby hitching rack. The major had turned in the saddle now to look at him.

McKay stepped away from the revolver. "This is a damn-fool expedition, sir," he said evenly. "I will not countenance it by coming along. Furthermore, I must ask you not to use my name to justify your actions. If you ride on the Hanneseys, you do so for your own reasons, not on account of anything that has happened to me." He glanced at the buckskin horse. "As for this gentle horse Mr. Leech has provided for me, it looks so tired I'd hate to exhaust it further."

He caught a glimpse of Patricia's blue dress in the doorway as he turned away, but she was not in sight when he reached the house.

Rufus Hannesey came out on the sagging porch of his house and stood for a moment blinking at the sunlight, a big man whose red beard was edged with white that made the tobacco stains more noticeable than they would otherwise have been. Blanco Canyon was already noisy with children and dogs. Surrounded by high, protecting walls of white rock, it was a fortress of a place. Hannesey smiled grimly at the thought, and stopped smiling abruptly. He snapped his fingers, and a boy of eight playing nearby looked around.

"Young Rufus around?" he asked the kid.

"You want him?" the boy asked.

"I want him."

The boy scrambled to his feet and ran off, his shaggy red hair shining in the sunlight. Hannesey stood looking out at the cluster of ramshackle buildings set on a clay slope from which all signs of vegetation had long since been worn away. Set in spectacular surroundings as it was, it nevertheless looked a good deal like the miserable place in the mountains where he had been born. A man could travel a thousand miles, but he could never leave himself behind. He knew that now. There had been a time when he had thought he might be able to change, with a girl's help.

He reached around and scratched the old whip scars that still itched occasionally, as they had done while healing. *You're trash, Hannesey*, he told himself gently, *never forget that; you were born trash and you'll die trash.* It was what they had told him that day. The men who had whipped him were dead—the father and the brothers. He could still recall the sweet cracking sound of the long squirrel rifle. They were used to whipping slaves who did not come back with guns. He had lain in the bushes afterward, his back throbbing, watching the girl come running down from the big house. She had fallen twice in her frantic, despairing haste, going to her knees at last among the three sprawled forms, her dark hair wild about her face and her fine dress torn. He had slipped away then. His mistake had been in trying to bridge the gap between them. It was a mistake he had never made again.

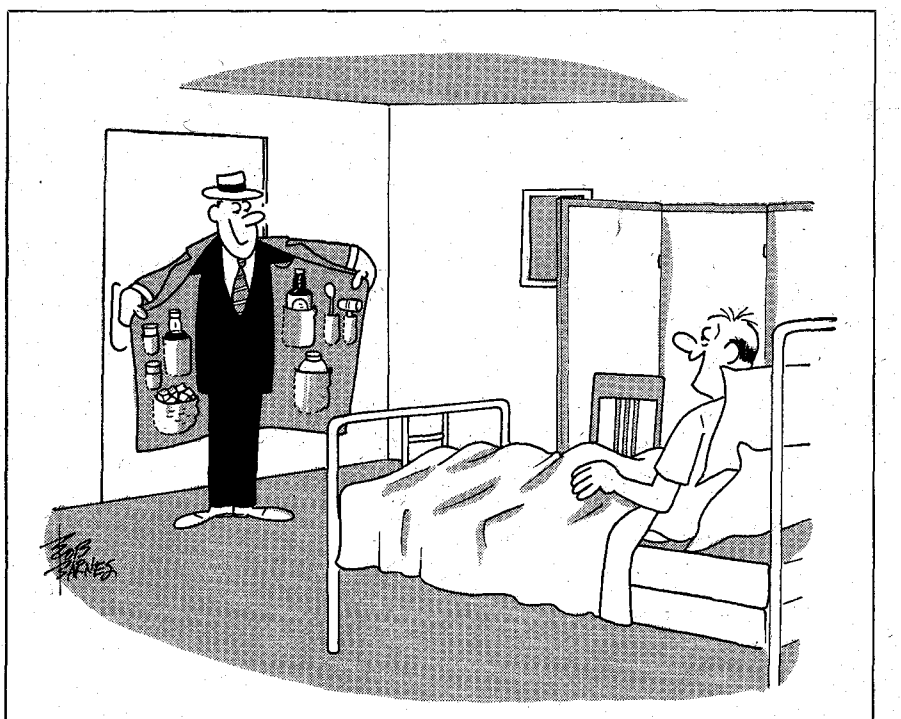
"I didn't tell you to go beating up strangers, young Rufus," he said as Buck Hannesey stepped up to the porch. "The boys had their business in town all finished. Who told you to take them back and make trouble?"

Buck's face looked surprised. "Hell, I just mussed up the dude a little. Where was the harm in that? You want to keep pushing at them, don't you?"

"Not twice in one day, you fool!" Hannesey swung about to face his son. "That's a stupid, hotheaded old man up there at Ladder; I can play him like a fiddle. I've let him come busting in here twice; he thinks there's nothing to it. Him and that cocky foreman of his think they've got the Hanneseys buffaloed. Any time they get mad enough they'll come riding again, all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, to teach us good manners. Do you understand? And if they come today, I'm going to take the skin off your behind in little strips, boy, because I'm not quite ready for them yet. I'll say how hard you push and how often, so keep that damn pistol holstered until I tell you to use it, hear? You might have killed the dude; how'd you know how thick his skull was? If he'd died, I'd have ridden you over to Las Lomas myself and turned you over to the sheriff for murder. You got that clear now or you want I should say it again?"

Buck started to speak rebelliously, but checked himself. "It's clear," he said in a sullen voice.

Hannesey laughed, and pushed at his son's shoulder with his fist. "Don't waste your time figuring how you're going to lick me, boy. Save it for the others; you'll be needing it soon. . . . How're you making out with your schoolmarm?" He saw the (*Continued on Page 82*)



"Fred, old boy! . . .am I glad to see you!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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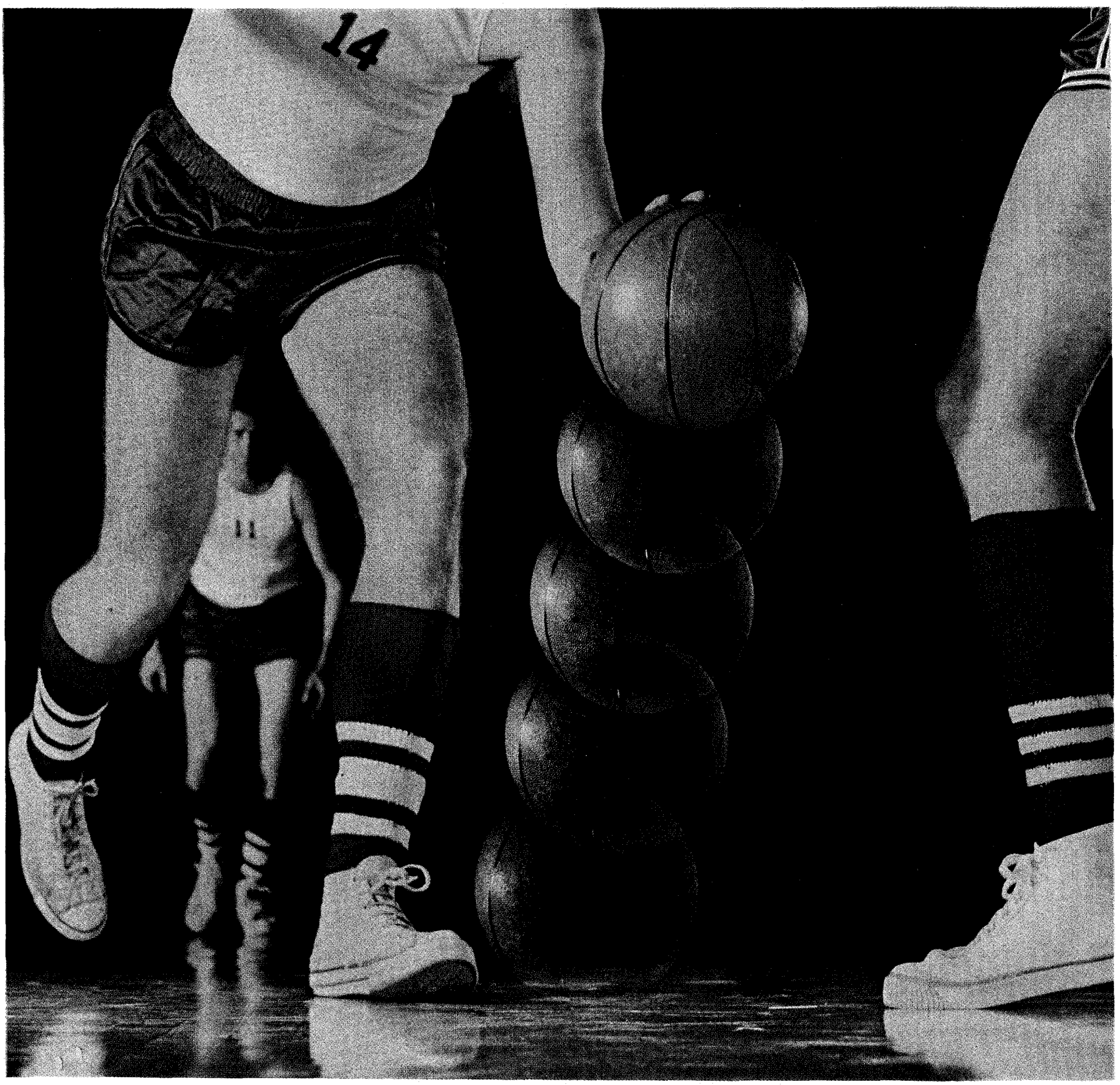
February 9, 1957

ENJAY BUTYL

Fabulous new rubber that holds air for good



Now they blow up basketballs at the factory and ship them inflated, to arrive ready for use. It's all possible because of a new kind of bladder, made of Enjay Butyl. This remarkable new rubber holds air longer than other kinds—holds up better under rough treatment, too. First used in inner tubes—now in hundreds of other products—Enjay Butyl out-performs natural and other types of rubber.

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Cleans out germs!

A clean, fresh mouth
is always important
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Fights sore throat!

Soothes tender tissues!

Tastes wonderful!

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LAVORIS
MOUTHWASH AND GARGLE

The SPARKLING RED mouthwash that tastes good ... does good!

(*Continued from Page 80*) tightening of the younger man's jaw muscles, and said, "No, and you ain't ever going to make out with her, either."

"What do you mean?" Buck demanded quickly.

"I mean," his father said, "that you've been a fool, and so have I. There was a time I thought maybe you had a chance; after all, the Maragons had no family background to speak of; the old man just came out here and made his place with his fists and his gun, just like a lot of other men. But the girl's had education, and she's run with the Terrills, and it's rubbed off on her. She's been stringing you along to protect them. As you get older you'll learn that these fine, handsome people with lots of money, everybody protects them. Trash like us, we've got to protect ourselves."

The younger man looked up, and his eyes were dangerous. "If you're right——"

"No," Hannesey said, "you're going to keep your hands off the schoolmarm, young Rufus, until I say so. Just string her along; act smooth and nice. We're going to have use for that girl. Don't scare her. This ain't much of a country, but us Hanneseys are going to run it, all of it. When the time comes, I'll see that you collect whatever you figure the wench owes you. Legally, boy; legally. If you behave yourself and do like I say. Now send the boys back into the breaks and see how many of those bashful gents hiding out from the law you can round up. Tell them they've been living off my beef long enough; I'd like a little help in return. Say, day after tomorrow. And there's a gent named Beemis I'd like you to locate particularly; he'll be wearing a black suit and there'll be a Bible on him somewhere and a bottle in his fist, if he's sober enough to hold it."

McKay emerged from his room to find the house empty. He walked around the long, sprawling house to find what he was looking for: the corrals. In one fenced area a dozen horses stood peacefully half dozing in the sun. McKay walked over to the fence and stood looking at the penned animals with no great fondness.

A movement beside him made him turn to see an old man who had come up silently from the nearby barn. He wore a large straw hat and had a leathery brown face. There was no gray in his hair or in his fierce, sweeping mustache.

"Señor?" he said.

"I don't suppose the major's back yet," McKay said. "My local geography's a little shaky, but I'd imagine it would be an all-day ride down to the Hannesey place and back."

The man shook his head. "They did not go south, señor. They had some talk; they waited for the señorita to dress and join them; they rode north to look at the herd at Caballo Springs."

"I see," McKay said. "Well, that's something accomplished, anyway. Nobody gets shot today. Each day should see some small accomplishment, shouldn't it?"

"I do not understand, señor."

"It's probably just as well." He swung around to look at the corral again. "The yellowish horse," he said. "The buckskin over in the corner. Has it got a name?"

"They call it Old Thunder, señor."

"And what do they call you?"

"Ramon, señor. Ramon Gutierrez."

"Well, Ramon," McKay said, "I'm going to ask a favor of you. Just between you and me. I want you to help me be a damn fool. I want you to put a saddle on that beast over there. Just as a personal favor. Can you do it alone or do you need help to hold him?"

The old Mexican studied McKay for a lengthy moment. "You did not ride this horse this morning, Señor McKay," he said quietly.

"You know that? I suppose everybody on the place does. Well, I did not wish to ride this horse this morning and get thrown off it for Señor Leech's satisfaction, Ramon. But I wish to ride it this afternoon and get thrown off it for my own satisfaction."

"I will saddle the horse," the old man said. "A word of advice, Señor McKay. It would be well to change. You might get those fine clothes dirty."

McKay grinned briefly. "I might break my fine neck too. If I do, I'll deserve it.... All right, if you can scare up an old shirt and a pair of trousers for me, I'll change in the barn while you're saddling the brute. But let's hurry it up, Ramon."

When he came out of the barn, McKay climbed through the bars of the fence.

"Any further advice will be appreciated, Ramon," he said.

The Mexican did not look around. "One man cannot tell another how to make love to a reluctant woman or how to ride an unwilling horse, señor." He pulled the cinches tight, tested them carefully and stepped back. "It is not a man-killing horse," he said. "It will not bite or trample you. But there are few on this ranch who have ridden it. Steve Leech. The major ——"

McKay said dryly, stepping forward, "Well, I hope the yellow devil gives me time to find the other stirrup. Not that I expect it to do me much good.... All right, cast off, I'm aboard. Giddap, Dobbin."

The animal laid its ears back and did not move. McKay was aware that Ramon had climbed the fence and was sitting on the top rail rolling a cigarette. McKay slapped at his mount with the reins and kicked it in the flank. There was no response from the horse. He started to kick a second time. Just as he had his heels out, with no grip on the saddle whatsoever, the animal exploded beneath him, tossing him up and aside. He landed on his shoulder in the dust.

Picking himself up, he glanced at Ramon, who had put his tobacco away and was now licking the cigarette paper and forming the tube between his fingers, apparently absorbed in the task. McKay spat the dust out of his mouth and went over to the buckskin horse, picked up the trailing reins, put a foot in the stirrup and swung himself up. This time the animal gave him no time at all, but humped itself up in the middle before he had fully reached the saddle. Clinging to the saddle horn, which seemed legitimate since he had never released it, he weathered the first jump. He tried for the off stirrup and missed. The second eruption threw him further off balance, and he let himself go, pushed clear, and hit the ground rolling.

Ramon had struck a match and was lighting his peculiarly shaped cigarette. McKay wiped his hands on his trousers and walked up to the horse again. It was getting warmed up now, and it stepped around a little, nervously, while he was mounting, but let him get fully astride with his feet in both stirrups before it went into action. For a space of seconds he managed to keep his balance despite the fact that his contacts with the saddle were brief and violent; then a number of things, none identifiable, happened at once, and he went flying over the buckskin's head and struck the earth so hard that it was some time before he could breathe properly. When he got to his feet, Ramon was holding Old Thunder.

"That's enough, señor," the old man said. "The major will hold me responsible if you get hurt."

McKay said, "I came out here to ride that brute. I'm a stubborn man, Ramon.

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Just hang onto him long enough to let me get squared away topside ——"

"But ——"

McKay drew a deep breath and looked directly at the older man. "I don't say it as an order, Ramon. I still ask it as a favor. I've got to do this one stupid thing, don't you see? For myself. So that when I'm asked to do other stupid things of more importance, I'll have the good sense to refuse."

The Mexican hesitated and nodded. McKay walked around him, put his foot in the stirrup and reached for the saddle horn for the fourth time. . . . Later, he could never remember how many more times he went through the same motions. It became a kind of grim and deadly and endless rhythm, so that when the end came it caught him by surprise. He found himself sitting peacefully on the back of a sweating horse that was trotting around the corral in a docile fashion. He checked it and dismounted. Ramon came forward to take the reins.

Unaccustomed as I Am

By P. J. Blackwell

The bargain counter draws
a crowd
That's rough, unmannerly
and loud,
That grudgingly yields less
than inches
And bites and scratches in
the clinches,
Adept with shoulder, elbow,
knee,
And tough on gentle-
mannered me,
Compelled to grin and bear
the brunt of it
When clawing through it to
the front of it.

McKay found it difficult to walk straight to the pump in the yard. He concentrated on the tin dipper. first rinsing it out, then filling it with water and drinking deeply. He felt dazed and shaken and very dirty, and he had no particular sense of satisfaction. *Well,* he thought wryly, *that's over*. He pulled off the remains of the borrowed shirt, soaked the cloth with water and began to clean himself.

"I owe you a shirt," he said as Ramon came up. He glanced down at himself. "A pair of pants, too, I guess."

"It is of no importance," the Mexican said. "You are a very stubborn man, Señor McKay. Here, let me assist you."

He worked the pump while McKay washed. The cold water was refreshing, and the distance from the pump to the barn was easier to negotiate than the distance from the corral to the pump had been. Dressed in his own clothes again, McKay returned to where the old man was hanging up the saddle.

"This is just between us," he said.

Ramon looked around. "The señorita would like to know," he said. "She would be pleased."

McKay said, "The señorita is presumably not marrying me for my horsemanship. And I didn't do it to impress the señorita or anybody else. In fact, right now I couldn't tell you exactly why I did it. Which is all the more reason for keeping it quiet."

"Very well, señor."

"And now, if I can trouble you for one more favor," McKay said, "will you throw that saddle on a horse that doesn't object to me quite so vigorously, and get me a blanket, a little food and a bottle of water, and draw me an approximate map of this country."

"You're going for a ride, Señor McKay? I'll guide you."

"I'm going for a ride alone," McKay said. "Don't think I don't appreciate the offer, though. And please restrain my host from turning the country upside down looking for me if I'm not back by this evening. I've found my way home across some fairly large oceans; with a little luck, I think I can manage to survive Texas too."

He awoke with the sun on his face and, after a little, sat up cautiously. The movement was just as painful as he had expected it to be after the bruising experiences of the past two days. He yawned and sat cross-legged on the blanket, looking around at the wide landscape sloping down toward the river to the east.

He looked for his horse, a small stocky beast colored somewhere between black and brown. It was grazing peacefully where he had left it, picketed a little below him. McKay drew on his boots, gritting his teeth as various abused muscles protested the effort, and walked down to the animal. Walking was no fun, but he decided that he had suffered no permanent damage. He patted the horse and spoke to it, which was, he admitted to himself, an advantage of having one around. He walked down to the river and washed his face and ran a comb through his hair. Now that some of the soreness was working out of him, he was aware of a sense of satisfaction; this reminded him of a singlehanded cruise he had taken down Chesapeake Bay once, as a boy. Somehow the things you accomplished alone always had a little more value than the things you accomplished with the help and companionship of other men.

Returning to the saddle and blanket up the slope, he sat down to eat the food that Ramon had supplied. He had been too tired and bruised to eat the night before; upon reaching this spot—far enough from the ranch so that they should have trouble finding him in the dark if they came looking—he had simply taken care of the horse according to the instructions given him by Ramon, and rolled up in the blanket and gone to sleep before the sun had fully set. This had been one of his reasons for riding away: to give himself a night alone out here; you might say, to get fully acquainted with himself in these unfamiliar surroundings.

Now he ate hungrily of the starchy and highly seasoned foods the Mexican had packed into the saddlebags. He drank sparingly out of the bottle, not knowing how long it would be before he found clear water again. He rose and went down to the horse, watered it, brought it back up the hill and saddled it, and fastened the blanket and saddlebags in place.

Before mounting, he stood for a while looking carefully around; then he took a piece of paper from his shirt pocket and studied the map he had drawn with Ramon's assistance. The main co-ordinates to keep in mind, he reflected, were the river, running approximately north and south, and the stage road, running approximately east and west. As long as you remembered in which of the four quadrants you were located, you could hardly get lost. He took out a small pocket compass attached to his belt by a lanyard, opened the case, and, after orienting the chart according to the

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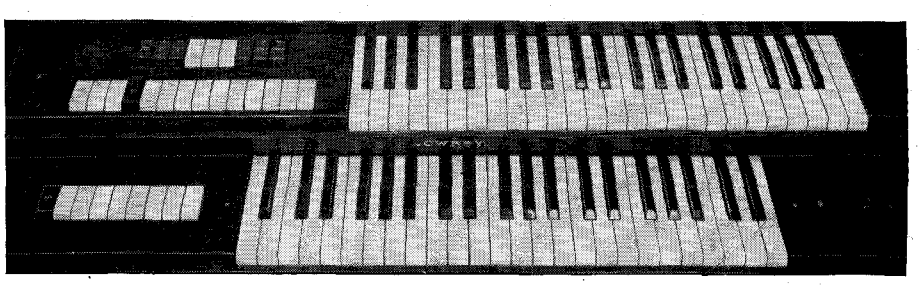
...YOUR KEYS TO THE WORLD OF MUSIC



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magnetic needle, fixed upon a suitable landmark in the direction he wanted to go. He mounted and rode off in that direction.

It was nearly noon when he reached the spot. He turned east along the road, and soon found the river again, where he let the horse drink and finished the water in the bottle. He refilled the bottle with river water; if an emergency should dictate its use, a little sediment wouldn't matter. He had now completed half the circuit he had set himself; it remained only to see what he had come here to see and return up the east bank of the river to the ranch.

He forded the stream, therefore—shallow and fairly wide at this point—and continued eastward for about a mile, here taking an old road, apparently little used of late, that led northward. Half an hour of riding brought him over a rise into a green valley where the road went through a gate, open, into which was burned a cabalistic symbol resembling a Greek letter reversed. He produced his map, checked his position, and decided that he was looking at the Maragon Lazy M brand.

He looked around. This, then, was the valley of Big Muddy Creek, desired by both Major Terrill and Rufus Hannesey. It seemed like a desirable place, at that, and deserving of a prettier name. He let the horse carry him forward into the shade of the big cottonwoods; they splashed through the creek and came out of the bottom into the yard of the ranch house itself—a plain, low, log building surrounded by trees. There was a pump at one side of the house. McKay rode up to this, dismounted, emptied the river water out of his bottle and replaced it with water from the well. Then he realized abruptly that the pump had not required priming, as would have been expected at a deserted house; in fact, the spout had been wet. He started to look around, but a single small sound that he recognized made him stand perfectly still. Even a man relatively unfamiliar with firearms had, he discovered, no trouble at all in identifying the sound of a rifle being cocked.

A voice said grimly, "Just hold it right there, pilgrim. . . . Why, it's Mr. McKay!"

He turned slowly around to face Julie Maragon, who was standing by the corner of the house with a gun in her hands. She was wearing a brown riding skirt of durable material, not new, and a crisp white waist similar to the one she had worn the previous day. Her head was bare, and her dark hair was as uncompromisingly arranged as before; he noted, however, that the sunlight seemed to draw reddish glints from it. The sunlight also made her freckles more prominent.

"What in heaven's name," she asked, lowering her weapon, "are you doing here?"

"I apologize for trespassing," he said. "I wanted a look at this place, after all I'd heard about it; besides, it seemed likely there'd be a well. I'm afraid I'm not man enough to drink your river water unless I have to."

She studied him briefly and looked in the direction he had come, puzzled. "Where's Pat? You're surely not riding around all alone."

He grinned. "Miss Maragon, if you tell me this is a big country, I'm going to be disappointed in you."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't think I've talked to a person yet who hasn't told me what a big country it is."

She laughed. "I guess we do use the phrase pretty often. But it is a big country; and I don't know what in the world Pat's thinking of, letting you wander around by yourself. People have got lost out here, you know."

"Barring accident, I don't quite see how," McKay said. "You're either east or west of the river and north or south of the road. I figured with a compass I was safe enough."

Julie laughed again. "Well, at least you seem to have a logical approach to the problem. You found your way here all by yourself, then?" She looked down, and busied herself briefly with lowering the hammer of her weapon to half-cock. "Is—anything wrong, Mr. McKay? Not that it's any of my business. But I was afraid when I heard ——" She hesitated.

"Heard what?"

"Buck Hannesey paid me a visit in town last night. He told me about—about your meeting."

McKay laughed and rubbed the diminishing lump at the back of his head. "Your Mr. Hannesey doesn't seem to take to strangers."

She glanced at him curiously. "You don't seem very angry about it."

McKay said, "He didn't mean it personally; why should I take it personally? People like Hannesey are merely one of the hazards of being a greenhorn anywhere. I've seen them on shipboard, too, making life miserable for the landlubbers. Of course, if I'd known everybody was going to take the matter so damn seriously, I might have ——" He checked himself. "Excuse me. I didn't mean to swear."

Julie smiled. "Well, you've answered my question. I thought, when I heard about your experience, that you might find Pat and the major a little critical of your peaceful role. I'd say you had a fight with Pat and are riding around by yourself to cool off. Am I right?"

"Largely," McKay said. "Although there are a few other factors involved."

"Such as Steve Leech?"

McKay said mildly, "Did anybody ever tell you that you're a very inquisitive young lady, Miss Maragon?"

Her head came up sharply and color flooded her face. She stared at him angrily for a long moment. Abruptly she laughed. "I deserved that. I'm sorry; I didn't mean to pry, but your being here by yourself did arouse my curiosity. Have you had anything to eat? I seem to be forever offering you food, Mr. McKay."

He said, "I had breakfast and I've got some grub left that I was saving in case I shouldn't make it back to the ranch tonight, but a little lunch would taste very good."

The kitchen of the house was a low, dark room. When he came in, the girl turned from the stove and came over to fill the cups with coffee.

"You may be able to find your way around without getting lost, Mr. McKay," she said, "but you don't keep your eyes open very well. You should have known I was here. My horse had left fresh tracks in the road and there was even smoke coming from the chimney. It doesn't pay to overlook signs like that, in this part of the world."

He assisted her with her chair and sat down facing her. "I'd be the last to deny that I have a lot to learn," he said.

She had been watching him curiously as he eased himself into his chair. Now she said, "You move as if you'd taken a real beating. I didn't realize Buck was quite that rough on you." She laughed quickly. "I'm getting personal again, am I not?"

McKay said, "Well, in addition to Mr. Hannesey, I had a little trouble with a horse."

Julie said dryly, "From the looks of you, the horse didn't have much trouble with you. . . . They didn't put you on Old Thunder!"

"I think that was the brute's name."

"That sounds like Steve Leech's idea of a joke."

"Mr. Leech contributed to the incident," McKay admitted.

"If I were you," she said, "I'd keep a real sharp eye on that man. Most cowboys would figure that being foreman of a big spread like Ladder put them just about as high as they could go in their profession, but I wouldn't be surprised if Steve had set his sights even higher. And he is a rather impressive figure of a man, if you like that arrogant type. He's also, I understand, a strong fighter and very fast with a gun. The whole country is laying bets on what will happen when he and Buck Hannesey meet, as seems bound to happen. Buck's supposed to be pretty good himself." Julie drew a long breath. "I suppose that proves how uncivilized we are—people betting which one of two men will kill the other."

She watched him rise, having finished, and rose to join him. They walked to the door together.

"I'm glad you came by," she said. "It's lonely here without Gramps. I—I just don't like to let the place go completely to pieces, and there's no school to keep me busy this time of year, so I come out and do a little work on it every so often."

He stood in the doorway, looking at the great cottonwoods that bordered the stream. "It's a pleasant place," he said. After a moment, he said in a casual voice, "I wonder if you'd mind showing me around a little."

She glanced at him quickly. "Why, I wouldn't mind at all; I'd like it. But it's well past noon; you'll be late getting back to Ladder."

"I'll take the chance," he said. "Do we walk or ride?"

She laughed at this. "Mr. McKay, any Texas ranch you can see on foot just isn't worth looking at." . . .

Half an hour later, they had climbed the trail behind the ranch house and stopped on a promontory from which the whole valley could be seen below.

"Of course, Gramps controlled the range for miles around," Julie said. "It would take two days for me to show you the boundaries."

McKay nodded. He urged his horse forward and rode to the edge of the bluff and sat looking down thoughtfully. At last he turned back. "Well, I'll see you back to the house, Miss Maragon; then I'd better be on my way."

He did not speak on the way down. In the yard, he dismounted and helped the girl from her side saddle, becoming, as he did so, suddenly conscious of the strength and warmth of her small, compact figure.

He stepped back, and they stood facing each other a little awkwardly; and she said, too quickly, "That's a good little horse you're riding, Mr. McKay."

"Yes, an old fellow named Gutierrez picked him out for me; left to myself, I wouldn't have done nearly so well."

She was stripping off her buckskin gauntlets. "Ramon Gutierrez? Why, he used to be one of Gramps' best men. I didn't know he was working for Ladder now; I'll have to ride up and see him."

McKay said, "This is a lovely place, Miss Maragon. Would you sell it to me?"

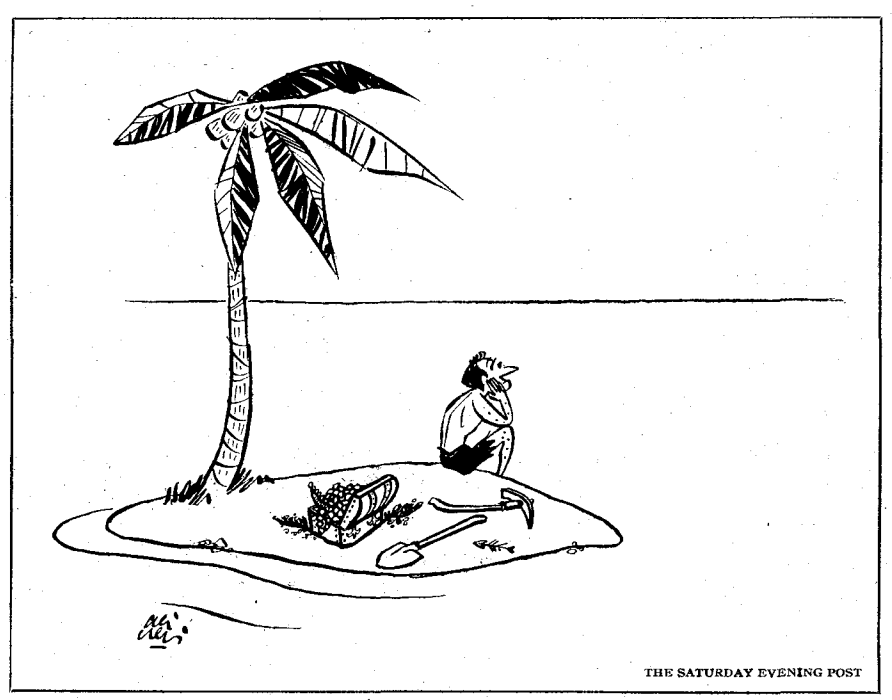
It was well past six o'clock, and McKay judged that he had a little less than five miles left to go, when he smelled the smoke. He turned the horse and rode slowly into the wind to investigate. This was the direction of the river. Presently he heard the sound of men's voices from around a bend ahead. It seemed inadvisable to ride up on them without first learning their identity. He dismounted, therefore, and made his way forward on foot, leading the horse; at the bend he stopped, finding himself almost on top of the fire. It was in a little bushy hollow; a coffeepot was set on the coals, and five men squatted or lay around it. One rose as McKay watched. He recognized the tall, lean figure of Steve Leech.

Leech reset his big hat more firmly on his head. "Well, we can't sit here all day," he said. "We've got time to take one more crack at it before dark; we'll make a swing to the east this time. The damn dude ain't down along the river, that's for sure. Not on this side. We've seen every cow, calf and jack rabbit. . . . What's that?"

Behind McKay, the brown horse had tossed its head at an annoying fly. Steve Leech whirled catlike and his hand moved in what seemed like a conjuring trick; suddenly there was a revolver in it.

"Take it easy," McKay said, stepping forward. "Don't shoot. I'll come peacefully." He walked down to them, leading the horse. "I guess I wouldn't make a very good scout," he said. "If that's coffee, I wouldn't mind having a little."

The men made varying sounds of recognition, none very friendly. Leech stared at McKay for a moment, then rammed his gun back into the holster, turned on (*Continued on Page 86*)



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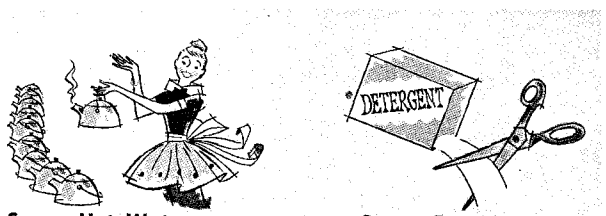
with 3½ gallons of hot water



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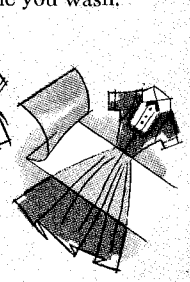

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(*Continued from Page 84*) his heel, walked to the fire and poured a tin cup full of coffee.

"Here you are, Mr. McKay. It's hot; careful you don't burn yourself."

"Thank you," McKay said.

The tall man looked down at him. "We've been looking for you all day, Mr. McKay. The major's across the river trying to follow your tracks, but it's tough trailing with the ground this hard. Miss Terrill sent us down this side on the chance you might have crossed back over; she's mighty upset. It's a damn big country to lose a man in." Before McKay could respond, he had turned away to snap orders. "Shorty, ride over and see if you can catch the major and tell him we've got him. The rest of you light out for the ranch and let Miss Terrill know. I'll bring him along easy, as soon as he's rested up a bit."

McKay grimaced into his coffee cup, but the whole crew was already in motion, and it seemed unnecessary to call them back just to explain that he had not been lost and was not seriously in need of rest.

Steve Leech was rolling a cigarette with deft fingers.

"I hope you don't mind my saying this was a damn-fool stunt you pulled, Mr. McKay," the foreman said presently.

McKay said, "I don't mind in the least, Mr. Leech. I'm fully recovered now, I think. We might as well get under way."

When they reached the ranch, the windows were already yellow with lamplight, although the sky was still bright in the west. There were many people in the yard. McKay recognized Patricia's slender figure and the major's narrow military shape; apparently the other search party had already come in. Steve Leech kicked his mount into a run. It seemed a poor reward for a horse that had worked well all day; McKay followed at an easy trot.

He saw Leech pull up in front of Patricia, saying, "Well, I found him for you, ma'am."

He heard her voice. "Thanks, Steve. I knew you would."

Then she was running forward. McKay checked the brown horse and climbed stiffly to the ground to take her into his arms.

"Oh, darling," she cried, "we've been so worried!"

"I'm sorry," he said. "I had no intention of worrying you, my dear. I specifically told Ramon that I might be gone overnight. Didn't he tell you?"

"Yes, of course, but——" She stepped back and looked at him, startled at the thought that had come to her. "James McKay, are you trying to tell me we've been driving ourselves crazy all day for nothing; that you weren't really——"

The voice of Steve Leech, speaking to the major, reached them suddenly, ". . . found him wandering around on the other side of the ridge, sir. He came stumbling up to our fire on foot, leading the horse. Seemed in pretty poor shape; I let him rest awhile before I brought him in."

McKay had glanced toward the two men; when he looked back at Patricia, he found that she had taken another step back to scrutinize him carefully; and he realized that, dusty and unshaved, with his face reddened and his lips cracked from the unaccustomed exposure to the sun, he probably did look like a man who had been rescued from a grim death on the desert. Their eyes met, and he saw the tormented uncertainty in hers as she tried to decide what to believe. Then she turned and walked quickly away from him.

After a moment, he climbed into the saddle again and rode around the house to the corrals. A figure in a big straw hat came from the barn as he dismounted.

"I will take care of him, señor."

"Thanks, Ramon. That's a good horse."

The old man slapped the animal's flank. "You have not worked him hard."

"I wasn't in any condition for hard riding."

"You had no trouble, señor?"

McKay shrugged. "Not until I was rescued by the White Knight of Texas. Couldn't you keep them from going after me?"

"I tried, señor. I told them how I had given you much food; how you had said you might not be back yesterday; but Señor Leech——"

"Uh-huh," McKay said.

"I'm very sorry, Señor McKay."

"My fault," McKay said. "Don't worry about it. How's my friend Thunder?"

"As good as new. Do you wish me to put a saddle on him?" The old Mexican grinned.

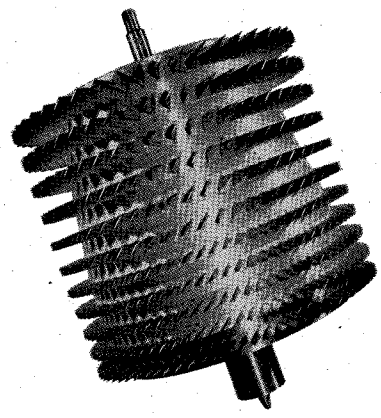
McKay shuddered. "Once is enough, Ramon. But take care of this one; he's a good one."

Ramon said, "I know, señor. He is mine." McKay glanced at him sharply, and the old man laughed. "You would not permit me to accompany you, so I send my pony to take care of you. Now you had better turn around. You have big trouble coming this way. Remember, señor, a man who is good with a gun never really likes to fight with his hands because it might spoil them for the fast draw." His voice was low and gentle. "Turn around now, señor."

TO BE CONTINUED

Can you name these Thompson products that make life safer, easier, happier?

"People-Protectors"



You could call Thompson's rotor compressor assemblies just that. They withstand high heat while their blades rotate at 10,000 rpm in the engines of jet aircraft. There isn't a single military or commercial American plane that hasn't precision-made Thompson parts! These dependable Thompson parts have contributed to better aircraft performance and safety for you.

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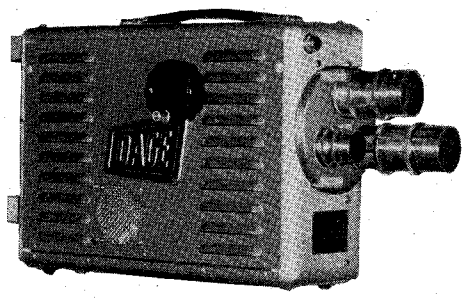
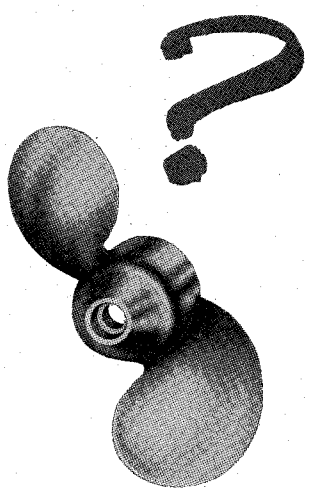


That's just *one* important job a Thompson-Dage closed-circuit TV camera is doing for industry and business today. This ever-alert "private eye" spots trouble instantly on TV monitor screens. Dage closed-circuit TV is also used to nab shoplifters, protect security areas, check incoming freight cars, stand guard over nurseries and sickrooms . . . its uses are literally endless.

"Fish-Finder"



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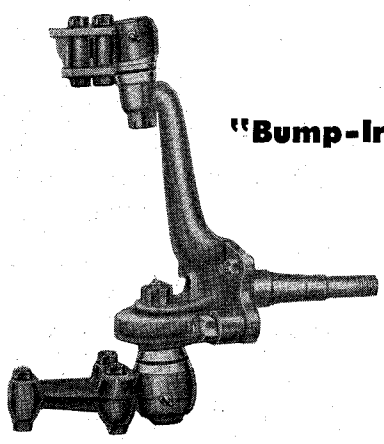

Yes, the Thompson-developed ball joints for front suspension on cars iron out the bumps. They insure easier, smoother and safer driving. This is but one of many noteworthy contributions developed by Thompson engineers for the automotive industry including pistons and piston rings, valves, cylinder sleeves, Sky Ride shock absorbers, water pumps, tie-rod ends and many more.

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We Made the "Impossible" Tour

(Continued from Page 30)

sent me to see his friend, Señor Escobedo, chief of a road-maintenance camp.

Señor Escobedo was a calm, rugged man with a weathered face. La Tortuga's fifteen-foot hull surprised him; he had never seen an amphibious jeep before. I explained our trouble: with the rear differential shot, La Tortuga had power only on her front wheels. Leading me into his shop, he pointed to a dismantled jeep.

"If there is any part of it you can use," he said, "you're welcome to it."

Everything I needed was there. I thanked him, and said that I would order new parts from Lima to reimburse him.

"No," he said, "I'd rather you help someone on the road and consider the debt paid."

With La Tortuga on her second wind, we left Cuzco for Lake Titicaca, an inland sea on the 12,500-foot-high altiplano, where reed boats under reed sails appeared on the horizon. Continuing along the lake shore, we crossed the Bolivian border.

The Bolivian part of the Pan American Highway was a corkscrew trail fit only for mules equipped with oxygen masks. From La Paz on, we were seldom under 12,000 feet. After a week in the rarefied air, Helen and I were stupefied. Only an emergency could stir us to activity. At night the cold knifed through our sleeping bags, and our dog, Dinah, tried to snuggle in with us. We slept fitfully and awakened logy, entombed in a frost-encrusted jeep.

In Argentina we felt better. Fruit trees were blossoming, rows of grape vines were flourishing, and surreys rumbled along dirt paths beside the fine, paved highways. We lingered almost a week, enjoying the rich low-altitude air, before heading westward toward Chile.

At Uspallata, about sixty miles from the Chilean border, we were warned that a late snowfall might be blocking the high mountain pass ahead. As we climbed higher, the road narrowed. At Puente del Inca, fifteen miles from the border, we were encouraged to learn that a truck had passed a few days before. We went up to 9000 feet, where snowdrifts and slides covered the road. Following the tracks of the truck, we detoured down embankments, across shallow streams and past places where the driver had shoveled away snow. The tracks stopped at Las Cuevas, the Argentine border post. No car had crossed into Chile since the previous autumn.

The rustic log-and-stone buildings of the frontier settlement were quiet. While we warmed ourselves at a fireplace, officials told us that snow blocked the road through Christ-of-the-Andes Pass, 2700 feet higher up. It was possible, however, to drive through the International Tunnel. Primarily intended for trains, the two-mile tunnel was also used by automobiles. Beyond it, we were told, the road was all downhill. But there was one hitch: the tunnel wouldn't be open officially to automobiles for another month, and planks had not yet been placed on the ties.

An inspection of the first half mile of the tunnel encouraged us. The ties were flush with the ground; I saw no necessity for planks. Since no train was scheduled that day, we decided to go on.

Inside the tunnel, our headlights showed roaring streams of water in ditches on either side of the rails. After a mile, a sign told us we were in Chile. We slid over patches of ice, and depressions between the ties became more marked. Too late, I understood the need for planks. With a quarter of a mile left to go, we stuck in the ice between two widely spaced ties.

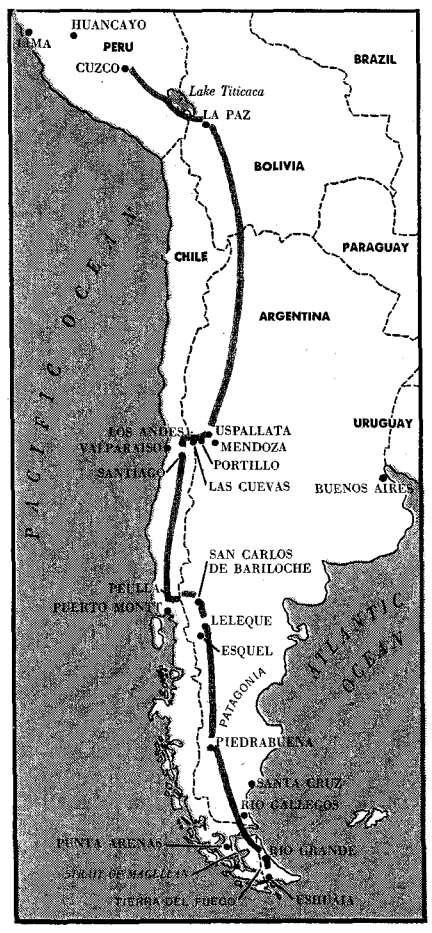
As we rocked free, there was a noise from the transmission. I could guess that a gear tooth had broken off. Just outside the mouth of the tunnel, La Tortuga lurched off the tracks, the gear noise reached a crescendo and the engine thudded to a halt.

Even if the transmission had held together, we couldn't have driven farther. The "downhill" road we had been going to take was covered with piano-sized rocks and five feet of snow. We had to hike through seven freezing miles of tunnels to Portillo, where we made arrangements for a special flatcar. But as we rode in the caboose of the freight train that carried La Tortuga to the Chilean town of Los Andes, forty miles away, we resolved to come back and cross this pass under our own power before shipping home to California.

In the back yard of a Los Andes hotel I was faced with a familiar problem—how to get at the transmission without removing the engine. To begin, I used a hacksaw to enlarge an inspection-plate opening in the floor boards. Working head-down inside the cab, I disconnected drive shafts, propeller shaft, bilge pump and sundry other bottlenecks in the mechanical maze. After two days I jiggled free the transmission. Chips of broken gear teeth had ruined almost every moving part. There were no replacements in Los Andes. Leaving the jeep there, we put a leash on Dinah and boarded a train for Santiago, fifty miles away.

Santiago was a city of late hours, and an appointment in the "afternoon" could mean any time up to seven P.M. The cocktail hour stretched to ten P.M., the dinner, until twelve or after; with dancing and more cocktails, the parties broke up after breakfast. During the day—what was left of it after these nightly sorties—we tracked down all the parts needed for the jeep. Then we returned to Los Andes to make repairs.

When I had installed the new transmission parts, La Tortuga sounded like her normal thrashing-machine self. Still, we babied her along. To complete our journey from Circle, Alaska, to Ushuaia, the world's southernmost town, we had 2000 more miles to go—2000 miles of rough dirt roads broken by lakes and the Strait of Magellan.



The final 5000 miles: From the ancient Inca stronghold of Cuzco, Peru, the route lay south to Ushuaia, at the end of the long Andean chain.

Some 800 miles south of Santiago the road in Chile ended at Puerto Montt, a fishing village settled by German immigrants. Near here we became amphibious again, sliding into a large lake with our propeller engaged. La Tortuga chugged along at three knots, and after six hours we pulled out near Peulla, where we went through Chilean customs. On the Argentine side, we motored across two more lakes, Laguna Frias and Nahuel Huapi.

The last lake was a thirty-mile corridor to the road leading south through Patagonia. We came ashore near San Carlos de Bariloche, Argentina's favorite mountain and ski resort, where we spent two days servicing the jeep. Continuing south, we made an early start on a road that wound through forests of oak and pine, descending slowly. By midafternoon we were rolling over the bleak grasslands of Patagonia, with rain turning to sleet on the windshield.

Over the scream of the wind I was conscious of an increase in the gear whine from beneath the floor boards. The power fell off and a curl of smoke rose from the floor boards. I pulled to the side of the road. When I found the trouble, I was stunned. This time it was the transfer case, located just behind the transmission. We were stuck; Esquel, the nearest town, was sixty miles to the south.

I've been cold in Alaska, but never so cold as we were that night—and it was almost midsummer in Patagonia. Huddling in the jeep, we tried to warm the cab by running the engine, but the starter jammed. I thought coffee might help, but the wind blew out our windproof stove. In twenty hours not a soul passed by. Late the next afternoon a small truck came along. When I told him what had happened, he spoke of an *estancia* a few miles down the road.

"I'll tow you there. Just ask for Señor Pienay."

In the office of the *estancia* a gentleman with reddish-brown hair and a neat mustache looked up from behind his desk. In my best Spanish I asked to speak to Señor "Pie-nay."

He smiled, and replied in English with an Anglo-Irish accent. "You mean Mr. Paine, the manager. He's not here right now. I'm Pat Wilson, the accountant. Won't you come in and have a spot of tea?"

A sign on the wall read: ARGENTINE SOUTHERN LAND COMPANY, LIMITED. We were on Estancia Leleque, one of the huge British sheep farms that spread over all of Patagonia. The place was a miniature United Kingdom, with representatives from Ireland, Wales, Australia and the Channel Islands of England. A roaring fire and hot tea soon had us warm again, and we discussed the problem of getting jeep parts. Mr. Wilson offered us the guest room. Later on, I met Mr. Paine, a jaunty Englishman in polished boots and riding pants.

"There is a small town nearby, Esquel, but I don't expect you'll find parts there," he said. "They'll probably have to be ordered from Buenos Aires. You may have quite a wait. Why don't you plan on spending the holidays here with us?"

For a moment I couldn't think what holidays he meant. Then I remembered. It was a week before Christmas, 1955.

The next morning I went to work on the jeep. I was relieved to see that all I needed were two bronze thrust washers, a shaft and a couple of bearings. I took a bus to Esquel and scoured all the garages in the little town, with no result. Packing the worn parts with a note requesting fast service, I shipped them by air to Buenos Aires, and returned to Estancia Leleque.

Our room in the staff house was a cheerful one with bright Araucano Indian rugs on the floor, and soft beds with warm guanaco fur covers. But we didn't spend much time there. More often we were by the fire in the sitting room, learning about *estancia* life, or, when the rain stopped, outdoors playing tennis. The red-brick home of Mr. and Mrs. Paine, with its spacious gardens and flowered walks, looked as if it had been transplanted from an English countryside. After twenty-seven years in Argentina, the Paines still served afternoon tea every day, with hot scones, marmalade and tea cakes.

Each day we looked for the jeep parts to arrive; each day the bus from Esquel passed without leaving a package. And then it was Christmas. It was summer in Patagonia, but there was fresh snow on the foothills of the Andes to the west. Christmas Eve, along with the staff, we paraded to the kitchen, where we toasted to the cook with apple champagne before sitting down to the feast she had prepared. It was a gay evening, with Argentine meat pies, English plum pudding and two stuffed turkeys.

New Year's came. It was January 1, 1956, just one year to the day since we had left California—a year and a half since we'd left Circle, Alaska. There was another turkey, more apple champagne, and Auld Lang Syne in Spanish. Then, like a late Christmas package, the jeep parts arrived. These made-in-Argentina replacements looked fine, but after testing their hardness with a file, it was with misgivings that I reassembled La Tortuga.

We had been at Estancia Leleque almost three weeks when we said good-by and headed south once again. The sea of land that was Patagonia stretched endlessly, its sparse shrubbery only a few inches high, shorn by the devastating wind. Plovers, flamingos and orange-necked ibises flapped in the wind. Drab brown ostriches made their ungainly way through the brush. Wild guanacos gazed curiously as we passed, then leaped away like antelope. We saw few cars, and when we did, it was like passing a ship in midocean.

For four days we continued almost due south. The rain that had been falling intermittently for so many weeks became a steady downpour, and the dirt road ran with rivulets. Toward afternoon of the fourth day the road forked. The right branch, hugging the foothills of the Andes, was the most direct route to the Strait of Magellan—and the most deserted. Pointing to the left, the coastal route, a sign listed the more important cities in Southern Patagonia, hundreds of miles apart. We turned left on a hunch. Three days later, one week and 800 miles south of Leleque, the transfer case went out again on the outskirts of Piedrabuena, a one-street town.

We found a garage. The owner-mechanic, Señor Cardenas, cleared a place for La Tortuga among Model T's and decrepit trucks, and offered all of his facilities for her repair. We carried our suitcases to a single-story building that bore a sign, HOTEL. The proprietor led us through a dimly lit hall.

"You may have our best room," he said.

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Rain was dripping from the ceiling onto the bed. Dinah put her foot through the linoleum where it covered a hole in the floor.

Glad to get out of the place, we went back to the garage and began the dissection. By evening the transfer case was out. It took more than an hour to clean out the pieces of what had once been two bearings, a shaft and two thrust washers—exactly the same parts I had replaced at Leleque. I asked Señor Cardenas where I might find parts.

"*Muy difícil*," he shrugged. "Possibly in Rio Gallegos or, if not there, in Punta Arenas on the Chilean side."

The next morning I left Helen moldering in the hotel kitchen, the only warm spot in the place, while I caught the bus to Santa Cruz. From there a plane would take me to Rio Gallegos, a hundred miles to the south. Helen gave me a wan smile when I told her not to expect me for a week.

Rio Gallegos was a city of clean, paved streets and good hotels. At the second shop I visited they had the bearings. I had to settle for a shaft and thrust washers that weren't quite right, but I thought they could be made to fit.

Señor Cardenas and I spent the next two days honing, grinding and cutting the odd pieces. With pieces of tin can we made the thrust washers thicker, and with emery powder and elbow grease we made the shaft thinner. In a week we had La Tortuga ready.

From Piedrabuena we drove 250 miles south to the Strait of Magellan. Standing on a shingle beach at the narrowest part of the strait, Helen and I stared across the three miles of water that separated us from Tierra del Fuego. The sun was warm and bright, and the stormy strait didn't seem stormy at all.

Yet we hesitated. The wind could return without warning, changing the calm water to a maelstrom in minutes, and eddies a few hundred yards offshore warned of a fast current. According to the chart, it ran as fast as six knots. If the engine failed, we would be carried down beyond the beach to an area lined with cliffs.

Pointing La Tortuga upstream, we stayed in the slack water close to shore for several hundred yards. Then, sighting on a point across the strait four miles above our intended landfall, we headed at a forty-five-degree angle across the current. Our plan was to hold that course until mid-channel, where we would come about and use the current to aid us in making the beach.

La Tortuga swung downstream and I countered with left rudder. After a few minutes in the fast current, a sharp jolt rocked the jeep. A bombardment of jolts followed, and from under the jeep streaked a school of porpoises. We were so intent on these aquatic clowns that we were in mid-channel before we realized that we had pivoted downstream. Still worse, we were almost opposite the cliffs, far below the beach where we were to come ashore. I tried to conceal my alarm. *This current must be more than six knots,* I thought. I floored the throttle and headed directly across.

About twenty feet from the high, furrowed cliffs of Tierra del Fuego I headed upstream. La Tortuga began to creep along the shore, shuddering under full power. It was several miles to the end of the cliffs, and La Tortuga made headway with agonizing slowness. When we came ashore at last, I looked at my watch; the crossing had taken three hours.

High and dry on the beach where we landed, left there by a thirty-foot tide, was a battered LCT belonging to an oil company. Several men were standing nearby. One in particular seemed perplexed.

"What made you think you could cross the strait in that thing? Don't you know there's a ten-knot current?"

I swallowed. "I thought it was six."

"Six average, but where you crossed, the First Narrows, it runs ten. Where're you going anyway?"

Still shaken, I mumbled, "Ushuaia," and explained that we had come all the way from Alaska.

His face softened. "The road isn't finished. But when you've gone as far as you can, come back here. We'll take you back across the strait in a barge."

Through the courtesy of the oil refinery we serviced the jeep in their maintenance shop, and continued south over rolling, barren plains. In Rio Gallegos we had been told that the 335 miles of "completed road" through Tierra del Fuego was just Perón propaganda, that twenty-five miles of it was nothing more than a horse trail, that no car could cross the tail end of the Andes to Ushuaia. But we pushed on anyway.

At the bottom of the world: Ushuaia—end of the Schreiders' 18-month, 20,000-mile trip from the Arctic Circle to the southernmost town on the globe.

On our way to the First Narrows we had crossed into Chile, but once on the island, we had to enter Argentina again. From the Chilean customs house we followed a muddy trail that soon disappeared entirely in a mushy meadow. We promptly bogged down. In a few minutes a jeep came through and towed us out. When we thanked the driver, he said it was his job. "Everyone gets stuck here. But it's better ahead, except for a bridge on the Argentine side. It washed out in the last rain."

At the first Argentine police station we asked about the bridge. It wouldn't be repaired for a month. How about the road beyond it? Good to Lake Fagnano, seventy miles this side of Ushuaia, but past the lake there was a twelve-mile stretch of horse trail, impassable for cars. We were encouraged. A twelve-mile gap was better than the twenty-five-mile gap we had been told to expect.

We didn't worry about getting across the bridgeless river until we saw it. A concrete span had fallen, opening a gap in a road built on a high fill. On the other side, a truck headed our way stood marooned. Between the bridge abutments there was no river we could navigate; it was just a swampy lowland. The only link between the road ends was a flooded ditch that looked just deep enough to float La Tortuga.

The truck driver on the far side looked on as we slid down the embankment. With wheels churning and propeller spinning, we moved forward slowly—and got stuck fifty feet from the truck. The water here was too shallow to float us and too deep for the wheels to get traction. Our friend, the truck driver, tossed us a cable, put his truck in reverse and hauled us up the road embankment on his side.

From here on, we had good road to Rio Grande, about halfway across Tierra del Fuego, where we heard encouraging news: the road crew had widened all but eight miles of the trail. We hurried on. The rolling plains steepened into ridges and valleys, the shrubs gave way to trees. And then, as we crested a rise, we saw the Andes, running east and west, majestic to the end. On the other side of the range lay Ushuaia.

The jeep jolted over corduroy fills and slipped through mudholes. It was raining heavily as we started climbing. Just before dusk we reached the last road camp on the north side of the range. Several men strolled from a log house. One of them said, "This is as far as you can go."

But we could still see a stretch of road ahead. As we drove on, a man called after us, "You'll never get up that first rise."

About a mile farther on, the road spiraled upward with appalling steepness. It was still raining, and the footing was slippery. Disembarking Helen and Dinah, I engaged the lowest gear and four-wheel drive, and advanced the throttle gently, to avoid spinning the wheels. The jeep moved forward. I fed a little more gas. The wheels spun and the jeep slid backward. With Helen ready to push a rock under the wheels, I tried again, keeping a light foot on the throttle. La Tortuga inched painfully up the slope. Past the steepest place, I congratulated myself on such skillful driving, and looked around for Helen. A breathless figure staggered from behind the jeep. She had been pushing all the way.

By now it was getting dark. We made camp while a howling wind from the antarctic brought clouds of snow that soon coated the bow of the jeep. The weather had cleared somewhat in the morning, but the sky was still overcast. Leaving Helen in the jeep, I walked ahead to where a road crew was working. The foreman told me that the eight-mile gap had now been reduced to three miles.

I studied the trail for more than an hour. Barely six feet wide in places, it was spattered with chunks of blasted rock. Just twenty-five miles beyond this three-mile barrier was Ushuaia. I asked permission to try. To my surprise, the foreman was enthusiastic.

"Permission?" he said. "Why, we'll help you. It would be a thrill for us to see the first tourist reach Ushuaia by car."

Now began the roughest overland travel of the trip. It took all of the twelve-man road crew to keep us going. They put down logs and filled in holes. They pushed while we winched through foot-deep mud. Once the jeep pointed her bow straight up and came crashing down on a huge boulder. The men shoved her off. I crawled out to look at the damage—a broken spring, a shattered rear window and a giant dent in the hull.

It went like that for the next two hours. Sometimes mud was over the wheels, sometimes the wheels were hanging over a trembling log bridge, sometimes the jeep's hull bottomed on sharp rocks. And then the men surrounded the jeep. Grinning with satisfaction, they said, "You're past the last bad spot."

Dazed, we drove those last twenty-five miles. We could scarcely believe that the uncertainty was over until we saw the harbor sheltering several small ships, and, at the foot of the snow-capped Andes, the red tin roofs of Ushuaia.

It was the afternoon of January 23, 1956, when we first drove through the graveled streets of the world's southernmost town. A station wagon pulled alongside La Tortuga, and a white-gloved Argentine naval officer leaned out the window. Addressing us in English, he asked where we had come from, and invited us to join him the following evening for dinner. Capt. Lopez de Bertodano was commandant of the naval base which was Ushuaia's *raison d'être*.

The next evening at dinner the commandant invited us to be guests of the Argentine Navy on a cruise to Buenos Aires aboard the steamer Les Eclaireurs, due at Ushuaia in a week.

When the ship docked, the men from the road commission came to see us off, each one giving us a vigorous *embrazo*. Les Eclaireurs carried forty passengers. To make both ends meet, the Argentine Navy had been forced to become in part a merchant fleet. Les Eclaireurs was a new ship with first-class accommodations, and the passenger list included a host of Argentine lovelies on vacation from their jobs in Buenos Aires. Since a score of midshipmen in training were also aboard, Helen and I looked forward to learning all the dances—mambo, tango, rumba, samba, and maybe even the cha-cha-cha. But what was the craze? Dixieland!

Buenos Aires was a busy metropolis. From here the 985 paved miles across Argentina from Buenos Aires to the Chilean border took more than a week. We drove slowly, trying to save La Tortuga for a last climb that would make good the miles covered by flatcar over the pass to Chile. Between Mendoza and the border the second gear sheared a tooth. We kept going, in low gear, climbing to Las Cuevas at the frontier. Seven miles farther and 2700 feet higher stood the statue of the Christ of Andes.

From here it was all downhill to Valparaíso, and the steamer that would take us home to California. Behind us was a year and a half of travel, more than 20,000 miles, backed by nine years of striving.

And Dinah? Well, she was her usual blasé self, unaware of her dubious contribution to the confusion of archaeological knowledge. Someday, high in the Andes, scientists may discover a corroded metal tag. They will treat it with chemicals, polish it and read:

"My name is Dinah. I live in Anchorage, Alaska."

Editors' Note—This is the last of five articles by Mr. Schreider.

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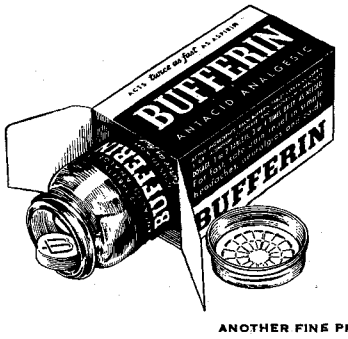

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

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How the Israelis Blitzed Nasser's Army

(Continued from Page 29)

holy place—was a signal success. Within ninety-six hours the Israelis, fighting over Biblical and Roman roads, had raced within sight of the strategic canal, attaining most of their tactical objectives. By the end of the week they had taken 5000 prisoners and turned twice that number loose and barefoot on the roads back to Cairo. Egyptian tanks were up in flames or on the run. The only Egyptian warship to venture into enemy waters had been captured after a slapstick chase off the coast near Haifa. Only in the air did the Egyptians hand out more punishment than they got. They had air superiority.

Politically, Israel's triumph culminated in sheer frustration, or so it seemed at first. A Jerusalem newspaper published a cartoon of Nasser, Dag Hammarskjold, Eisenhower and Bulganin blowing out the candles on a little boy's birthday cake. The candles were tagged "Tiran, Gaza, Rafah"—battles won in the desert. However, the blitz, if it accomplished nothing else, dispelled a few vintage myths, notably that of Nasser's military genius. The Egyptian Army's halfhearted stand under fire, plus its failure to maneuver and reluctance to counterattack, left an indelible mark on the impressionable, power-conscious Middle East.

Israeli strength and Egyptian weakness clashed on the Sinai Peninsula, the wilderness of Moses' wanderings, a harsh, dust-choked and wind-flattened wasteland. The north is desert. The south is a chaos of forbidding granite peaks, including Gebel Musa, 7400 feet high—Mount Sinai of the Old Testament, according to some historians, but historians have never agreed on the exact location of Mount Sinai.

Several years back, a group of ex-Afrika Korps officers toured the Sinai Peninsula, studying its military advantages and shortcomings. They informed Cairo GHQ that a range of high mountains in the center, forming a natural redoubt, offered the best possibilities of defense. The Germans' advice was summarily rejected by Nasser, who ordered the sandy, indefensible plains facing the frontier fortified at once. Then, in 1955, he moved an armored brigade into the Abu-Ageila-Kuseima triangle, a demilitarized zone supposedly restricted to patrol activity, and sent three brigades of armor and infantry into the Gaza Strip, "the thorn in Israel's side." That was the situation on October twenty-ninth, when the Israelis launched what they termed "something bigger than a reprisal, smaller than a war."

To understand what the Israelis give as their reason for striking, one has to go back to October twenty-seventh, the day of Radio Cairo's threatening broadcast. On that day the military chiefs of Jordan and Syria agreed to put their troops under Egyptian command. The Israeli General Staff had already warned Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion that in such an eventuality the army could no longer guarantee the country's defense unless, possessing the advantage of surprise, it attacked first. Between survival and suicide, so went the army's reasoning, the country had to choose—quickly.

There were other grievances, according to sources here, including long-standing Egyptian interference with Israeli shipping. Eighteen months earlier, Nasser's forces had occupied two Red Sea islands, Tiran and Sinafir, at the mouth of the Gulf of Aqaba. They emplaced a half-dozen naval guns on the coast and clamped a tight blockade on ships flying the Star of David.

However, the provocation that tipped the scales in favor of war, in Israeli minds, were the *fedayeen* attacks. Nasser's suicide squads came into being in 1955, organized as a paramilitary force under a certain Col. Mustapha Hafiz. Hafiz's slogan was: "No Jew in Israel will sleep at night." About 1000 raiders, operating from the sanctuary of the Gaza Strip, blew up water mains, ambushed buses and bombed schools. Hafiz died spectacularly—a parcel-post bomb exploded in his office on July 11, 1956. But Hafiz's death did not put an end to the attacks. Two incidents occurred shortly afterward. In a village forty miles north of this capital two farmhands crossing an orange grove at twilight were machine-gunned and their mutilated bodies were found later, the ears taken as proof of mission accomplished. Then in the south a twenty-one-year-old farmer, kidnaped on patrol, was blinded before being killed by his abductors. Israelis concluded that the only way to deal with the menace was to clean out *fedayeen* camps in the Gaza Strip and Sinai. Cairo contended that the atrocities were irresponsible acts by wretched refugees from Palestine, over whom it had no control. The Israelis replied that at the time of Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal and his subsequent troubles with the West, the raids ceased. As soon as the international situation improved, they began again, officials here point out.

The Israelis themselves, heeding the Hebrew admonition of an eye for an eye, aggravated the situation. They launched sanguinary reprisal raids that, in one case, cost the lives of forty-eight Jordanians. And the fanaticism of some Jews fully matched that of the Arabs.

Against this background of mounting terror and tension, the Israeli Army view prevailed in Jerusalem. The time was favorable. It was a month before the rainy season, Russian attention was diverted by the Hungarian revolt, and the United States was getting ready to vote.

Israel swears it went to war expecting to be boycotted, not aided, by Britain—some alarmists even feared a blockade by the British Navy. The government rated Operation Kadesh a calculated risk, for which it could expect no outside support or sympathy, except from the French, whose North African position was weakened by Nasser. During the summer France sold Mystère jets and light, maneuverable AMX-13 tanks to Israel. There is reason to believe the French ambassador in Tel Aviv knew of the coming attack.

The official Israeli version describes what ensued as "coincidence of interest." But today many an Israeli argues that Franco-British entry into the conflict proved more a hindrance than a help. "Without any so-called collusion we could have whipped the Egyptians, brought them to terms and made peace," one Jerusalem diplomat recently stated.

The two armies that clashed had nothing in common. The five brigades Israel put into the field consisted of reservists mobilized at the last moment. Some battalions were assembled, armed, briefed and sent into action in seventy-two hours, with weird results—like the Tel Aviv housewife drafted into a signal-corps company under a tough, tommy-gun-toting officer who turned out to be her usually mild-mannered grocer.

A rag, tag, and bobtail assortment of hotel buses, garbage trucks, delivery vans and butcher wagons hauled ammunition and medicine, food and blankets to the front. With the conveyances, more often than not, went their drivers. "I had an old German Opel-Blitz truck with which I delivered chocolate and candies, biscuits, noodles, ice-cream powder and some other things to stands and small shops on Mount Carmel and the Haifa suburbs," a forty-seven-year-old Polish Jew told the Jerusalem Post, describing how he accidentally went to war. "On October twenty-fifth I ate a warm supper and went to bed, but had not been asleep more than three hours, when my wife woke me. 'Somebody's breaking down the door,' she whispered.

"I got up and opened the door, blinking in surprise at the young soldier who handed me a love letter from the Reserve Transportation Service. 'Your truck is drafted for emergency service,' the soldier said, 'and I am taking over as a driver.' 'The hell you are,' I told him, 'the truck is just after an overhaul, and it set me back seven hundred dollars, which is seven hundred good reasons why I should drive it myself.' 'O.K.,' the soldier shrugged, 'it's your funeral.'"

No spit-and-polish corps, but a tough little fighting force, the Israeli Army mobilized with sky-high morale, despite serious drawbacks. These included lack of ammunition, lack of tools and spare parts, lack of warm clothes for desert nights, when the temperature drops to thirty-five degrees. It went into battle with no strategic rear where it could deploy and maneuver, aware that Israel had to win the first battle because there was literally no place to retreat and regroup. It was, however, a whipsmart, thoroughly drilled, utterly united force indoctrinated with a sense of speed and surprise.

Against this army the Egyptians were at a disadvantage. They had huge supply dumps in the desert and first-class roads. Soviet heavy arms were beginning to arrive in massive shipments. Fortified positions had been built in depth at great cost. But the Egyptian Army consisted of a medley of underfed *fellaheen*, Sudanese regulars and Palestinian Arabs, many racked by disease. The ordinary foot-slogger felt no special love for his caste-conscious officers. And he was still unfamiliar with the new Russian and Czech weapons.

Israel's target throughout this period was a well-kept secret. To prepare for the worst—a concerted Arab drive from north, east and south—the army took defensive

NEXT WEEK

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measures between October twenty-fifth and twenty-ninth along the length of its 600-mile border. Café crowds here in Tel Aviv expected an attack against Jordan, from which several big *fedayeen* raids had recently been carried out. Characteristically, Nasser pooh-poohed the idea that the call-up was directed against him, though Ben-Gurion had carefully told the Knesset (Parliament) that "Egypt is and will remain the Number One enemy." Maj. Gen. Abdel Hakim Amer, Nasser's commander in chief, flew back to Cairo on October twenty-eighth, less than twenty-four hours before D day.

Dakotas heading westward into the early-setting sun began showering Israeli paratroopers on Egyptian territory at four P.M., October twenty-ninth. The battalion landed without opposition in the desert. The first Tel Aviv communiqué noncommittally placed the action "somewhere between Nakhl and Suez," leaving the Egyptians ample margin for error. Cairo Radio remained silent at first, then mistakenly announced a parachute attack on the western side of the canal.

The Israeli plan consisted of performing the obvious—gaining control of main roads and mastery of the skies. Recently this correspondent talked with officers who organized the seven-day campaign, led it and won it. They insisted that Operation Kadesh, contrary to the prevailing impression, was anything but a walkover. The Egyptians did not give up without a fight, these officers told me: in some cases they fought well. But, badly trained and poorly led, in most cases they bolted when things got hot, casting off their shoes to run faster. The three major actions were the Mitla Pass battle, the taking of the Gaza Strip and an epic, 200-mile march on the Red Sea.

The timing of the parachute drop gave a support column a full night to move forward with little risk of air attack. But later, as it turned out, this column—an armored brigade—ran into the bitterest resistance the Egyptians put up during the war, on the plains and cliffs guarding a rocky gorge called Mitla Pass.

The column's first objective was Kuntilla, a desert outpost.

From the frontier to Kuntilla there are no roads or even trails of any sort, only a thirty-five-mile sea of sand rising into flinty ridges, then diving just as abruptly into sterile craters. The Egyptians considered this stretch impassable for armor—and on the way the Israelis were tempted to agree with them. Everything went wrong. Radiators boiled over. Gun carriages sank into the sand and had to be towed out with tractors. Tanks exhausted their fuel floundering over tractionless dunes. After four hours the brigade had extricated itself from the sand trap, but it had left half its tanks and a third of its artillery behind—not to speak of badly needed gas and water. Meanwhile word had arrived that the paratroop battalion was under attack.

From Kuntilla the brigade advanced along the main east-west road to Suez, and reached the outskirts of Thamad, a village, at four in the morning. Ahead, the road narrowed and ran between chalk cliffs guarded by mines, barbed-wire entanglements and tank traps. Two battalions of Egyptians waited on the cliffs, with Bren guns and antitank guns. After twenty-four hours on the march and with only part of its artillery, the brigade received orders to attack immediately and take the strong point.

The brigade commander ordered the column to deploy on the plains and then to advance—half-tracks in front, followed by tanks and trucks—up the deadly road. Halfway through the pass, motorized infantry swarmed out and fought the Egyptians across the cliffs under a smoke screen. By eleven o'clock next morning it was all over.

The brigade's timetable from that point reads as though it had been dictated by Gen. George Patton:

1500—arrived Nakhl.
1545—attacked Nakhl.
1730—took Nakhl.
2230—reached parachutists.

Thirty hours after crossing the frontier the brigade was 150 miles into enemy territory; at its fastest it had covered 115 miles in twenty-four hours over bad roads against infantry in prepared positions.

The fiercest fighting was still to come. After its junction with the paratroopers, the brigade sent a half-track company to reconnoiter the hills before Mitla Pass. Heavy fire stopped the half-tracks, which reported the way blocked by burnt-out Egyptian vehicles napalmed by hedge-hopping Israeli aircraft.

Early in the afternoon Israeli infantry tried to advance through the twisting corridor. Mortars, machine guns and bazookas promptly broke loose on both the column's flanks. An ammunition carrier blew up. The crossfire came from grottoes high up the hillside, where the Egyptians, safe from air attack, were making a stand. There was no way through the hills, no way over them. Confronted by a well-entrenched enemy behind natural cover, the Israelis went in with steel, burp guns and grenades.

The Egyptians, finding themselves trapped in their caves, fought with their backs to the wall. After an hour's hand-to-hand fighting, the wounded of both forces lay unevacuated in the jumble of

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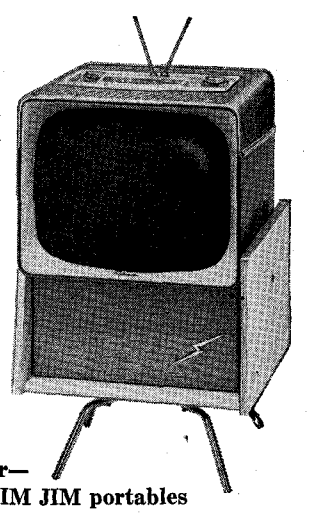

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rocks. At twilight four Egyptian Meteors attacked. Two Israeli-piloted Mystères screamed over the battlefield, and six high-flying Egyptian MIG's jumped them. Escaping from the dogfight, the Meteors came back and strafed the hills till, luckily for the Israelis, night fell.

It was not a quiet night. About ten o'clock the Israeli commander received word that ninety Egyptian tanks that had crossed the canal were twenty-five miles away on the Ismailia road to the north, and could be expected to attack his rear. At midnight he called the brigade officers to his car. This was the critical moment after two days' and two nights' continuous driving and fighting. The men were sleeping on the sand. There were many wounded, and some officers were nodding on their feet. The brigade was too tired to offer further resistance. The commander told his staff to rest till three o'clock in the morning. Then emplacements were blasted in the gravelly soil, wrecked tanks were towed into place to serve as antitank weapons, and captured 57-mm. guns were turned against the approaching enemy column.

The expected attack never came. At daybreak there was only sporadic fire. Piper Cubs, the old faithful observers, reported one infantry battalion destroyed and another fleeing west to the Suez ferry. The reserve armor was out of sight, also retreating toward Egypt. The Franco-British ultimatum had expired. At nine o'clock in the morning it was apparent that no further attack would take place. The Israelis were able to move through Mitla Pass. It had been the bloodiest engagement of the war. The Egyptians lost 200 dead, the Israelis fifty.

On the same day the war produced a moment of unconscious high comedy at sea. Newly refitted after nine months' dry dock at Malta and calmly cruising in the Mediterranean, the Egyptian Navy's oldest frigate, Ibrahim el-Awal, received orders to shell the oil refinery at Haifa. The captain stood eight miles offshore and dutifully poured 160 rounds into the dunes around the target, but caused no real damage. When Israeli ships and planes raced out to attack the frigate, she took evasive action. At this point two destroyers and a cruiser of the United States 6th Fleet, on their way to Haifa to evacuate American citizens, appeared on the horizon. The frigate hid behind the flotilla. When the astonished Israeli Navy radioed the Egyptian captain to find out what he was up to, he flashed back, "I'm a friend." The 6th Fleet moved aside and two direct hits from Israeli craft crippled the Ibrahim el-Awal. An Israeli boarding party came alongside to stop the captain from scuttling his ship, and towed it to Haifa in triumph.

Two scrubby coastal towns, El Arish and Rafah, guard the approaches to the strategic, thirty-mile-long Gaza Strip. On November first, Israeli infantry, supported by tanks, attacked Rafah in a drive aimed at cutting off two Egyptian armored brigades from the rear.

The Israelis took Rafah after a night-long battle. They found the Egyptians dug in behind a complex of concrete-lined trenches, barbed-wire aprons and mine fields. The evening before, engineers had managed to clear a passage through one of the mine fields, but during the day enemy troops had reoccupied the area, and for a while the Israeli commander considered giving up a frontal attack. Finally his men stormed the dugouts at eight o'clock in the evening. They were surprised to find that the Egyptians had made no attempt to lay new mines.

It was the first of two unforeseeable occurrences that night. At first, as at Kuntilla, everything went badly. Heavy mortar fire pinned down the infantry. Shell fragments cut telephone lines. By midnight the attackers had failed to breach the Egyptian defenses. Then a half-track, out of control, went careering across a second mine field. Israeli infantrymen poured through the sudden gap. By dawn the Egyptians, who had lost 100 men in the engagement, were routed and fleeing along the coast. Some, without water or weapons, strayed into the camps of Bedouin tribesmen, who slew them.

At nearby El Arish, Israeli troops seized the biggest prize of the blitz—Soviet equipment stockpiled in warehouses and out on the open desert. The captured equipment included Russian T-34 tanks, SU-100 self-propelled guns, ZIS trucks, Czech recoilless 82-mm. antitank guns, 122-mm. ammunition for Stalin tanks, and bakelite antitank mines, all in "sizable" quantities.

What was all that equipment doing in the Sinai Peninsula? It was probably earmarked, the experts here say, for the

... ...

Redbird: Late Winter

By M. Whitcomb Hess

Out of its solitude
In the stark silent wood,
On a bright wing
Flying in bitter weather
Over the frozen heather,
It sang of spring.

Like a swift thought of you
In the heart's winter, too,
I heard it sing—
Flashing where sumac spills
Dead flame on echoing hills. . . .
O joyous thing!

... ...

Egyptians' own use, to mount a spring attack against Israel or pro-Western Iraq. The stores did not exceed the needs of the 80,000-man force normally garrisoned near the frontier, a large part of which Nasser had recalled to Egypt proper in July, to counteract the Franco-British buildup on Cyprus.

Were the Russians developing a base for themselves? The answer is probably no. The matériel was mostly secondhand and outdated, by global-warfare standards, and the Sinai desert is 500 miles from the nearest Red Army supply depot. It wouldn't have been like the Russians to support a strategic base so far from the Soviet Union and at the mercy of a dictator's whim.

From Rafah, Israeli convoys streamed northward into the Gaza Strip. Gaza, with its thousands upon thousands of wretched refugees from Palestine, fell without a fight after two hours' sniping. Troops who entered the town found white flags, bed sheets and underpants fluttering from the bazaar. Israeli officers told me that they met Arabs who murmured a greeting no soldier had expected to hear uttered up and down the Israeli-hating strip: *Yaish el Yahoud*, which means, "Long live the Jews."

During this time the air war raged overhead. The Israelis lost eleven Mustangs and Piper Cubs, one Mystère and one Ouragan. The Egyptians lost four MIG's, four Vampires, and one Meteor.

Why Nasser's ace in the hole—several squadrons of potentially terrible Ilyushin-28 jet bombers—stayed on the ground during the first forty-eight hours is a minor mystery. The plain fact of the matter seems to be that Egyptian ground crews, caught napping, were unable to get them air-borne fast enough. "It takes more than pilots to run an air force," an Israeli wing commander observed recently.

The Franco-British ultimatum of October thirtieth stopped General Dayan's army ten miles short of the Suez Canal. One spearhead camped on the sand and settled down to enjoy a field-glass view of Franco-British bombardments beginning on the far side of the waterway. That was the end of the blitz—except for the 9th Motorized Infantry Brigade's march on Sharm el Sheik, an Egyptian naval base at the southern tip of the Sinai Peninsula.

The man who led this march was a strapping, British-trained six-footer, Col. Abraham Yoffe. Between the brigade and its objective stood 200 axle-breaking miles of camel paths and unscalable mountains. Virtually all the colonel knew about the terrain was data gleaned from outdated British topographical maps and descriptions of archaeological diggings in the area. The Egyptians considered Southern Sinai impassable for a modern, motorized army. They had emplaced their naval guns in fixed positions facing the sea because they reasoned no attack could be mounted overland.

Overland Colonel Yoffe's men came, with arms and supplies, on a sixty-hour forced march that caught the enemy by surprise and ended Egypt's eighteen-month-old strangle hold on Israeli shipping. The brigade's adventures en route were memorable. The convoy consisted of 1800 men and 220 jeeps, trucks and half-tracks. Each vehicle operated as a self-sustaining unit with a week's supply of fuel, ammunition, food and water. Each man got daily rations of tinned beef, biscuits, fruit and four pints of water. If a vehicle broke down, the crew had four hours to fix it and catch up with the rear guard. After that four-hour deadline, they were under orders to strip and burn their vehicle.

For the first thirty miles the brigade drove over rolling empty country and made deceptively good time. It reached an oasis inhabited by Bedouins, who gave the invaders a warm welcome—but later flashed a warning from a coastal telegraph station to Sharm el Sheik. From the oasis a wadi led uphill past chalk cliffs—six miles of loosely packed, flowing sand. The convoy slowed down to a mile an hour, then stalled for good. The men got out and pushed the vehicles, including six-by-six GMC's, to the top of the grade. The wadi wound through more hills, then the men saw date groves, a lagoon and the Gulf of Aqaba below. As the convoy entered the oasis of Dahab, a ten-man patrol of Sudanese Camel Police, lying in ambush beyond the lagoon, opened fire.

"We lost three men killed and seven wounded," Colonel Yoffe said later, describing the fight.

"What happened to the Sudanese?"

"They were wiped out."

The next hot and windless morning the column turned inland again and reached the mouth of a mile-long defile. Piper Cubs reported that the pass, narrowing to six feet at one point, was impassable for vehicles. Sappers went ahead with air compressors and explosives. After three hours of blasting, stone lifting and hole filling, they had carved a passage out of the rock face. Then the trucks, in low gear and on deflated tires, entered the pass one at a time. Luckily, not a single enemy plane turned up all morning.

At nightfall, nearing its destination, the brigade expected resistance and got it from the forewarned Egyptians. Scout cars ran into automatic fire in the mountains and, following orders, broke contact with the enemy. The naval garrison, in battalion strength, was known to have a three-month reserve of food and ammunition and was expected to put up a stiff fight. But at dawn Colonel Yoffe discovered that the snipers had melted away in the night after mining—incompletely—the last pass. The brigade reached the asphalt road to Sharm el Sheik. In the homestretch, Colonel Yoffe told his men to keep driving till their vehicles ran out of gas.

That day the brigade cautiously advanced on Sharm el Sheik, to which the Egyptians had withdrawn. In the late afternoon an Arab-speaking Israeli sergeant tapped a telephone line running to the port, and the following conversation took place:

"Give me your C.O."

"I can't. The Jews are coming."

"Listen, I'm a Jew. Get your C.O. and tell him, if he wants to surrender, to drive out in the next thirty minutes with a white flag on his car."

Ten minutes later mortar fire from the Egyptian lines opened up. The local commander had ordered his battalion to fight till the last man. During the night three successive Israeli flank attacks were thrown back. Then Colonel Yoffe says he observed a "certain wavering" in the Egyptian trenches and ordered a frontal assault at dawn. The defense crumbled, and Sharm el Sheik, the last enemy-held position on the Sinai Peninsula fell. It was noon, November fifth.

When the fighting began, Nasser had eight brigades east of the Suez Canal. Two escaped intact, the others were shattered and routed. Israeli speed and surprise proved so effective during the first forty-eight hours that it is doubtful the Egyptians could have regained the initiative after the first crippling blows, even by throwing reserve armor into the battle. Egyptian officers told interrogators they gave up because they saw no point in further resistance. Cairo HQ adopted delaying tactics from the start, in the evident hope of U.N. or Soviet intervention, and never ordered a general counterattack.

Israeli arms and men stood up well under rugged conditions in the desert. But the army suffered from a lack of vehicles, and a high percentage of those it had broke down. Overspeeding resulted in fatal errors—in several cases Israeli units fired on one another. Eighty out of 170 Israeli dead were officers or noncoms—"too many," say army chiefs.

Apart from its military consequences, the Sinai campaign exploded the myth of Arab solidarity. Jordan's only warlike act was to forbid its subjects to listen to Voice of Israel broadcasts. Syria's unique contribution to Moslem brotherhood consisted of sending one team of infiltrators across the border Significantly, the dispossessed, miserable Arab refugees from Palestine in the Gaza Strip did not take up arms during the conflict. The assistant mayor and police chief of Gaza, in a smooth switch of allegiance characteristic of the Middle East, were back at work the following week under the new military government.

Bitterness over the political outcome of the Sinai campaign is a leitmotiv of Tel Aviv conversation these days. "What was won in Sinai was lost in Manhattan," jeer Israelis, fearful that Ben-Gurion, under U.N. pressure, will give away military advantages without a guarantee against future Egyptian attempts at encirclement. "If," warns a top Foreign Ministry spokesman, "there is no hope of peace, and Nasser recruits more *fedayeen* and meddles with our ships, then who can be sure Israel won't take up arms again?"

THE END

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What Happened to the Magic of Childhood?

(Continued from Page 21)

explosive! The other school of thought held that it was a poison that killed, not only on contact, anybody who was foolhardy enough to open it, but it would strike dead, on the whole block, every person, cat, collie dog. It could also wither trees and probably melt the pavement.

I don't know things now like I used to know then. What we knew as kids, what we learned from other kids, was not tentatively true, or extremely probable, or proved by science or polls or surveys. It was so. I suppose this has to do with ontogeny recapitulating phylogeny. We were savages, we were in that stage of the world's history when the earth stood still and everything else moved. I wrote on the flyleaf of my schoolbooks, and apparently every other kid in the world did, including James Joyce and Abraham Lincoln and, I am sure, Tito and Fats Waller and Michelangelo, in descending order my name, my street, my town, my county, my state, my country, my continent, my hemisphere, my planet, my solar system. And let nobody dissemble: it started out with me, the universe was the outer circle of a number of concentric rings, and the center point was me, me, me, sixty-two pounds wringing wet with heavy shoes

When a woman can wrap a man around her finger, it's a temptation to tuck him under her thumb.

HAL CHADWICK

on. I have the notion—and perhaps I am wrong—that kids don't feel that way any more. Damn Captain Video!

Once again, it's because we grownups are always around pumping our kids full of what we laughingly call facts. They don't want science. They want magic. They don't want hypotheses. They want immutable truth. They want to be, they should be, in a clearing in the jungle, painting themselves blue, dancing around the fire and making it rain by patting snakes and shaking rattles. It is so strange; nobody, so far as I know, sat around worrying about the insides of our heads, and we made ourselves safe. Time enough to find out, as we are finding out now, that nothing is so. Not even close to so.

But then: facts, facts, facts. If you cut yourself in the web of skin between your thumb and forefinger, you die. That's it. No ifs or buts. Cut. Die. Let's get on to other things. If you eat sugar lumps, you get worms. If you cut a worm in half, he doesn't feel a thing, and you get two worms. Grasshoppers spit tobacco. Step on a crack, break your mother's back. Walk past a house with a quarantine sign, and don't hold your breath, and you get sick and die. Cigarettes stunt your growth. Some people are double-jointed, and by that we didn't mean any jazz like very loose tendons or whatever the facts are. This guy had two joints where we had one. An Essex—if your family happened to own an Essex—was the best car in the whole world.

We cut our fingers in that web and didn't die, but our convictions didn't change. We ate sugar lumps, and I don't recall getting worms, but the fact was still there. We'd pass by the next day and both halves of the worm would be dead, our mother's back never broke, my sister had scarlet fever right in my own house and I must have breathed once or twice in all that time, and we really knew that what came out of the grasshopper was not tobacco juice. But facts were one thing and beliefs were another.

For example, the grownups believed the year was divided into months. Nonsense. When I was a kid, the year was divided into times. There was a time when you played immies. There was a time when you played stoop ball. There was a time when you built kites. There was a time when you made parachutes out of a handkerchief and some string and a rock. There was a time when you played football. There was a time when you played Red Rover, and statues, and one-and-over, and Buck, Billy, Buck and ringelevio. Everybody did it. It was like the trees coming into green. There was something that clicked and the gears shifted, and we all got up in the morning and put our immies in our pockets because that was the day everybody started to play immies. And when the immie season was over, we all knew it. We didn't even talk about it. It was just the end of the immie season, and one morning we stopped playing immies and started making kites.

We went to school, and we knew we were supposed to grumble about it, so we did, although if we had been put on the rack, I think we would have admitted it was not bad—just different. It was not, however, like school is now. School was school, and not-school was not-school.

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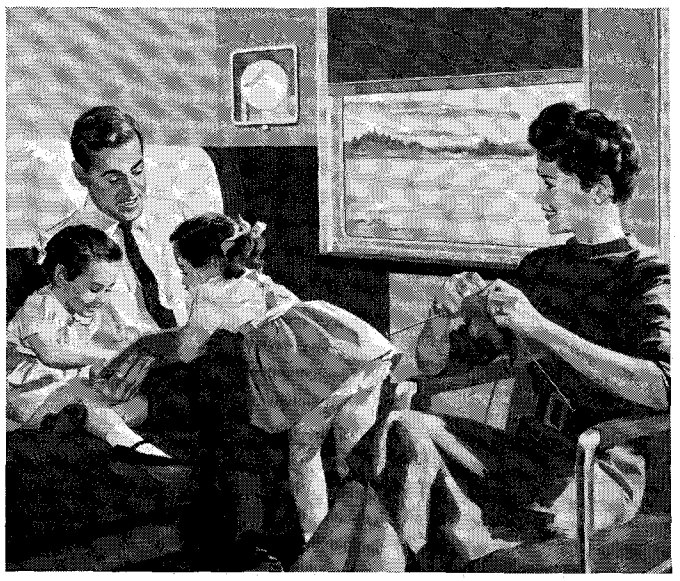

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Our teachers did not understand us—they taught us. We did not, ordinarily, love them—we learned from them. School was a creation of grownups, and it had its own curious system of law.

When we appeared in school, we were frisked. We were searched for the carrying of concealed dirt under the nails; we were required to have, in lieu of an identification card, one clean handkerchief. I wonder, parenthetically, whether kids nowadays know the meaning of the phrase "Is it for show or for blow?" This handkerchief was for show, it was a passport, and it didn't matter a great deal how grimy it was; by law it was clean if it was folded and unblown in.

Now, that was what you had to have. If, in addition, you bore any livestock, wittingly or not, you were in the toils of authority. I for one, fell madly in love with a little girl who came from the wrong side of the tracks because she smelled so wonderful. She smelled of kerosene. Our teacher, walking down the aisle, had run a pencil through her hair, as she did to all of us—why, I never knew. She had found something in Rose's hair; Rose had been packed off to the school nurse; Rose had come back smelling gloriously of kerosene. I loved the smell of kerosene. Rose smelled of kerosene. I loved Rose.

She was an involuntary smuggler, but others were criminals by volition and were dealt with in open court. Other livestock, such as caterpillars, large beetles and small toads, were, if detected, carried outside by you, deposited somewhere in the yard, and later on you were kept after school.

Knives were confiscated, not to be returned, if they became visible during school hours. This was more of The Law. You could have a knife in your pocket. You could carry the knife to school in your pocket. You could keep your hand on your knife in your pocket during school. But if that hand came out of that pocket with that knife and was seen by your teacher, you were summonsed, you marched to the desk, you put the knife on the desk, and you never saw it again.

There was one teacher in our school who openly and avowedly loved children. We found this out and made life miserable for her. She also loved literature, and taught us to do the same.

I had discovered, at, I guess, about age nine, Mark Twain. I understand there are some people who do not believe that Mark Twain was a god, but number me not among these heretics. It was balm to my soul to discover him, because I had previously thought that James Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving were supposed to be writers. The day I found Mark Twain's essay about the literary offenses of Cooper was the day I came of age, whatever the vital statistics say.

It was unfortunately about then that this wonderful teacher told the class that by such and such a date we would be expected to have read The Pathfinder. I rose to my feet and declined to do so. On direct examination, I averred that the reason I would not do so was that I had tried, found Cooper wanting, and, in summation, communicated in the most moderate terms my belief that he was not a very good writer. I said he was a lousy writer and I would not read him. After a brief recess and the clearing of the courtroom, I was induced to add that Mark Twain thought so too.

I was informed by the judge that, my objections notwithstanding, I was banished from school, and I could not return until I had opened my mind sufficiently to admit the possibility of giving Cooper a second chance. I did not feel that he deserved that of me.

It is always the fact that in all the crises of a child's life, he can remember where it happened, the names of all the participants, the events leading up to the crime, the sentencing, but never the execution. What happened after that, I do not know, but I know that my parents were not summoned to the school, that I did not stay home even one whole day—there would have been no way of explaining that to my mother—that I eventually returned to the school, that I went on loving and plaguing the teacher, and that I never read The Pathfinder. Nor will I do so now.

But the point was, then, that if the teacher said yes and the kid said no, the kid knew what was going to happen next. There were rules.

If there's anything in the world kids need, it's rules. When I was a kid, we honest to God did the business of drawing a line on the ground and if a kid wanted to fight, he had a choice—to step over the line or not. There it was. No more argle-bargle. Step over the line, and pow. Or stay on your side of the line. Keep the knife in your pocket in school and keep it. Take it out and lose it. Come in the house this minute, or straight to bed when I catch you.

When my kids were smaller, their mother and I had been washed in the blood of, God save the mark, permissive upbringing. We privately, or at least I privately, thought it was a crock, particularly when I observed that my firstborn had permission to take his bottles at any time, provided those times were two, four, six, two—or whatever hours they were. And his nap was entirely at his discretion as long as it was when his parents were totally exhausted. He soon learned that he could do anything he wanted as long as what he wanted was what we wanted. Which is a fact of life, between parents and kids.

I can no longer remember the crisis which involved my son, but in essence, it had reached the point, the point of all arguments, when he was saying the devil he would and I was saying the devil he wouldn't. I don't know, go to bed, or get out of bed, or come in from the garden, or get out into the garden.

He was two or three. His mother rushed in to say that I must Gesell him a little, or at least Spock him or treat him with a little Ilg, and I went away. She then left him to his own devices.

I found him later, ready to renew hostilities, but on his face and in his manner were much weariness, much fatigue and a kind of desperation. I had a moment of pure illumination: I stood there and saw inside his head as clearly as if there had been a pane of glass let in his forehead. What he was saying was, "Please, please, for heaven's sake, somebody come and take this decision out of my hands; it's too big for me."

I grabbed him and picked him up and carried him to wherever it was I thought he was supposed to go. He was little then; he hit me and bit me and wet me; he hollered bloody murder and did his level best to kill me. I remember now, it was to his bed he was supposed to go. I got him there and dumped him in, put the crib side up. He was in his cage, and he had been put there by his keeper, and he went to sleep as happy as ever I saw him. There were rules. Nobody was going to leave him out in the middle of nowhere, trying to figure out what he was supposed to do, when he was too young to know what to do.

Well, that was the way it was with us all the time when we were kids. There were rules. There was right and wrong. We may have been ignorant, but we were certain.

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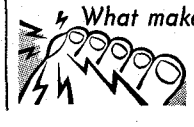

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Another thing that kids did then, they don't seem to do now.

Nothing. That is not to say not doing anything. We did nothing, which is quite another thing.

There was an occupation called "just running around." It was no game. It had no rules. It didn't start and it didn't stop. Maybe we were all idiots, but a good deal of the time we just plain ran around.

When it rained, water ran along the curb and we sailed twigs down the current, built little dams. In the winter, after the snowballs and the snow forts, after the sleds and the toboggans, there was the crusty snow, and there was the (What to call it? Not a game, not a sport, not even a contest.)—there was just the thing of seeing if you could walk on the crust without breaking through. There was ice skating, and a kind of primitive hockey, and we made slides on the sidewalk and nearly broke our necks, and then some grownup came out and spread ashes on it, and we grumbled. But there was also just the thing of standing on a frozen place on land and breaking the ice delicately by teetering, or even better than that, just rocking there and watching the water bubble, big as any balloon, slide back and forth under the ice.

We did a lot more nothing. We swung on swings. We went for walks. We lay on our backs in back yards and chewed grass. We watched things. We watched people build houses; we watched men fix cars; we watched each other patch bicycle tires with rubber bands. We watched men dig ditches, climb telephone poles—I can hear the sound now of climbing irons on a pole; this was a race of heroes!—we watched trains at the station, shoeshine men at the station, Italian men playing *bocce*, our fathers playing cards, our mothers making jam, our sisters skipping rope, curling their hair. For at least a month I watched my sisters making beads; they cut paper into long, triangular strips, put glue on them, wrapped them around hat pins, and then I think they varnished them. I don't recall that they ever wore them, but I'm here to tell you they made them. They also did something called tie-dyeing; it was a rage, and it produced handkerchiefs of unbelievable ugliness.

We strung beads on strings; we strung spools on strings; we tied each other up with string and belts and clothesline.

We sat in boxes; we sat under porches; we sat on roofs; we sat on limbs of trees. We stood on boards over excavations; we stood on tops of piles of leaves; we stood under rain dripping from the eaves; we stood up to our ears in snow.

We looked at things like knives and immies and pig nuts and grasshoppers and clouds and dogs and people.

We skipped and hopped and jumped. Not going anywhere—just skipping and hopping and jumping and galloping. We sang and whistled and hummed and screamed.

What I mean, Jack, we did a lot of nothing. We didn't mind it, we didn't think there was anything wrong with it, and the grownups didn't bother us much about it, except when the noise got so great they couldn't stand it or the silence so deep they didn't trust us.

It seems to me that grownups in those days did a whole lot more when they were doing things, and that, like us, when they weren't doing something, they were content to do nothing—openly, brazenly, lazily, sleepily. Either making noodles on the kitchen table or rocking in a rocking chair. Either watering the lawn or sitting in the sun. Either on or off. Up or down. One thing or the other. Something or nothing.

Grownups now don't seem to know how to do that any more; we seem to have lost the ability to just plain sit down, and we can't stand to see our kids do it.

Take a kid these days, standing or leaning or sitting or lying down, all by himself, slack-jawed and vacant-eyed, not actively engaged in any recognizable—by a grownup—socially acceptable activity. We see him and what do we do? We want to know what's the matter with him.

There's nothing the matter with him; he's considering his thumb; or who he would be if his father hadn't married his mother; or if it is possible to see a germ if you look hard enough; or if he breathes differently when he thinks about breathing.

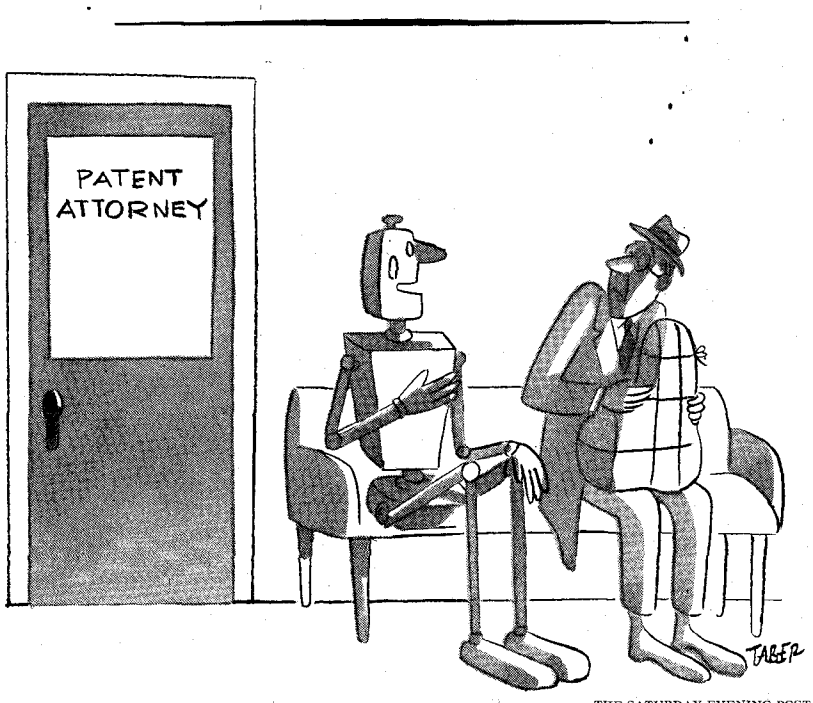
Or else he is just plain sitting there.

He is doing the work of the world, and please restrain yourself from explaining it to him. It isn't that either of you know more or less about it. He knows different things.

Sometimes he needs you in his world and sometimes he does not.

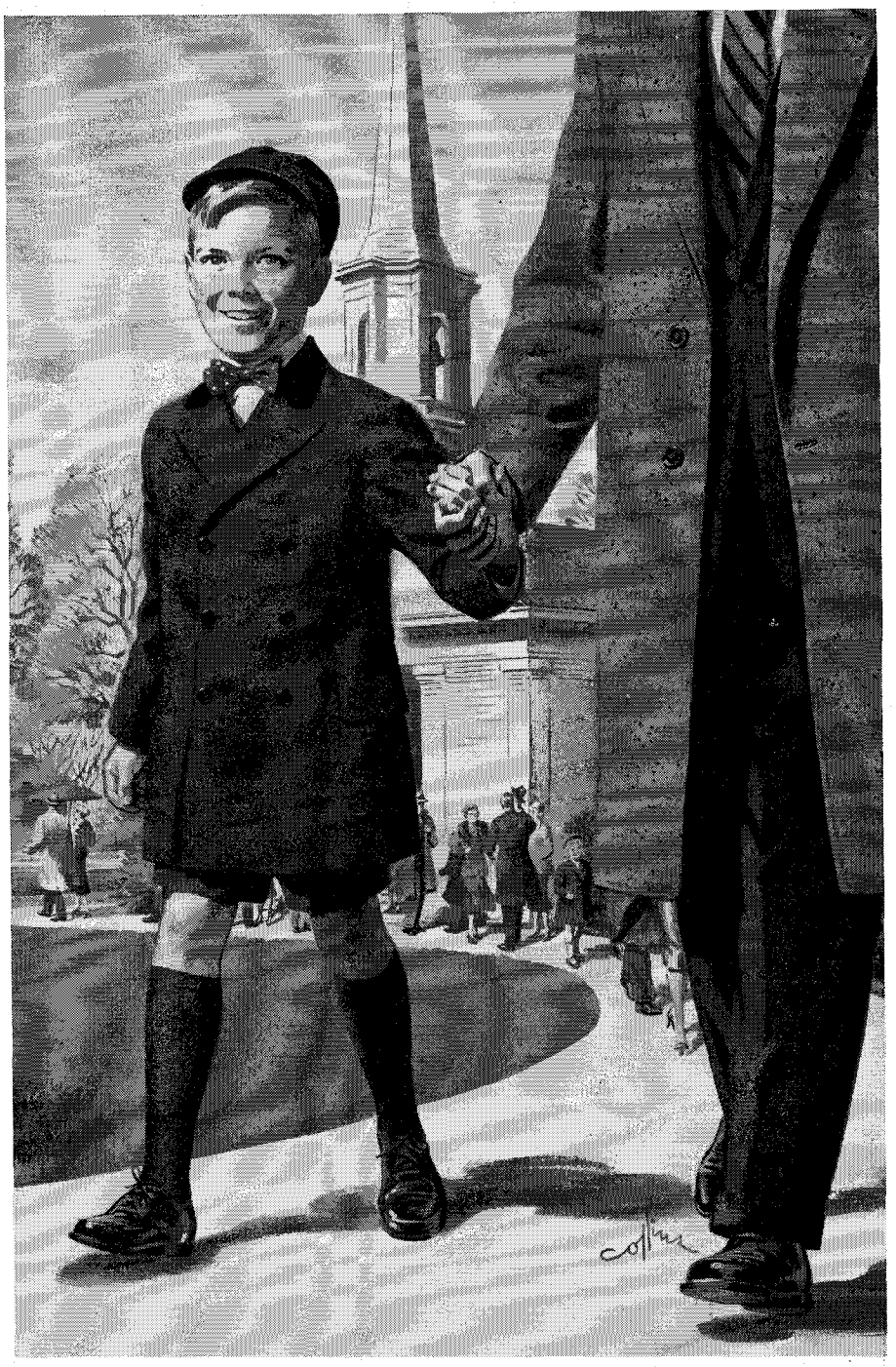
At this moment he has hung a sign on his forehead saying: OUT TO LUNCH. BACK IN FIVE MINUTES. PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB.

The preceding article is part of a book titled "Where Did You Go?" "Out." "What Did You Do?" "Nothing." by Robert Paul Smith, to be published this spring by M. W. Norton and Company, Inc. —The Editors



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . and then I figured, why cut him in on it?"



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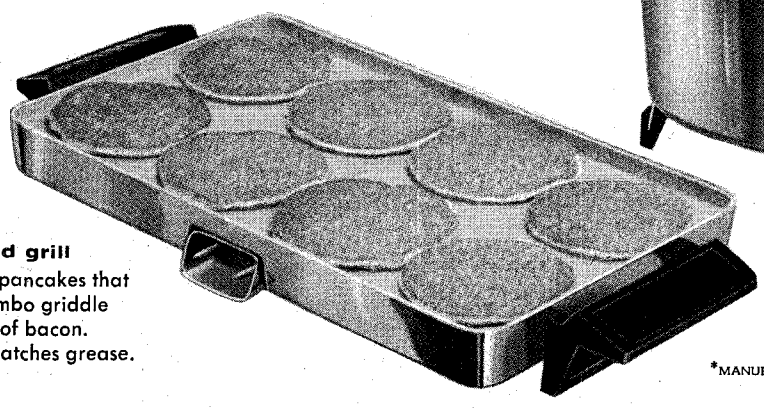

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The Conclusion of **Doom Cliff** By Luke Short

A MESSAGE
TO FORMER READERS of COLLIER'S

Only two installments of the Luke Short serial, DOOM CLIFF, had appeared when The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company discontinued publishing Collier's magazine with the January 4, 1957, issue. As a service to Collier's readers, we purchased the third and final installment, published below. This salute to the integrity of their fine editorial staff is also our pledge of continued reading pleasure in the years to come.

Robert E. MacNeal
PRESIDENT
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE STORY: WILL GANNON accepted the job as division superintendent of the Midland Stagecoach Line as a challenge. He knew this section of the line, with headquarters at Louisburg, was in bad shape and that the former superintendent, LOU MAYDET, was corrupt. Gannon replaced Maydet's hirelings and, to help out in Louisburg, he hired young BERT DICKERT, whose uncle had been robbed and killed while a passenger on the line. Then he headed west to deliver horses to the Dry Creek Station, recently robbed of its herd. In this, he got the help of an old friend, HUTCH FORNEY, a happy-go-lucky man who operated a station for Midland. That night, at the station run by a man named LENNOR, Gannon managed to foil Maydet's first attempt at vengeance; when one of Maydet's men burned Lennor's barn, Gannon saved the horses and delivered them to Dry Creek. He and Hutch continued west, but on their return trip they found the herd gone and KEEFE, the stocktender, near death from a gunshot wound. Gannon sent Keefe to Lennor's, to be cared for by CARRIE BENTALL, who worked for the Lennors, and left Hutch in charge at Dry Creek. He himself set out to recover the stolen horses. When he found them, he found RICH CLEFF, Maydet's right-hand man, in charge. After a gunfight, Gannon stampeded the horses back to Dry Creek. Meantime, Carrie warned Gannon that his violence would catch up with him; but when he heard that his estranged wife, MARIAN, had committed suicide, his feeling of guilt only increased his desire for violent action. Then Gannon learned that a government gold shipment was due, to be shipped on west by Midland. He also learned that Maydet was trying to resell to Midland some of the horses his own men had stolen; but having no proof of this, Gannon agreed to buy. That night, when the horses were delivered to the Louisburg corral, Gannon was ambushed and shot.

CONCLUSION

Gannon never quite lost consciousness. He lay gagging, breathing the choking dust into his lungs as he fought for air. Then, in the dimness, he saw a man approaching stealthily from the corner of the barn.

With all the ebbing strength he could summon, Gannon half raised himself and brought his rifle up. Then, hoping wildly, he pulled the trigger. Almost with indifference, pain overwhelming him, he saw the man fall.

Silence followed, except for the diminishing sound of the horses milling about. What were they waiting for? Gannon thought bleakly.

When still nothing happened, his terror started to ebb, and he tried to take stock of his situation. He had downed one of the men sent to kill him. The two stock drivers, probably knowing nothing of the planned ambush, had fled away from trouble. That left the man with the shotgun, who might be waiting in the barn, afraid to come out.

Lying there, Gannon knew he had to get away from the corral or die, and it had to be now. If he stopped here, he knew he would be trapped. He pulled himself erect and headed for the far door. Already he could hear voices coming from the corral. Staggering out into the night behind the blacksmith shop, he made for the deep darkness behind Maydet's store a hundred yards away.

Steeling himself against the pain, he pulled off his coat and rolled it up. With the sleeves extended, it made a wide belt, and now he worked the coat across his left shoulder and back and under his right arm, holding a sleeve in his teeth to anchor it. Then, in fumbling and painful haste, he tied the two sleeves together across his chest, drawing them tight enough to press his left arm against the raw wound in his side.

In the next few moments, several horsemen gathered around the lantern by the feed barn, and Gannon knew they were making their plans to hunt him down. Knowing he was hurt, Maydet would have them search every building until they found him and killed him.

Gannon staggered along the rear of Maydet's store and past the back of the saloon, his body half bent against the pain. Rounding the corner, he headed toward the street. There were perhaps a dozen horses still at the tie rail in front of the saloon.

He knew he had only minutes of grace, and he lurched across the plank walk to the tie rail. He untied the reins of the first horse and, gathering all his strength, pulled himself into the saddle.

Down the road he could hear men calling to one another. Quickly he reined the horse around and headed into the darkness of the prairie to the west, not knowing where he was going and too full of pain to care. Sometime in the night, when he was either asleep or unconscious, he slacked out of the saddle and fell heavily onto the prairie. After a while, his horse started to graze away.

When he awoke, he was first conscious only of the pain caused by a steady jolting, and when he opened his eyes he was looking at gray canvas above him. The jolting suddenly ceased, and a bearded man was standing over him.

"Water," Gannon whispered.

The man disappeared and in a moment Gannon heard voices. Then he felt water on his face, cascading into his mouth. He drank greedily, swallowing until his throat ached and he had to turn his face aside. "Turn me over," he whispered.

Gently he was rolled over onto his belly and some of the pain slacked off. "Can you hear me?" a voice asked.

"Yes."

"We found you on the prairie this morning and reckoned you wouldn't live."

Gannon closed his eyes. "You going west?" he asked.

"We're headed for Oregon."

"Have you passed a stage station? White house, new barn going up?"

"No, not yet."

Gannon sighed with relief. "Lennor's station," he breathed. "Put me down there."

The racket of the pounding on the porch door woke Carrie and filled her with a faint apprehension. She heard Mr. Lennor come downstairs, and presently she heard the bolt slip and then the distant sound of voices. In a moment Lennor tramped through the kitchen and called, "You'd better get up, Carrie. I'll need help."

"What is it?"

"Will Gannon. He's shot bad. We'll take him into the bunkhouse."

Carrie hurriedly began to dress. She felt a kind of nameless fear. Shot bad, Mr. Lennor had said.

Entering the kitchen, she hurriedly stirred up the fire, and put more water on, gathered up whisky and bear grease and rags, lifted the tea kettle, and went out the back door.

A lamp was burning in the bunkhouse, and as she went in Carrie saw that Keefe, the young stocktender from Dry Creek, who was still convalescing, was sitting up in his bunk, watching.

Then she caught sight of Gannon lying on his face in the opposite bunk, stripped to his waist; for a moment she thought she was going to faint. His upper back and side and part of his upper arm were raw and bloody.

Carrie turned away quickly, trying to keep her hands from trembling as she poured water into a basin. When she had washed the wound, Lennor took out his knife and probed out the visible buckshot that was embedded in Gannon's flesh. Then Carrie smeared bear grease over Gannon's back and covered the wound with cloth.

Only when she had finished did she notice a bearded stranger standing there and realize how Gannon had got here. "Where did you find him?" she asked the man.

"Yesterday morning it was, on the prairie. No horse, nothing. We loaded him in our wagon, sure he would die. He came awake long enough to tell us to put him down at Lennor's. We traveled all night to reach here."

"Thank you for that," Carrie said.

Then, at Lennor's suggestion, she mixed warm water and whisky in a cup and, kneeling beside Gannon, she raised his head and forced the cup between his lips.

His eyes opened briefly and then closed, and Carrie took the cup away. His lips moved in an effort to speak and Carrie put her head closer. "What did he say?" Lennor asked.

"'Hide me. They'll come.'"

"Hide him?" Lennor demanded. "How do we hide him?"

"Under my bed, Mr. Lennor," Carrie said quietly. "If anyone comes, I'll be in bed—sick. No one would bother a sick woman, would they?"

"I'm a peaceful man," Lennor said grimly. "What would they do to us if they found him?"

"I'll take the blame," Carrie said. "If they find him, you can be surprised."

"If they find him, they'll kill him," Lennor said quietly. "They might kill you too."

"I know," Carrie said quickly and, lest Lennor change his mind, she said to the bearded man, "Will you help us carry him?"

The man nodded, saying, "I'll get my brother."

Lennor helped Carrie move her bed away from the wall into the middle of the room. Then the four of them laid Gannon on the floor where the bed had been. Gently they lifted the bed over him.

While Lennor talked with the two men who had brought Gannon, Carrie busied herself with breakfast. She wondered dismally what had happened and where the ambush took place, for she was sure it had been an ambush. Gannon, she knew, was not a man who would turn his back and run, and he had been shot in the back. She knew her curiosity must wait on the arrival of the westbound stage driver, who would have news of all that had happened between here and Louisburg.

Once breakfast was finished and full daylight had come, the bearded man and his brother prepared to leave. "You can do us a last favor if you will," Carrie said.

"What's that, ma'am?"

"You'll be passing other stations, and the news of this shooting will have traveled ahead of you."

The bearded man nodded, understanding. "We won't know anything about what's been happening."

"Bless you both," Carrie said.

When their ox-drawn wagon was in motion headed west, Carrie felt a faint relief. At least all visible signs of the way Gannon could have been transported here were gone. She looked out over the prairie to the east. There was no sign of anyone, but she knew trouble was coming. All she could do was wait.

She found the Lennors in the kitchen, and by the frightened expression on Mrs. Lennor's face, she knew that Lennor had told her what was planned.

"I've asked Mother to keep watch from the porch, Carrie," he said. "When she sees anyone coming, she'll warn you. I'll be working on the barn, and they'll likely stop with me first. That will give you time to get off your clothes and get into bed."

"I don't like this," Mrs. Lennor said grimly. "We're paid to run a station, not to hide gun fighters."

"He's your employer," Carrie said.

"That makes no difference," Mrs. Lennor said stubbornly. "This shouldn't be asked of us. They'll kill him eventually, and if they find him here, they'll punish us."

"I've thought about that," Lennor said. "The story is that I slept out with Keefe last night. Nothing awakened you, Mother, and nobody was wakened in the bunkhouse. This is to be all Carrie's doing." He looked at Carrie. "Think what you are going to say if they find him."

"I'll tell them he's been my lover," Carrie said flatly. "I'll tell them he's come to me many a night when you two were asleep and knew nothing about it. I'll tell them that's what he did last night and that I hid him."

"Disgusting," Mrs. Lennor said.

"Isn't it?" Carrie said hotly. "It's disgusting that I have to make up a story to protect you."

"That's enough, Carrie!" Lennor said sharply.

"You asked me to think of it, and I've thought of it!" Carrie said. She turned and went into her room and shut the door. As she sat on the bed, she found herself trembling with anger. In the years she had been with the Lennors this was the first time she had ever lost her temper or spoken her mind. But their selfish concern for their property when a man's life was at stake had pushed her into speaking as she had.

A moan from Gannon interrupted her thoughts, and she knelt and peered under the bed. He lay on his belly, utterly still, and Carrie wondered wildly if this was the death rattle. When she finally heard the rhythm of his deep, even breathing she felt an overwhelming relief. Rising, she hurried to the kitchen, knowing she must be about her work immediately, lest she anger the Lennors even more.

In the kitchen, Mrs. Lennor was cleaning up the breakfast litter. Shouldn't she be on the porch keeping watch? Carrie wondered. Mrs. Lennor, however, continued to clean the table, and Carrie said, "I'll do that, Mrs. Lennor. You can go watch."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," Mrs. Lennor said. "I'll have nothing to do with this. Nothing." She looked up at Carrie and the two women gazed at each other with open hatred. This, Carrie knew, was Mrs. Lennor's punishment for Carrie's loss of temper.

It was during the rush of work brought on by the feeding of the eastbound stage passengers that Carrie first noticed the sounds coming from her bedroom. She opened the door. Gannon was in delirium now, moaning steadily. A delirious person, Carrie recalled with mounting dread, sometimes fought savagely, shouted, and became almost impossible to control.

Closing the door quickly, she went about her work with an agonizing sense of helplessness. The conversation of the passengers

Continued on Next Page

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and the clatter of the serving smothered the noises now, but what about the time when the house was empty, save for the men hunting Gannon?

After the stage pulled out, Carrie felt a measure of relief. But as she was tidying the kitchen, she glanced out toward the new barn. Lennor was talking to a rider, a hulking, scar-faced man Carrie instantly identified as Lou Maydet. So the crisis had come. Quickly she pushed the dishpan to the back of the stove and went into her room.

Taking off her dress, she pulled on her nightgown over her shift and then took off her shoes. Quickly tying a scarf around her neck, she opened the door and looked out the kitchen window. Three men, followed by Lennor, were heading for the bunkhouse. Maydet, like an old buffalo bull, led the way. Behind him was Rich Cleff, whose lazy, catlike walk held a threat that Carrie could not define. Following Cleff was one of the notorious Louisburg roughs, a half-breed named Jim Cartland.

Obviously, Lennor had offered to show them the bunkhouse, where they would find only Keefe. Most certainly they would ask next to search the house. Behind her, Carrie heard Gannon's moaning, louder now. With rising terror, she knew she had only a minute to quiet him.

Running back into the room, she picked up the heavy crockery water pitcher from the washstand and emptied the remaining water into the bowl. Then she knelt and looked under the bed. Gannon was lying on his back, arms at his side, his head rolling slowly in delirium as he moaned. Steeling herself, Carrie seized the pitcher by the handle, and then, with a sweeping stiff-arm movement, swung it at Gannon's jaw.

She waited a few seconds to make sure that her blow had struck him unconscious. Then she rose, replaced the pitcher, got out a clean handkerchief and stuffed it into her cheek. It pouched out the whole left side of her face, giving her the look of a person with a badly abscessed tooth.

Slipping under the covers now, she lay back, listening. They approached her door and stopped, and she heard Lennor say, ". . . been sick for three days. If you want, take a look." Then Carrie heard the door open. Turning her head so that her swollen cheek was visible, she looked up slowly. Looming above her was Lou Maydet, his dark face watchful and alert.

He glanced swiftly about the room and then turned to Lennor. "You tried whisky?" he asked.

"All we had," Lennor said. "It helped some."

Heavily, then, Maydet walked out of the room. "What's upstairs?" Carrie heard him say. In a moment she heard the sound of footsteps again as the men went into the common room and up the stairs.

Carrie lay there listening, her heart pounding. Overhead she heard a brief rumble of conversation, and then the stairs creaked as the four men descended. Were they coming back, or were they leaving? When she heard their footsteps on the porch, she expelled her breath in a long sigh. Swiftly then she rose, closed the door and leaned against it, unable to stop shaking.

At first, Gannon was conscious only of the fact that it was night, and that the bedding in which his face was buried had a faint flowery scent.

A soft rhythmic sound crept into his consciousness, and suddenly he realized that someone was breathing in this same room. He thought about this for a moment, considering what it meant. It could not mean that he was a prisoner, since Maydet would never have bothered to take him alive.

He cleared his throat and said tentatively, "Where am I?" When he heard the breathing cease he repeated his question.

He heard someone stirring in the room and a match flared. Then a lamp was lighted, and he saw Carrie Bentall standing by the dresser. Her pale hair was loosely braided in a pigtail, and she was tying the belt of a worn wrapper as she moved to his side.

Gannon took the dipper of water she held out to him and drank greedily. Handing it back, he looked up at her and saw how tired she looked. "When did I get here, Carrie?" he asked.

"Six days ago. Some men found you on the prairie."

"Maydet didn't come for me?"

Carrie nodded. "He's come and gone. We hid you."

She went into the kitchen, carrying the lamp, and Gannon dozed again. When he next awoke, Carrie was back beside him. He caught the smell of the meat broth she had brought, and hunger came so swiftly that it was almost pain. He drank the broth greedily, and Carrie refilled the bowl twice before he had had enough.

When she started to return to the kitchen, Gannon said quickly, "Stay here a minute, Carrie. You say you hid me. Where?"

Quietly Carrie told him of hiding him under the bed, of hushing his delirious ramblings by smashing him on the jaw with the pitcher, and of pretending to Maydet that she was ill with an infected tooth. When Gannon reflected on this, and on the courage and daring it had taken to pull it off, he felt humble and sad rather than grateful. Nothing he had ever said to this girl or done for her deserved this kind of devotion.

"What's my back like, Carrie?" he said.

"The fever and the poison are out of it. That happened yesterday."

Mention of the fever reminded Gannon that of the past six days he could remember nothing. He asked, "When I was off my head, did I—talk, Carrie?"

She only nodded.

"About what?"

Carrie waited a long moment, as if hesitant about answering. "About Marian." She paused. "She must have meant a lot to you, Will."

Gannon thought of this, and somehow the memory was not so disturbing now. He said quietly, "She was my wife, Carrie. She ran away with another man and then took her own life. I thought nothing good would ever happen to me after that, but I was wrong."

A faint smile lifted the corner of Carrie's mouth. "You call this good?"

Gannon's eyes closed with weariness. "I do," he said.

There were other questions he must ask her, he knew. Tiredly he tried to think, and presently he asked, "Is the division all right?"

"There's been no trouble that we've heard of."

Gannon was relieved at her answer. The past six days would have been the time for Maydet to strike if he wanted, since there was neither a division agent nor a division superintendent on the job. But Gannon had a feeling there was something else, something important, that he had left undone before the ambush, and he tried to remember. Finally it came to him that it was the gold shipment Mr. Olderson, Midland's general superintendent, had telegraphed him about, and he asked, "Has a messenger coach come through?"

"One eastbound," Carrie said.

Then the westbound specie shipment had not gone through. Gannon recalled that he had planned to send to Salt Lake for reliable guards, but it was too late now. Young Bert Dickert would have to do the best he could with the men he had in Louisburg.

Minutes passed, and when Carrie saw that he slept, she blew out the lamp and went back to her straw pallet at the foot of the bed.

Wilsey Kirk, the driver of the eastbound coach, drank sparingly from the tin cup of whisky before him and observed to himself for perhaps the fiftieth time that the whisky at Bates Boley's station was as bad as the cooking. He took his last sip, called to the passengers and started out of the room, drawing on his gauntlets.

A movement in the doorway attracted Wilsey's attention and he glanced over to see Hutch Forney come out of the kitchen. When he saw Wilsey, a quick grin came to Hutch's face. "I thought you had a layover," he said.

"The other driver was sick," Wilsey said sourly. "Likely from eating here." He gazed at Hutch shrewdly. "You seem to like the food here, though."

Hutch grinned. "It's the company," he said. "I've got to get back to Dry Creek, though. Got room in your stage for me?"

"On top," Wilsey said.

Hutch stood beside him, watching the passengers file out and presently he asked, "Any word on Gannon?"

Wilsey snorted. "He's dead."

"He don't kill easy," Hutch said quietly.

"Then where is he?" When Hutch did not answer, Wilsey added, "I figure he crawled out on the prairie to die."

Hutch still said nothing. He was very much afraid Wilsey was right.

When the passengers were aboard, Hutch climbed up into the seat behind the driver's box. He discouraged all attempts at conversation by Wilsey and the express messenger, and presently they left him alone. Hutch wanted to think, for with Gannon gone things were changed. Even if Gannon was alive and returned, Hutch knew that he had lost his chance of becoming division agent with his first clandestine visit to Bates Boley's daughter. He hated the loneliness of the Dry Creek Station, where Gannon had kept him as punishment. Maggie Boley, however, had made it all worth while. Now that he had her, he wondered what he was going to do. What about his Pagago wife and half-breed child at Helper Creek?

They changed teams at Soderstrom's, and after that Hutch slept. Before they approached the last of the foothills and the Dry Creek Station, Hutch wakened and knew he had come to his decision. He would stick here and wait to see if Gannon showed up. If he didn't, then he himself would take care of Maydet. That would mean he would have to leave the country—and in leaving the country he would take Maggie Boley with him.

A half mile from the station Hutch noticed an unfamiliar object out on the prairie to the south. As they came closer he said softly, "Wilsey, it looks like a coach on its side."

Wilsey whipped the tired teams into a gallop now, and they confirmed Hutch's observation. It was a stage tipped on its side, a horse lying beneath it. They glanced ahead to the yard around the Dry Creek Station. "I count four men," Wilsey said.

A few yards from the station Wilsey reined up and kicked on the brake. Hutch hit the ground running. When he came to the first body he stopped and Wilsey came up beside him. Hutch glanced toward the second body ten feet away. The sightless eyes of Tim Mayze, a driver they both knew, were open to the sun. Closer to the house were the bodies of two more men.

Hutch looked back at the stage, where a single dead horse was pinned to the earth under a shattered tongue.

Wilsey said quietly, "Specie shipment with three guards. Someone must have waited inside the station and blown them off the coach when they stopped. The teams stampeded and kicked free, but whoever it was got the gold."

Hutch had a sudden overwhelming knowledge that this was true, and that it would never have happened if he had been here on duty.

Gannon came awake as soon as the door opened. Carrie stepped into the room and closed the door, shutting out the clatter of the passengers in the common room. "Can you see Wilsey?" she asked.

"I can see anyone now, even Maydet. What is it, Carrie?"

She went out of the room without answering and Gannon made an effort to get up. He was sitting on the edge of the bed when she came back with Wilsey Kirk.

Wilsey's mouth opened in wonder when he saw Gannon, and there was instantaneous shock in his pale eyes. "Well, by jingo," he breathed. "I had you dead, Gannon."

"Just so Maydet thinks that, too, Wilsey. What's the trouble?"

Wilsey said, matter-of-factly, "The specie coach was held up at Dry Creek. I don't reckon you'd call it a holdup exactly, because the driver and three guards were killed. Murdered. From all the signs, three men forted up in the station shack. When the coach pulled in for the team change, the three guards and the driver were just blowed off the coach. It looks like the teams went wild then. They kicked hell out of the coach, turned it over, killed a wheeler and kicked free. The boot was empty."

As Gannon listened to Wilsey's words, he felt his heart go out of him. These were his men, murdered, the men he was pledged to protect. It took him several seconds to accept the enormity of this massacre and then, when his mind finally began to work, he asked: "Where was Hutch?"

"At Boley's."

"You know that for certain?"

"I brought him down. We come on it together."

In the moment it took Gannon to accept Wilsey's words, he could find no anger within him, only an overwhelming sadness. Hutch—loyal, courageous and weak—was the true betrayer. If Hutch had been on the job at Dry Creek, he would probably be dead now. Yet that would have been better than living with the knowledge that must now be locked in his mind.

"Who was the driver?" Gannon said.

"Tim Mayze."

"Was a gun fired from the stage?"

"All the guns were loaded but not fired," Wilsey said grimly. "That's why I figured it was three men who ambushed them. If it was any less, one of the guards would have got a shot off. If it was any more, at least one of our men would have been shot twice."

Gannon sat as if in a stupor, and presently Wilsey said, "You want me to do anything?"

Gannon took a deep, sighing breath. "Have Dickert report to Mr. Olderson. Tell Dickert I'm alive, but no one else, Wilsey."

"Sure," Wilsey said. He stepped out and closed the door behind him.

When he had gone, Gannon said to Carrie, "Will you fix me up to travel?"

"You're not leaving!" Carrie said sharply. "You can barely walk!"

"You don't understand," Gannon said softly. "Maydet thinks I'm dead, or too hurt to move. He knows there's no one but Bert Dickert to run him down, and Bert's only a boy. Now's the time I have to move."

"But you can't!"

"Fix me up, Carrie," Gannon said, his voice patient but implacable. Resignedly, Carrie dressed his wound and then, using canvas strips, she bound his left arm against his side. When she was finished, Gannon managed to slip on his shirt and get to his feet.

"When Wilsey pulls out, have one of the boys bring my horse around to the back door," he said.

Obediently Carrie started for the door and then turned. "Won't you take someone with you?"

"Hutch," Gannon said. "Tell Lennor to send one of his stocktenders to Dry Creek on the westbound."

"Is Hutch enough?"

"He's got four dead men riding with him. That's enough."

"And how many have you riding with you?" Carrie asked bitterly.

With surprise Gannon saw that she was angry. "What do you want me to do, Carrie?"

"I don't know. Keep on riding through to California, maybe."

"And leave the government to recover its gold shipment? Leave four murders unpunished? Leave the line and every man who works on it in daily fear of his life?"

"*You* can't stop it!" Carrie said swiftly. "You've proved that!"

"Maybe I can't stop it, but I don't run from it," Gannon said grimly.

"That's right," Carrie said quickly. "You run *at* it. You'll run at it once too often, Will." She turned and ran out of the room.

Slowly, on uncertain legs, Gannon walked out of the room and through the kitchen to the back door. Outside, he saw that one of the stocktenders was holding his saddle horse, Carrie standing beside him.

He summoned all his strength and fought rather than climbed into the saddle. "I don't know when I'll be back, Carrie," he said.

"I do. Never."

"That could happen," Gannon said mildly. "If I *don't* come back, though, it won't be because I'm in California."

He reined his horse around and headed west over the prairie.

As he rode, he speculated on the plan of escape the three stage robbers might have. They would not expect immediate pursuit, and in that, Gannon knew, lay his advantage. If he pressed it, there was a slim chance of overtaking them.

It was after dark when he reached Dry Creek Station. There was no light showing in the hut, but as he approached, Hutch's challenge came from the doorway: "Pull in right there!"

"It's me, Hutch. Gannon. Help me off this horse."

Hutch came over slowly.

"You heard," he said. It was not a question but a statement.

"Yes. From Wilsey."

"Don't hack at me, Will," Hutch said quietly.

"I don't think I have to," Gannon said. "Hold these reins."

Hutch caught the reins, and Gannon grasped the horn with his right hand, swung his leg over the saddle and slid to the ground. For a moment, when his legs failed him, he held himself erect with his right arm; then, slowly, his legs accepted his weight. "Give me my rifle," he said.

When Hutch had taken the rifle from the scabbard and handed it to him, Gannon upended it and, using it as half cane, half crutch, he walked slowly toward the door.

When Hutch came in, after turning out Gannon's horse, the two men looked at each other in silence. Gannon saw, with quiet shock, that Hutch seemed to be moving like a man in a trance; his eyes, usually reckless and sparkling, were sunken and dull, and his movements were clumsy.

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When he had got the fire going, Hutch sat down at the table. "Who hid you, Will?" he asked.

"Carrie."

A hint of pleasure altered the bleak expression in Hutch's face for a moment and then vanished. He sighed. "You can ask questions any time you're ready, Will," he said.

"Why were you at Boley's?"

Hutch said tonelessly, "Seeing Maggie."

Then that explained it, Gannon thought bleakly. Hutch had been after Maggie Boley, and because of his lust four men were dead. But there was no use saying any more to Hutch, he knew. Hutch's punishment would never cease; and Gannon thought sadly, there was nothing he could add to it or subtract from it.

There was a long silence and then Hutch said, "How do you live with something like this, Will?"

How many times had he himself wondered that after Marian's death? Gannon thought. Wasn't he, in a way he did not understand, just as guilty of her death as Hutch was of the death of four men? Somewhere along the way he had failed her, just as Hutch had failed his trust. He answered then, "I don't know, Hutch. All I know is that you do."

The stocktender Lennor had sent to hold down Dry Creek Station in Hutch's absence had already finished breakfast when Gannon woke up.

Over a quick breakfast, Hutch told the little he had learned about the three men who had held up the specie coach. After presumably dividing the loot, one man had headed south while two had cut back around the corral and headed north. The horses of these two men were shod, and Hutch had trailed them long enough to memorize their tracks.

"We'll take the two," Gannon said, and he saw a glint of fiendish pleasure in Hutch's eyes at his words. He knew that all of Hutch's cunning and intelligence would be dedicated to this pursuit.

Riding out, after breakfast, they soon picked up the tracks. By midmorning they were in the foothills and by afternoon they were in the timber of the mountains. The sky was overcast now, and a ground breeze moved steadily.

The two horsemen ahead of them were traveling game trails now, and Gannon began to see a pattern in their flight. They were heading roughly northwest, angling for the high country. "What are the mountains like to the north, Hutch?" he asked.

"They're some lower," Hutch answered. "I figure they're heading for a low pass. Anything above us would be drifted for another month."

Twice within the next hour Gannon reined up, and both times it was where the timber broke away at the edge of small grassy parks. Each time he rode slowly into the parks, studying the ground and the grass. "It isn't sensible," he said finally, "but there it is. They've stopped to graze their horses—a good long time, too, if you can judge by the grass that's been grazed off."

"Today?"

Gannon nodded, frowning. "This pasture is pretty well grazed over. They loafed here most of the morning. I'd judge they're only four or five hours ahead of us."

Gannon fell silent, trying to read meaning into the action of the two men ahead of them. "I'll make my guess," he said presently. "They're not afraid of being followed. They're resting up their horses and grazing them, getting strength for the crossover tomorrow."

"Then they won't be carrying grain," Hutch said.

"No. What's ahead, Hutch?"

"Let's find out before rain hits us," Hutch replied.

He reined his horse around and, picking up the tracks again, headed up the game trail that threaded the thick green timber. Wearily, Gannon followed. At a dead tree standing on the shoulder of the mountain, Hutch dismounted and climbed to the top of the tree to look over the country.

When he got down he said, his face puzzled, "We're heading into a wide canyon. There may be peaks behind it, but I can't see them."

"Let's see if they head up the canyon," Gannon said.

It began to drizzle before dark, and within an hour they were in a wild driving thunderstorm.

At dark Hutch pulled off the trail under a sheltering spruce and waited for Gannon to rein in beside him. "If we're crossing over tomorrow, Will, you'd better get some rest," he said. "And so had the horses."

"Let's shoot the whole poke," Will said quietly.

Hutch frowned. "How do you mean?" he asked.

"If you were four hours up this canyon and ran into this rain and knew you were crossing over tomorrow, what would you do?" Gannon asked.

Hutch thought a moment. "I'd figure first of all that my horses had to be fresh for the crossing. Then I'd figure this rain would be snow in the higher country, and that up there I'd spend a hell of a night."

"So you'd switch over and camp on the south slope in thick timber and close to grazing, wouldn't you?"

"That's right."

"Then let's shoot the whole poke," Gannon repeated. "Let's travel all night. We'll be on the north side of the canyon where the weather is, so there's little chance of us spooking them. Let's get as close to timberline as we can, and then drop down to the stream at daylight. They'll hold to the stream grade because that's easiest."

Hutch considered this. "We'll kill our horses and likely you, Will," he said slowly. "How do you feel? Tell me the truth."

"If we keep going I'm all right," Gannon said grimly. "If I get off this horse, you'll be two days getting me back on. I'm in no shape for a long hunt, Hutch, and neither are our horses. Let's grain our horses and make the big gamble tonight."

Hutch grained the horses, and got out their meager supper of cold meat and biscuits.

For Gannon, then, there began a night of purest hell. His back was aching almost like a live tooth. The rain kept to a dismal wind-driven drizzle, a chilling, shocking misery that goaded them hour after hour.

Sometime about dawn, when their horses were staggering with weariness, they picked up the sound of rushing water to their right.

When they had crossed the narrow stream and were in the trees of the north bank, Hutch stepped wearily out of the saddle and set off to the north on foot. A hundred yards from where Gannon was waiting he came upon a well-traveled game trail that led down between big boulders to the stream. If the two horsemen had camped on the north side of the stream in the thickest timber and had held to that bank as they progressed, this would be the last place they could enter the stream course. Shaking with cold, Hutch moved up to the trail and saw the freshly made tracks of a buck. But the trail held no horse tracks, and, turning, Hutch knew they were in time.

When he returned to Gannon, he found him asleep in the saddle, head slumped forward.

Suddenly, as if born out of the misting rain, a doe appeared on the game trail. She halted, watching the stream below; and, because Hutch was utterly still, her attention was not attracted. Satisfied that all was clear, she moved five feet down the trail when suddenly she froze, her head swiveling around toward the green timber. Her ears were erect, and Hutch could see her nostrils quivering. Hutch strained to listen, too, and could hear nothing. But suddenly the doe leaped down the trail. In three springs she had got to the creek, jumped it and vanished into the timber of the far bank.

Hutch reached a hand up to Gannon's leg, shaking him. "A deer just spooked past," he whispered.

Gannon woke with a start. "Then this is it," he said wearily.

Hutch helped him dismount. "I'll take the first man," Hutch whispered. "You take the second."

They waited, straining their ears to catch any new sound. Presently it came, the muffled chuck of horseshoes on rock. Softly Gannon pulled back the hammer of his pistol.

Then the head and shoulders of a horse appeared from behind one of the big boulders marking the trail. The rider was a big man, part Indian, whom Gannon did not know; he had halted and was looking upstream. Following closely came the second horseman, and Gannon felt a wild exultation: it was Rich Cleff.

"Cleff!" Gannon called. Both riders turned quickly, their guns leveled.

The half-breed roweled his horse savagely, and the horse lunged down the bank. Hutch's shot wiped the man out of the saddle, but Gannon did not see this; he was looking over his sights at Cleff. Cleff belatedly spurred his horse, too, and lifted his rifle. He pulled his horse to the left in a daring attempt to cut into the timber. And now Gannon, knowing he had lost Cleff in his sight, nevertheless pulled the trigger. The front legs of Cleff's horse folded under him and Cleff was catapulted headfirst out of the saddle against a tree.

Hutch was already in motion, running for Cleff. Gannon lunged toward the trail where the half-breed lay. He knelt and, with his right hand, rolled him over. The man's eyes were open, unseeing. Gannon saw that Hutch had rolled Cleff over and taken his pistol.

Gannon walked over to them. The flesh on Cleff's cheek was scraped raw from the bark on the tree and his eyes were closed. Hutch rose now and went back to Cleff's horse and opened the saddlebag. Gannon heard him swear softly and turned. Hutch held up a buckskin sack. Untying it, he held out his palm and poured out a stream of bright gold eagles.

Hutch glanced wordlessly at Gannon and then, as if he could restrain himself no longer, he walked over and gave Cleff a savage kick.

The pain roused Cleff; he opened his eyes. There was an animal ferocity in his thin face, a yearning to kill in his eyes.

"Let's start with old Mr. Dickert, Cleff," Gannon said softly. "You put a knife in him for his money, didn't you?"

Cleff didn't answer. He kept his malevolent glance on Gannon.

"Then there was Keefe at the Dry Creek Station. You shot him and you ran off his horses."

Still watching Gannon, Cleff spat in contempt. Hutch lunged for him, but Gannon barred his way. "Who was the third man on the specie-shipment job, Cleff?" he went on implacably. "The one who went south?"

"You'll see," Cleff said thinly. "Him and the others are likely only a couple of hours behind you."

Gannon was suddenly filled with a wild, almost heart-bursting anger. He looked at Hutch and said, "You think Cleff helped kill Tim Mayze and the three guards?"

Hutch stared at him. "Are you crazy? What's this?" He held up the sack of eagles.

"Then you're satisfied."

"I'm satisfied as hell," Hutch said. "Come on. Let's tie him up and go."

Gannon looked about him, almost casually, and then he pointed. "We're going, all right. As far as that tree."

There was shock in Hutch's eyes as he glanced at the dead pine Gannon had indicated. He licked his lips. "You sure, Will?" he asked hoarsely.

Gannon's voice was flat, final. "There's a hundred miles to travel and a dozen men to fight before a jury can decide the same thing we can decide here. Go get his rope, Hutch."

Hutch's face seemed drained of all color, and he glanced fleetingly at Cleff. Gannon waited, and when Hutch made no move, Gannon said in a voice iron-hard with calculated cruelty, "You ran away from your wife, Hutch. You ran away from your job. But you're not going to run away from this."

Hutch winced, and for a moment there was hatred in the look he gave Gannon. Then, without speaking, he went over and untied the rope from Cleff's saddle horn.

"Get up," Gannon said to Cleff. When Cleff didn't move, Gannon took two steps toward him and held the gun six inches from his face. "Maybe this way's easier," he said softly.

For the first time fear mingled with the wild hatred in Cleff's eyes. He came slowly to his feet. When Hutch came abreast of them, Gannon said, "Tie his hands behind his back. Not with the rope, with his saddle strings.

"Now walk over to that dead tree," Gannon said when Hutch had finished, and Cleff stumbled the ten yards to the big pine. Hutch followed, and when they were under the biggest branch, Gannon said, "Stand right there." Then he glanced at Hutch. "All right."

Hutch would not look at him. He uncoiled the rope, threw the end over a branch.

It was Gannon who slipped the noose over Cleff's head and tightened it. "I'm sorry I can't do this twice," he said.

Hutch was looking at Gannon beseechingly, but Gannon lifted his good hand and said, "High as you can reach, Hutch."

Hutch slowly, reluctantly, lifted his hands. "*Now!*" Gannon said, and they both threw their weight onto the rope, falling to their knees against the weight on the other end.

They had their sleep out, which took them into the afternoon, beside the small fire Hutch had built on the stream's bank. Gannon woke with the memory of the hanging sharp in his mind. With that memory came an overwhelming depression, tinged with a burdening guilt.

He gazed at Hutch, remembering his reluctance to share in the hanging of Cleff. When he recalled his own lashing fury that had crowded Hutch into joining him, he felt a deep sense of shame. Hutch had backed away from the hanging, and Gannon did not even need to ask himself why. It was one thing to shoot and kill a man in anger or fear when you knew that the man would kill you if you didn't kill him. It was another thing to take a defenseless man with his hands tied behind his back and break his neck with a rope.

Gannon closed his eyes, but the image of Cleff swinging from the dead branch would not be shut out. It was a symbol, Gannon knew bitterly, of his every fault—of overriding anger, of vengefulness, of merciless hatred and of a savage will to punish.

He opened his eyes and found Hutch watching him. Without speaking, Hutch got the tin coffeepot he had found in Cleff's gear and made coffee. As he poured Gannon a cup, he said, "I found just as many eagles in the half-breed's saddlebag as there were in Cleff's."

"That's two thirds of it, then," Gannon said.

For the first time now they looked at each other. "Will," Hutch said quietly, "let's get out of here."

Gannon felt a sudden relief, as if Hutch had put his own feelings into words.

Once mounted, with Hutch ahead and leading the half-breed's horse, Gannon tried to rationalize his feelings. True, he had ordered a man hanged, but the man was guilty of the blackest and most cowardly murders. He had received a rough justice where legal justice was unavailable. *But was it unavailable?* Couldn't they have taken Cleff back to Dry Creek, boarded a westbound stage and delivered him, along with the evidence, to the nearest law officer west—all without Maydet's knowing that Cleff had been captured?

Yes, Gannon thought bleakly, they could have. Instead, in his fury, he had elected himself witness, jury, judge and executioner. Moreover, he had made Hutch an unwilling accessory. Strangely then, he thought of Carrie and of her answer when he had asked her, "How would you have me be?" Gentler, she had said. His answer to that had been this ultimate savagery, he thought dismally.

Sometime in late afternoon Hutch reined up and waited for Gannon to bring his horse alongside. "Want to keep traveling?" he asked. Gannon put off answering for so long that Hutch said, "Maybe you're tired."

"I'm like you, Hutch," Gannon said finally. "I want to put it as far behind me as I can. Let's keep going."

Alternately riding the third horse, they pushed on down the long canyon, and sometime around midnight they halted to rest and give their horses the last of the grain. Hutch built up a fire and set the coffeepot on it while Gannon, his back and shoulder dully aching, rested against the tree. When they had finished the last of their biscuits and drunk their coffee, Hutch said quietly, "I'm leaving Dry Creek, Will. I'm going back to my woman."

Gannon said nothing, only waited.

"I'm going to get so far from Maggie Boley I can't reach her. It took me a long time to grow up, but I made it."

Still Gannon said nothing.

Hutch stared into the fire. Then, abruptly, he asked, "Was Maydet the third man, Will?"

"I think he was, Hutch," Gannon said slowly. "That's too much money to risk losing by someone else's mistake."

"How much was it?"

"Sixty thousand dollars."

"The breed had twenty and so did Cleff," Hutch said. "You think Lou Maydet ever split equal with his boys?"

"For this kind of money I think he'd be willing to," Gannon said thoughtfully. "He had to have men who could keep their mouths shut, no matter what."

Hutch said wryly, "And Cleff did. You think he and the breed were clearing out of the country for good?"

Gannon nodded.

"You think Maydet will?"

"No. I think he picked his men well." Gannon's voice was bitter. "Besides, we've killed all witnesses against him."

And that, Gannon was thinking, was another bitter reward of his hanging of Cleff.

It was not yet dawn when they rode into the Dry Creek Station, to be challenged by the alert young stocktender. Gannon was bone weary and Hutch had to help him dismount. "Lay over a day and sleep, Will," Hutch said earnestly.

"I'll have to."

Continued on Next Page

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"Me, I'm changing horses and going home."

"I'll be by in a day or two. Pass the word about the gold, and about what we did with Cleff and the half-breed."

Hutch accepted this without speaking. His face seemed drained of all protest, as if this was one more thing he must accept in payment for his dereliction. "We take care of our own, Hutch. Let them know it," Gannon said quietly. He turned and headed toward the shack.

Two mornings later Gannon rode out toward the east, his destination Louisburg. Word of Cleff's hanging would have preceded him, and he wondered if Maydet had the news yet. Gannon knew he wouldn't panic at news of the half-breed's death and Cleff's hanging; he would only laugh, pleased that Midland had accommodated him by killing the only two men who could possibly testify against him.

As he approached Lennor's, Gannon saw that Lennor had the walls of the new barn nearly raised, and he put his horse over to the building. When Lennor saw him, something very like fear came into his face.

"Any news?" Gannon asked as he dismounted.

Lennor's eyes were accusing. "No. You made the only recent news."

Gannon nodded and started for the house. I'd better get used to it, he thought.

He surprised Carrie in the kitchen and as she looked at him, startled, his gaunt beard-stubbled face altered faintly into a smile. "I didn't go to California," he said.

"I'd heard that," Carrie said.

Gannon walked slowly toward her. The question of what she had heard—and, more important, what she thought of what she'd heard—was forming in his mind, but he did not ask. "How's Keefe?" he said.

"Bert Dickert asked him to come into Louisburg when he could travel. He left yesterday." She paused and then said, "How is your back?"

"I'll have to have you tell me," Gannon said. He was watching her carefully, seeking for the least sign of uneasiness in her manner. All he could discover, however, was her usual matter-of-factness.

"The bunkhouse is empty," Carrie said. "I'll bring some warm water out and clean you up."

When she had dressed his wound and Gannon was getting into his shirt, Carrie did an odd thing. She suddenly looked at him abruptly, and sat down on one of the bunks. "I'm leaving the Lennors, Will," she said quietly.

Gannon frowned. "For where?"

"East or west—I guess it doesn't matter."

"Why are you leaving?" Gannon asked soberly.

"I'm not welcome here."

"Since taking me in?"

Carrie only nodded, and Gannon said, "How did they take the news of Cleff's hanging?"

"Like I did. We hated it."

Gannon looked at her closely. "Would you believe me if I say now that I hate it too?"

"But it's done," Carrie said.

Gannon looked away, an intolerable sadness in him. He had cost Carrie all she had. He had placed her in a position where she could not refuse him help, but in helping him she had alienated all the meager affections the Lennors could spare her.

Gannon said then, "Let me check the whole line, Carrie. There are good families running home stations. They'd welcome a girl who would work."

Carrie shook her head. "I want away from the line, Will."

"Because of me again?"

"Yes. And because of Cleff."

Gannon scrubbed his face with his hand and said presently, "God knows, I'm sorry for that."

"I'm sure you are, but that's not enough, Will," Carrie said tonelessly. "When you're crossed again, you'll do that or something worse. Each new thing is always worse than the last. It has to be, or you can't keep people fearing you. Right now, Will, you're no better than a hired killer, hired by Midland. You didn't need to hang Rich Cleff. You just wanted to do something more terrible than they did to you. But someone may kill you that way, Will. They hate you enough. Why should I stay and watch it happen?"

Gannon sighed, and rose. "You shouldn't, Carrie," he said quietly. "You're right to get away from the line. Go east. You haven't the money to do it though, have you?"

"No."

"You'll get it from Midland."

Carrie's face flushed. "I don't want to take help, Will, but I must. I can pay it back."

"Sure you can," Will said. "When are you leaving?"

Carrie rose. "Why not tomorrow? Why put it off?"

"I'll ride in with you, Carrie. We'll get you to the railhead and head you east."

When she had gone back to the house, Gannon lay down on a bunk. He wondered what his life on the line would be like once Carrie was gone. She was leaving, she had said, because she did not want to wait and see him destroyed.

That could happen, Will conceded, but not if he could help it. He could and would ask the territories Midland passed through for law-enforcement officers. If necessary he could ask that Midland's real property be assessed at a worth that would allow the line to pay in taxes the equivalent of law officers' salaries. There had to be a way for the law to control and punish Maydet and remove that responsibility from Midland's hands. Why, he wondered bitterly, had it taken the loss of Carrie to make him face this?

When the stage came in next morning, Gannon arranged for Carrie's passage and loaded her valise in the rear boot.

"You don't mind riding alone, Carrie?" he said. "I'll have to ride on top."

"I'd better get used to riding alone," she said.

It was midafternoon when they reached the log-and-sod shack of the Helper Creek Station. The door was shut, Gannon saw, and there was no sign of life.

The team change was ready at the corral and the reins were held by a man Gannon had never seen before. Where was Hutch? he wondered. He stepped down and was heading for the house when the stocktender called, "I wouldn't go up there, Mister."

Gannon halted. "Why not?" he asked.

"They've had some trouble."

Gannon looked again at the house, and then, driven by a sharp but nameless fear, he ran toward it. His knock on the door went unanswered, and he lifted the latch and stepped inside.

Seated at the table was Hutch's Indian wife, and she looked at Gannon with eyes bright with hatred. He glanced to the bed in the corner. A blanket-wrapped figure, boots thrusting out, lay on the bed. Swiftly, he strode across the room and lifted the blanket. It was Hutch, his face peaceful in death, his shirt front caked with dried blood.

Stunned, Gannon stared down at Hutch for several moments; then he gently replaced the blanket, feeling an almost blinding surge of grief. He walked over and stood beside the table. "What happened?" he asked.

The Papago woman suddenly covered her face with her hands and began to sob uncontrollably. Gannon put his arm around her shoulder, and then, with a murdering anger rising in him, he left the house and went back to the coach. "What happened?" he demanded of the stocktender. "I'm Gannon, the super."

"I was sleeping in the barn when a shot woke me just before dawn," the man said. "I heard a horse running, but I couldn't see anything. I ran up to the house then, and the woman started screaming." He paused. "I guess Hutch got up to answer the door for whoever shot him."

Gannon was aware suddenly that Carrie had come up beside him, and he turned to her. "You heard?"

Carrie only nodded and mercifully she did not look at him. He turned and walked slowly over to the corral. There was no doubt in his mind that Hutch's death was retaliation for his share in hanging Cleff.

He leaned tiredly on the top rail of the corral, thinking of Hutch. In spite of his weaknesses, Hutch had been a generous, warmhearted friend, and Gannon knew bleakly that he alone was responsible for Hutch's death. If he had not shamed Hutch into helping him hang Cleff, Hutch would be alive now.

"Will."

Gannon turned and found Carrie standing beside him. There was that look of pity in her eyes that he dreaded. "Everything you said about me was right, Carrie," he said slowly. "Even up till yesterday I thought I could back away from being Midland's hired killer. Now I can't back away. Hutch was my friend. I'm going to bury him and then get Maydet."

"I know," Carrie said.

"You can't jump off a cliff, Carrie," he said bitterly, "and then change your mind when you're about to land. I guess I've jumped." He straightened up and glanced back at the coach. The teams were ready and the driver was eying him impatiently. "Come along," he said.

She fell in beside him and when they reached the driver, Gannon halted. "I'm staying here," he told the express messenger. "Miss Bentall will go on with you. At Louisburg I want you to take her to Bert Dickert. Tell him to turn over five hundred dollars to her, and then have her escorted to the railhead. Dickert is to pay her train fare to any place she names. He is to watch out for her at all times. Have you got that?"

The messenger nodded.

Gannon looked down at Carrie. "Anything you want, you ask for, Carrie."

He took off his hat then, not knowing what to say. He saw tears misting Carrie's eyes and he held out his hand.

Carrie ignored it. She came up to him, lifted her face and kissed him. "Take care, Will," she said softly, and got quickly into the coach.

Gannon watched the stage until it was almost out of sight, thinking that it held all on this earth that was dear to him.

The stocktender helped Gannon dig Hutch's grave. Coatless, perspiration searing his wound, Gannon worked stubbornly, welcoming the pain that kept him from thinking. He scarcely noticed when the stocktender went over to hook up the teams for the westbound.

The grave was shoulder-deep when Gannon suddenly heard someone say, "Mr. Gannon?"

He turned and looked up. Standing on the edge of the grave, his young face sober and controlled, was young Bert Dickert. "What are you doing here, Bert?" Gannon asked.

"I'm hunting for you."

"Why?"

Dickert squatted on his heels and said quietly, "Maydet's crowd is expecting something. They've had watchers out since dawn. You ran down Cleff, and so I figured it might be you they were waiting for."

"It is," Gannon conceded. "Thanks for the warning, Bert. They made sure I'd come by killing Hutch."

While Bert and the stocktender finished the grave, Gannon went up to the house to prepare Hutch's body for burial. Then, with Hutch's wife watching stony-eyed, the child clinging to her skirt, they lowered Hutch into the grave. Bareheaded, they listened to Bert Dickert say the prayer.

Afterward, Gannon asked the stocktender to saddle up a mount for him and to get Hutch's saddle scabbard and rifle. Then he told Bert Dickert to talk with Hutch's wife and reassure her as to the future. She could stay at Helper Creek, go to another station or return to Arizona and her people.

As he headed east, toward Louisburg, he thought of Carrie, alone in town. Unable to find Bert Dickert, she would surely put up at the hotel to await his return. The irony of it did not escape Gannon. Carrie was leaving the country so that she would not be a witness to future violence and death. Yet the very violence she feared would take place before she could leave.

It was night when Gannon approached Louisburg. A couple of hundred yards from the edge of town he reined up, dismounted and drew Hutch's rifle from the saddle scabbard. He picketed his horse off the trail and then headed for town. His route was circuitous, swinging south of the town and coming into it at the rear of the hotel.

He stationed himself in the shadows where he could observe Maydet's store, the saloon and the stables and corrals. He leaned against the hotel wall and watched the street, noting idly that there was a lighted lantern on a pole in front of the blacksmith's shop, as if some emergency repair were in progress.

Almost immediately he noticed the pair of watchers in front of the saloon. Looking carefully around the corner of the hotel, he saw a third man idling on the porch. Doubtless there was yet another man stationed around the corrals.

Presently he saw a man come out of the shadows on his side of the street and approach one of the saloon watchers. Then the saloon watcher moved away, going down the plank walk in front of Maydet's store. He passed under the hanging lantern outside the blacksmith shop and then moved into the dark shop itself. Gannon's interest quickened. If the man were on an errand or after some tool, why wouldn't he show a light inside the dark building?

In a few moments the man emerged from the blacksmith's shop, retraced his steps and again took up his vigil in front of the saloon. Gannon concentrated his attention on the blacksmith shop; the double doors were open, but the interior was dark.

Presently his patience was rewarded. From the direction of the stables he saw a man emerge into the circle of lantern light and enter the shop. When the man made no effort to strike a light and came out almost immediately, Gannon was sure the two watchers were reporting to someone inside the blacksmith shop. Now he understood the reason for the hanging lantern. Anyone riding into town might stop at the saloon or store or hotel, but inevitably he would have to put up his horse. To get to the corral he would have to pass in front of the blacksmith shop. The lantern would light him while his ambusher would remain in darkness.

Gannon walked quietly to the rear of the hotel, circled the town and came in again on the north side, at the rear of the blacksmith shop.

It was a log building, chinked with mud, and he leaned his rifle against the wall and drew out his knife. Quietly, then, he began to pry out a small section of the chinking, working slowly and taking infinite care to make no noise.

When the last section of chinking came free, he leaned down and peered through the opening between the logs. The interior of the shop was dark, but the lantern out front cast a strong light. Silhouetted against this light Gannon saw two men seated in the shop, their backs to him. The massive shoulders of one of the men identified him as Lou Maydet.

Gannon straightened, picked up his rifle and felt his way slowly along the wall to the rear doors. He knelt then and lifted and gently pulled one of the doors toward him, testing it to see if it was locked. It was not, and he pulled it out carefully; the squeak of a rusty hinge could betray him.

When he judged the door was open wide enough, he rose, softly cocked his rifle and stepped into the dark shop. Both men were still seated, facing the street. Gannon called out, "Here I am, Maydet."

Both men came to their feet; the second man—the one who was not Maydet—shot immediately, and Gannon heard the slug boom into the logs ten feet away. The man shot again. Then Gannon took careful aim at him and fired. Even as he pulled the trigger he was moving to his left. He saw the man go down, and just then Maydet fired. Gannon heard the slug go into the logs to his right.

When Maydet realized his shot had failed, he wheeled and broke for the door. Gannon could see the gun in his fist, aimed to wipe out the lantern light. Gannon sighted his rifle on Maydet's back and pulled the trigger.

Maydet never shot. Driven off balance by the impact of Gannon's bullet, he fell face down on the plank walk. His gun tumbled out of his hands.

Gannon moved swiftly out the rear doors and hurried to the side of the building. He waited there in the darkness, reloading both rifle and pistol as he listened to the sound of booted feet running.

Two men appeared from the direction of the store at dead run. But before they were into the circle of lantern light two more men came from across the road. Then they were out of Gannon's sight in front of the shop. He moved forward swiftly, his pistol drawn, his rifle cocked and held in his left hand. Rounding the corner of the building, he stopped. One man was kneeling, rolling Maydet over on his back. The other three were watching, their backs to Gannon.

"Look this way, boys," he called.

The three standing men wheeled almost in unison, and the fourth man rose slowly. "Throw your guns on the ground. Do it slow, because I'm nervous," Gannon said.

With their boss dead, the men were not inviting a fight. Slowly they dropped their guns.

Gannon said quietly, "One hour from now I'll cruise this town. If I see you, I'll shoot you. Now back off and get your horses."

The four men moved slowly out of the lantern light toward the corral, and Gannon lowered his guns. He looked about him, and far out in the street he saw some idlers watching. Then came the sound of someone running, and cautiously he raised his rifle again, backing toward the safe darkness of the blacksmith shop. Then a figure broke into the circle of light and he saw that it was Carrie. She came into his arms and he held her close, trying to still her shaking.

"There's no reason to leave now, Carrie," he said softly. "There's no reason to ever leave again."

In a muffled voice she answered, "I know."

THE END

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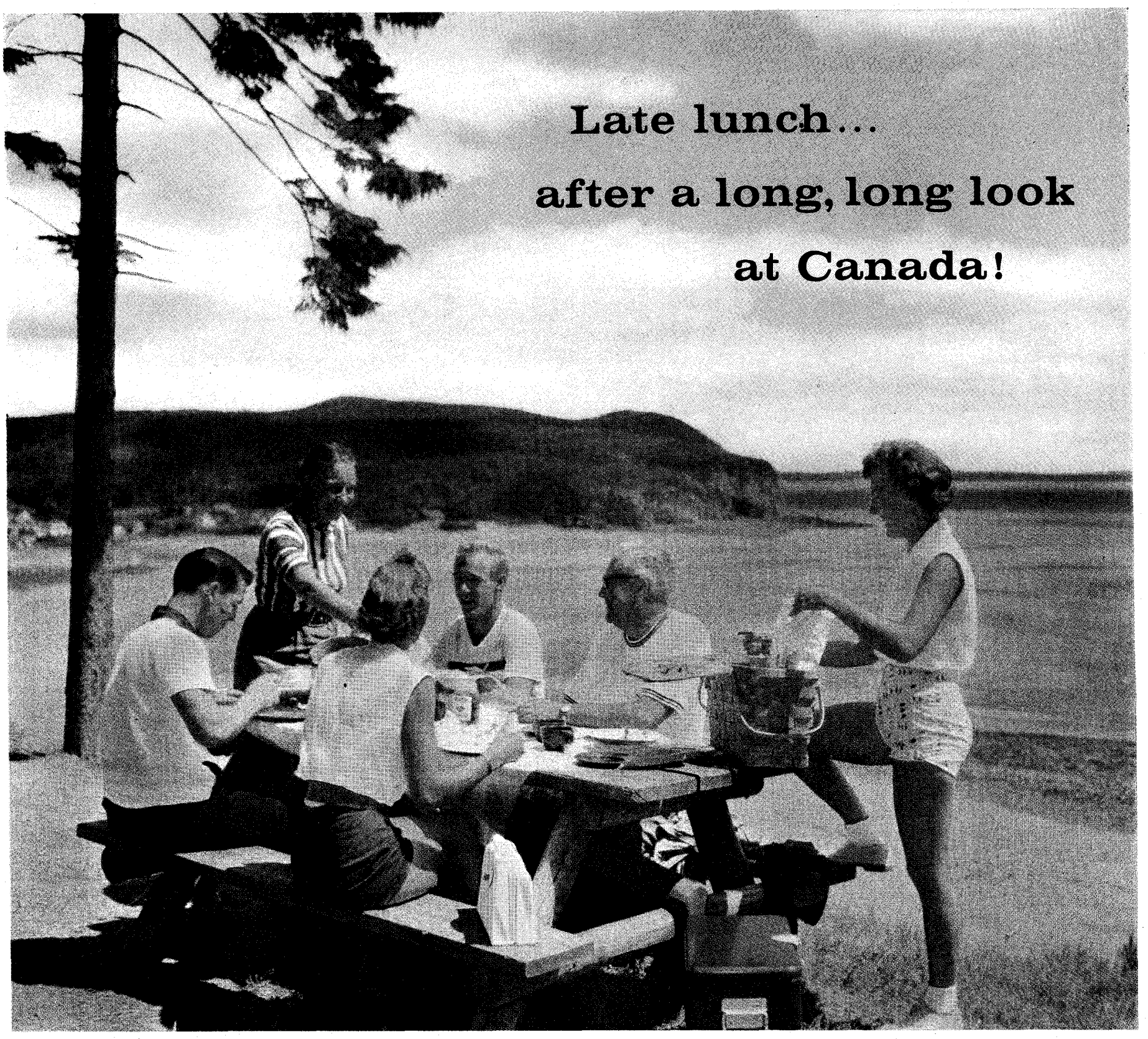

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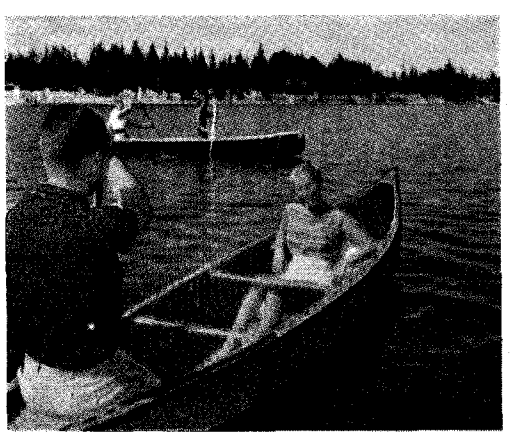

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Tornado! (Continued from Page 35)

as he snapped on the light. You'd miss anyone you'd lived with for five years. Or anything. That didn't mean they'd made the wrong decision.

The final mistake had been coming back to Lynneville, he thought. Her old town, not his. Her friends. Her folks. That had been the theme of their last argument—the final big blowup before it all ended. They'd cooled off later, of course, and they'd talked it over. But it hadn't changed things any. They knew Lynneville was not the real issue. It was a good town; the Journal was a good paper. And newspapers were Phil's whole life. Jean hated them. It was as simple as that.

They'd both tried, Phil reflected. The year he had spent on a big metropolitan paper, working a forty-hour week, had been the happiest of Jean's life. But the steady, unrelieved diet of real-estate-news coverage—home and business construction, sales of land, property deals—had in the end been more than he could take. He'd quit, without telling Jean, and lined up this job in Lynneville, hoping she'd be happier in her own town. But there were few regular hours on a small morning daily. And fewer evenings together.

So the quarrel over her town had been only the symptom that confirmed the incurable illness of their marriage. They'd done the only thing they could do—let it die. The divorce was pending. Jean had moved back with her folks in the big brick house on Jefferson Drive. Phil had kept the apartment and the job. Because the Journal, after all, was a good newspaper.

For several minutes he had been standing at the door of the kitchenette, staring at the dirty dishes without seeing them. Then the scene forced its way into his consciousness and he groaned aloud. Abruptly, he flipped off the kitchen light, grabbed a jacket and raincoat from the closet and went out the door. The steaks were good at Louie's.

As he opened the street door, Phil's lips parted in surprise. He glanced at his watch. Six-thirty. But the evening was black as a night without moon or stars. The streets were almost deserted, and the faces of the few people who hurried by reflected the unease that began to creep into his own chest. The sprinkle of rain had stopped and the gusts of wind had died to occasional stirrings of the quiet air.

Without knowing exactly why, Phil changed his dinner plans and drew up in front of a small diner across the street from the fire station.

"Hamburger to go," he told the white-clad man behind the counter. The other nodded and turned up the volume of a small radio before he went back to the grill. Phil remained by the cash register.

Dance-band music faded in mid-phrase and an announcer's voice replaced it:

"A new weather bulletin just received in the KLYN newsroom reports a tornado funnel has been sighted in the air south of Red Butte. It was moving northeast. Residents of that area are advised to take cover at once. We repeat ——"

Phil's eyes met those of the counterman. "That's about twenty miles?" Phil asked.

"Fifteen. Southwest." The man wrapped up the hamburger and dropped it in a sack. Phil paid him and stepped out on the sidewalk.

Across the street, through the windows of the lighted fire station, he saw Chief Carson stride toward the door of a practice tower that adjoined the building. Phil sprinted to the opposite curb and entered the station.

"Hi, newshound," one of the firemen grinned. "Think she's going to hit us?"

"You're supposed to tell me," Phil replied. . . . "You going up to take a look, chief?"

"Thought I might," he answered with a smile. "Want to come along?"

"I'm game." Phil gripped a rung of the ladder and followed the chief's polished shoes up the four floors that represented as tall a building as Lynneville boasted. He was panting a little when they reached the top.

Lincoln's Tailor

By Myra Perrings

Even as his clothes were
tailored to
Accommodate sharp elbows,
angled knees,
His thought was shaped by
prairie patterns, cut
Wide shouldered as the
broad-branched forest trees
Outreaching through the
long-sleeved miles that ran
In all directions compassing
both north
And south.
The prairie took his measure,
set
Its fabric to his strength, and
sent him forth
Clad durably for testing and
for time.

In patience, meadow-mild and
grass-root deep,
In courage woven on a lonely
loom,
He led the trembling nation
through the storm
Until the fury and the sound
should cease.

When silence fell, the prairie
took him back
And wrapped him in its last
sweet robe of peace.

Carson pushed open a trap door and they climbed through to the roof of the tower. The view from above the sky line was even more awesome than from the street. The black cloud that enveloped the city ended on all sides just above the horizon, like a giant inverted bowl suspended a few hundred feet above the ground. To the north a patch of late-evening sky was visible. But to the south the light space dimmed to a dull gray.

"Look!" The chief's exclamation jerked Phil's attention to the southwest.

It was the first one Phil had seen, except in pictures. He stared in horrified fascination. Slowly, ponderously, the black edge of the cloud had begun to boil and turn. A dark, downward-bulging mass, it churned, revolving slowly at first and then with increasing speed. At the bottom, a black, tapering tail formed and stretched toward the earth, weaving and twitching angrily, a thing alive, It touched the ground and instantly seemed to double in size, leaping forward in fury.

The chief's sudden bellow yanked at Phil's taut nerves. "Siren!" Carson yelled to the men below. "Hit the siren! Tornado!"

The huge alarm, little used since Lynneville had outgrown its volunteer fire department, was mounted on the roof beside them. Phil had sense enough to drop through the trap door as the siren began its first rising growl. The chief was right behind him.

"Down!" Carson yelled over the mounting scream that vibrated the tower. "Grab the edges! Slide!"

Phil hooked his hands and legs around the polished sides of the narrow wooden ladder and slipped into space. He plummeted downward, his feet groping awkwardly for a rung now and then to slow his descent, his hands burning from the friction of his slide. He landed in a heap at the bottom and barely scrambled out of the chief's way. None of the firemen laughed.

One shouted a question, but his words were lost in the siren's shriek. Carson shook his head and led them on a run past the engines to the front of the building. Phil crowded with them into the chief's office, and someone shut the door. The rising, falling wail was only slightly muffled.

"It's on the edge of town," Carson shouted, "heading this way—maybe a little east! It was on the ground! I don't know whether ——"

The lights went out.

In the darkness, no one spoke. The siren, robbed of its power, paused in a climb toward a new peak and dropped back in a dying moan. But a new sound replaced it—a roaring, booming, whistling, crashing crescendo of sound that could not be mistaken. Phil found he had dropped to the floor instinctively, and he was aware of other bodies around him in the darkness, squeezing under the tables and desks. Somewhere close by, a window fell and shattered.

Jean, he thought. *The basement. Get into the basement.*

Suddenly the noise had changed. The roar dimmed, faded, died. For an instant there was complete silence. Then the rain hit, more sensed than heard, rushing to earth in a slanting downpour.

"Get a light." The chief's quiet order was like a shout in the sudden silence. The glare of a portable floodlight splashed through the station as the firemen hurried to their tasks. Phil slipped out the side door, gasping as the cold rain, mixed now with stinging particles of hail, flung itself against him.

Driving rapidly through the dark streets toward the Journal, he could see no signs of damage. But he knew Lynneville hadn't escaped entirely.

Phil stopped at the paper only long enough to check with Craig, who was trying to bring about order by the dim gleam of a couple of flashlights. The C.E. told him he had already dispatched the two photographers to the south part of the city.

"You haven't heard—you don't know whether Jefferson Drive ——" Phil said. It wasn't the question he'd intended to ask.

Craig shook his head.

The rain was slackening as Phil headed south. *Mulberry,* he thought. *It cuts through to Jefferson.* He drove as fast as he dared through the black streets, spray arching outward from both sides of the car. Once he heard a siren, drawing nearer on the next street and then fading away.

He swung left into Mulberry, cutting the corner, and slammed hard on the brakes. The car skidded to a stop almost into the roots of a giant tree lying across the street. Phil jumped out, fumbling a flashlight from the glove compartment. Beyond the tree, the glare of the headlights showed a mountain of splintered, jumbled wreckage. He ducked under the huge trunk, the narrow finger of light probing ahead.

The pile of debris, he realized, had been a house—probably several houses. He called out and a faint cry answered. Phil set the light on the ground and gripped the broken end of a timber projecting toward him. It moved a few inches and stuck. He climbed frantically onto the twisted mass of wreckage, wrenching splintered boards out of his way. Then he paused, realizing the futility of his efforts.

"Listen," he shouted, "I'll get some help! Can you hear me? I'll be back!"

There was no answer.

He retrieved the flashlight and skirted the jumble of wood and stone, stumbling forward in the darkness. It was difficult even to follow the street. He thought he heard someone call out and he stopped, sweeping the flashlight about him. Its beam picked out a pair of tree trunks whose stubs of bare, splintered branches ended suddenly in the blackness above. But beyond them there was nothing.

Phil moved to his left, stumbling over the curbing, and pointed the light down. It revealed a gaping square hole, the basement of a house, with steps leading upward to nowhere. He flashed the light around, and something moved in the corner. Then a man crawled from behind an overturned cupboard and stood up. He was balding and middle-aged, and he looked around him without comprehension, blinking into the light.

"You all right?" Phil asked.

"I—I don't know. I guess so." The man came up the stairs and reached out for a doorknob that was no longer there. He grinned foolishly and dropped his hand. "Have you seen my wife?" he asked. "She was next door ——" He turned to point and Phil's flashlight followed the gesture. The beam stabbed into nothingness.

Gently, Phil urged the man back down the street toward where the car headlights still filtered through the tree branches.

"Stay by the car," he said. "Someone will come." He turned and went on.

The rain had stopped, and Phil suddenly realized he was sweating heavily. As he halted to take off his raincoat he heard the popping of a small gasoline engine accelerating into life. Then two white floodlights split the darkness a couple of blocks ahead, to be joined quickly by a third. Their glare spilled down the cluttered street, throwing into weird silhouette the tangled piles of wreckage.

Phil hurried toward the light. It would be about Jefferson Drive. He was aware now of the growing volume of noises as rescue workers poured into the stricken district. Distant shouts carried toward him; a truck motor roared and subsided, and a faraway siren faded into the night.

For the dozenth time Phil stumbled, lurching forward. He turned back to where his foot had struck the soft obstacle, dreading what he would find. When he tipped the flashlight downward his breath caught in quick horror. It had been a little girl—about five or six, he thought. Phil didn't need to touch her or look closer. Fighting down the ball of sickness in the pit of his stomach, he spread his raincoat over the tiny, huddled figure and hurried on.

In the blaze of the floodlights a dozen men were swarming over the rubble of what had been a three-story apartment house. They shouted instructions to one another and to a winch truck that looked like a toy backing toward the mountain of wreckage. (*Continued on Page 104*)

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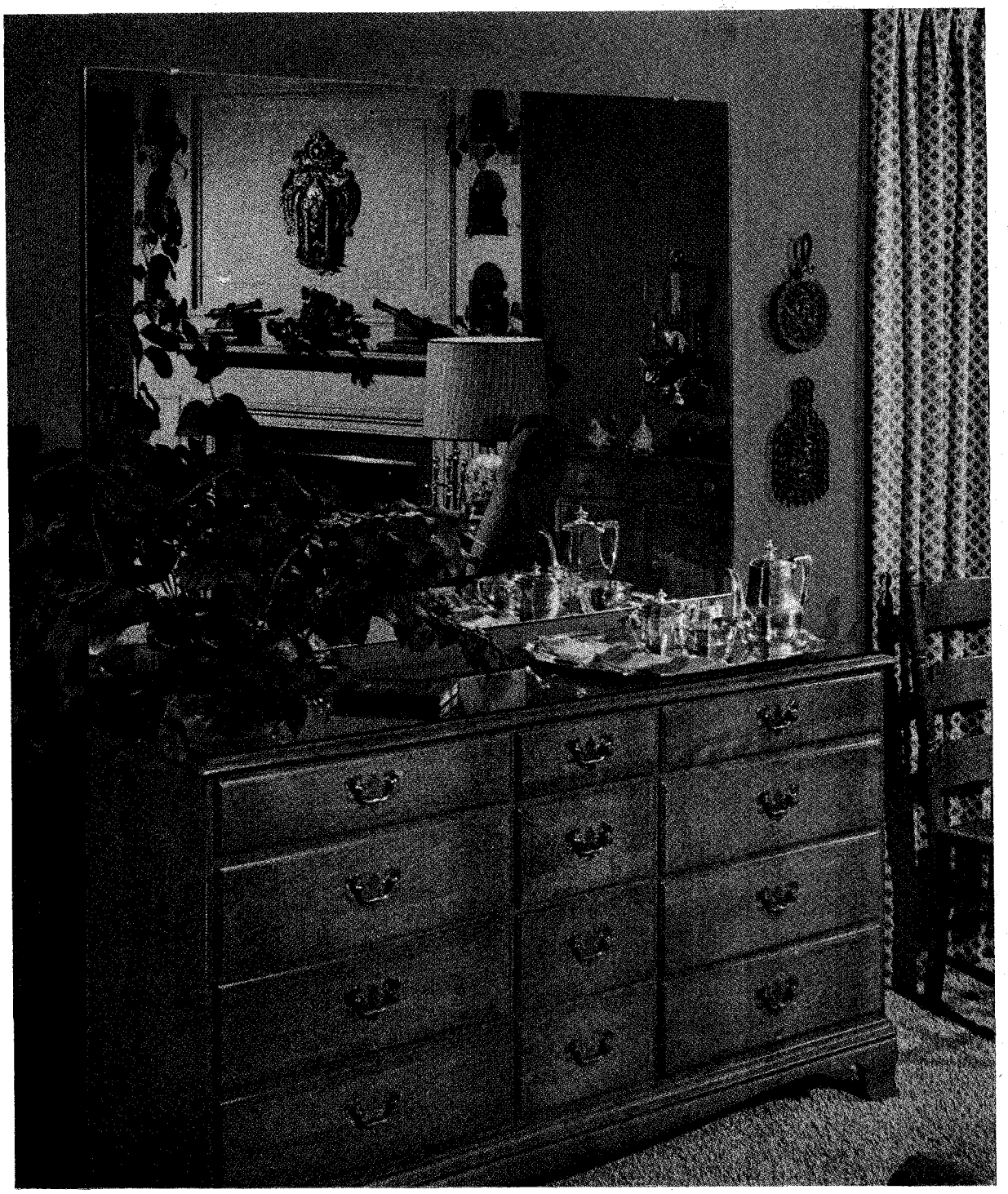

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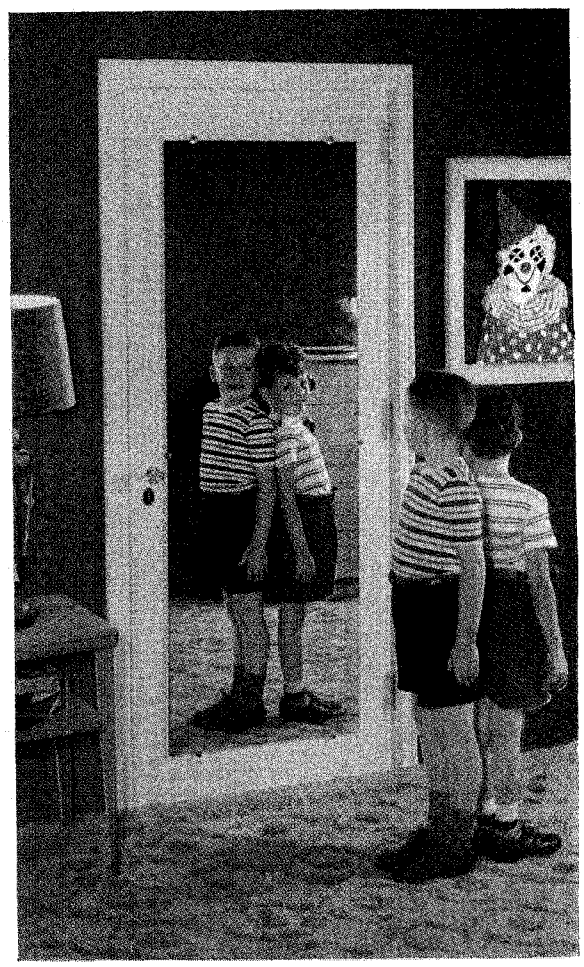

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(*Continued from Page 102*) Somewhere a woman was crying hysterically.

Phil spotted a police lieutenant he knew, and told him about the child. The lieutenant only nodded, his face grim in the blaze of the lights.

"We'll get those later," he said. "Right now we've got to help the ones that can still use it."

Phil looked around him in the harsh glare. Had he not known this was the corner of Mulberry and Jefferson, he could never have recognized it. Nothing that was the same remained. Finally he forced his gaze south along Jefferson. Just three houses from the corner. But there were no houses.

Without conscious direction from his dazed mind, Phil's feet carried him down the street, skirting the broken, twisted obstructions. Then he was standing in front of what had been 406 Jefferson Drive.

A part of the foundation and a corner of the basement walls were still visible. The rest of the basement was filled with a gray mass of crumbled stone, studded with broken boards and planks projecting at wild angles toward the sky. He stared without comprehension, recognizing a piece of a familiar porch pillar.

"Jean," he whispered, and inside his brain the name came bounding wildly back at him like a mocking shout echoing from invisible cliffs: *Jean. Jean. Jean.*

Gradually he became aware it was his own name that someone was calling. He turned slowly.

"Phil!" Mr. Henderson, Jean's father, was stumbling toward him across the littered lawn. The lights behind him outlined his frail figure and made a halo of the gray hair that flew wildly about his face.

Phil's heart leaped. "Pops!" he shouted. It was Jean's pet name for her father, but Phil had never before used it. Now it burst out unconsciously. "You're all right!" Phil cried. "Where's Jean? Where ——"

The older man had stopped, staring at the remains of the house.

Phil gripped his arm. "Jean, pops. You got out. You're O.K. Where's Jean?"

Henderson didn't answer. His head began to wag slowly back and forth, while his gaze remained fixed on the rubble. His shoulders sagged; suddenly he was an old man.

"Please, pops," Phil pleaded, his throat tightening. "Jean ——"

The other man's lips moved, and Phil had to bend his head in order to catch the words.

"We went out," Henderson whispered. "It was our night to go to the Allens'. Across town. Played canasta. Jeannie—Jeannie stayed home."

Phil turned away, moving slowly, without reason, back toward the lights. *Why don't I feel anything?* he wondered idly. *What's the matter with me? Why don't I break down—cry or something?*

Maybe it's not really happening. The thought gave him no particular sense of hope. He was working now with the others at the apartment building. *Maybe it's all sort of a play.* He helped another man lift a huge beam as two firemen worked frantically to free a woman sobbing among the wreckage. *Maybe I'll go back to the office soon and write a story about the high-school carnival. Have to get that story out. The carnival comes off tomorrow night.*

It was perhaps three hours later, though he'd kept no track of the time, that Phil found Bob Garner, one of the Journal photographers, standing beside him.

"They got the lights on downtown," Garner was saying. "Craig wants you to come in and get out some copy."

Phil straightened and wiped a torn, dusty sleeve across his streaked face. His wet shirt clung to his back, and his once-sharply-creased trousers were now a shapeless, dirty gray. Pulling the sheaf of paper out of his pocket, he realized with some surprise that he had collected a few scribbled notes. Not many. You didn't need notes for this.

Deciding against trying to reach his car, Phil bummed a ride in a police cruiser heading for town. Although he traveled only a few blocks, the busy hum of the brightly lit Journal offices seemed a thousand miles from the scene he had just left.

Phil managed a tired grin in response to a couple of worn jokes about his appearance as he entered the newsroom. The comments were fewer and more subdued than usual, and he was aware of a strain not due solely to the press of deadline.

Someone set a cup of coffee on his desk, and he realized suddenly that he was ravenously hungry. Where had he left that hamburger? *Lord,* he thought, *was that only tonight?*

Crowder, pulled off the sports desk, had been busy on the telephone. Figures piled up from the hospitals, the police department, the temporary morgues. So many known dead, so many injured. So many missing. Phil stared hard at the last figure. Thirty-eight missing. Thirty-eight. He shook his head quickly and then rolled a sheet of paper into the typewriter.

For two hours he pounded it out, pausing only to look over the photos that piled up on his desk, rejecting some, writing cut lines for others, checking points by phone, asking questions, answering questions. Figures, facts, names. Long lists of names. Many of them acquaintances. Some more than that. Statistics now. No time for sorrow. No time for more than a quick breath of shocked surprise.

Finally he tossed the last take into the basket and dropped back in his chair, arching his weary shoulders and back. He stared at his typewriter a moment and looked up at Craig.

"I've got one more, Bert," he said quietly. "Save a hole for it."

Craig's protest was quick. "We're overset now," he said, "and you're done in. Save it; we'll wrap it up tomorrow."

Phil shook his head. "This one's got to go," he said. Something in his tone brought Craig's attention sharply to focus on the reporter.

Phil forced a faint smile. "I'm going to compose," he added.

The city editor looked at him for a second longer and then turned to the wire editor across the desk.

"Hold up on that U.N. story," he sighed.

Phil rolled a new sheet of paper into the typewriter. For a second his sight dimmed as he stared at it; then he blinked hard and dropped his fingers to the keyboard.

When he had finished he dropped the copy on the city desk and walked back to his own. Craig picked up the story, glanced at Phil and began reading:

All the nation knows about Lynneville today. Over their morning coffee and toast people are reading the cold facts in black type. They shake their heads sympathetically. They're shocked, and they'll send help, as people always do.

But they don't know the real tragedy. No one who was not here can realize the true horror of the disaster that struck Lynneville last night.

They know there is tragedy in grief, of course. And hardly a family in Lynneville does not know grief today over the loss of loved ones. There is tragedy in the hospitals filled with broken bodies, some of which will never be strong again. And for the families and friends of those listed simply as "missing" there is double tragedy. For they must keep on hoping—perhaps for days, some perhaps for weeks—when they know there is little reason for hope.

But the real tragedy of the tornado is not the grief over those who are dead or injured. Except for the ones who can only wait and pray, the worst is over. Those who remain can begin now to rebuild their twisted lives.

The real tragedy lies in the feeling by those of us who escaped that somehow we were lacking—that we might have helped, someway. Although we know that no power on earth could have saved Lynneville last night, this sense of our own inadequacy hangs on.

I heard it last night, over and over, as dazed survivors were helped from the wreckage. "I wanted to help her." "I tried to reach the children." "What should I have done?" "What could I do?" I saw a young husband sobbing beside the body of his wife. "I wasn't with her," he cried. "I wasn't even there to hold her hand."

And for those of us who were not in the direct path of the tornado, the feeling—almost of guilt—is even stronger. Perhaps if we had been there —— If we somehow could have known. If only we had said earlier some of the things that we didn't say, or had not spoken some of the words we cannot now call back. If we had done the things we should have done or had refrained from some of the acts we committed—would things be different now?

The grief in Lynneville today is for that which was and now is lost. But even more, it is for that which might have been.

Thoughtfully, deliberately, Craig circled the "30" at the bottom of the story and looked across the room. Phil was sprawled forward over his desk, his head on his arms, sound asleep. The city editor picked up his pencil, wrote "By Phil Tremaine" in heavy block letters at the top of the paper and reached across to the wire desk.

"Let me see that front page," he said. "We've got a story to put on it."

An alarm clock was ringing right in Phil's ear. He scowled and the clamor stopped, then started again. He forced open his eyelids and raised his head, squinting against the sunlight streaming through the window. He was still at his desk, and the alarm was his telephone. Bert Craig was slouched in his own chair, the horn-rimmed glasses discarded on the cluttered desk before him. The rest of the newsroom was deserted.

Craig's face was lined with weariness, but he was smiling. "I've been taking all your calls," he said, "but this one I figured you'd better handle yourself. I told Elsie to switch it to your phone."

Phil frowned again, stretching his cramped muscles, and picked up the receiver.

"Tremaine," he growled.

For a second he thought there was no one on the line. Then: "Phil? Phil, honey?"

His fingers clenched tight on the phone. He tried to speak, but nothing came out.

"Phil, are you there?"

"Jean!" He sat erect, wonder and relief flooding through him. "Jeannie, where are you? Are you O.K.? Where were you? How ——"

Her soft laugh cut him off, but it came out partly a sob, and he realized she was crying at the same time.

"I'm all right, darling," she said. "I'm in the hospital now, but they say there's nothing seriously wrong. I can go home in a couple of days."

"But your house," Phil said. "I saw it. It was ——"

"It was all on top of me," Jean finished for him. "But I was in the corner of the basement—just like you once told me to do. The floor caved in, but it held up in the corner. It kept everything away from me. But it took them until this morning to get me out."

Suddenly Phil found himself trembling so that he nearly dropped the phone. "Jean," he said. Craig rose from his chair and walked quietly out of the room, but Phil didn't notice. "Jean, there's so much I need to say. I tried this morning, when I thought it was too late, to say it in the paper. But ——"

"I read it, darling." Her low voice was a caress. "They showed it to me right after I got here—just a few minutes ago. Oh, Phil, sweetheart ——" The voice faltered. He could hear her swallow once before it flowed back over the wire to him. "Does that paper realize what a wonderful reporter my husband is?"

Craig came back into the room just as Phil replaced the phone gently on the cradle. He stood up, grinning.

"I'm going home," he said. "Got a lot of house cleaning to do." THE END

"Get the jump on him for once. You fall asleep first."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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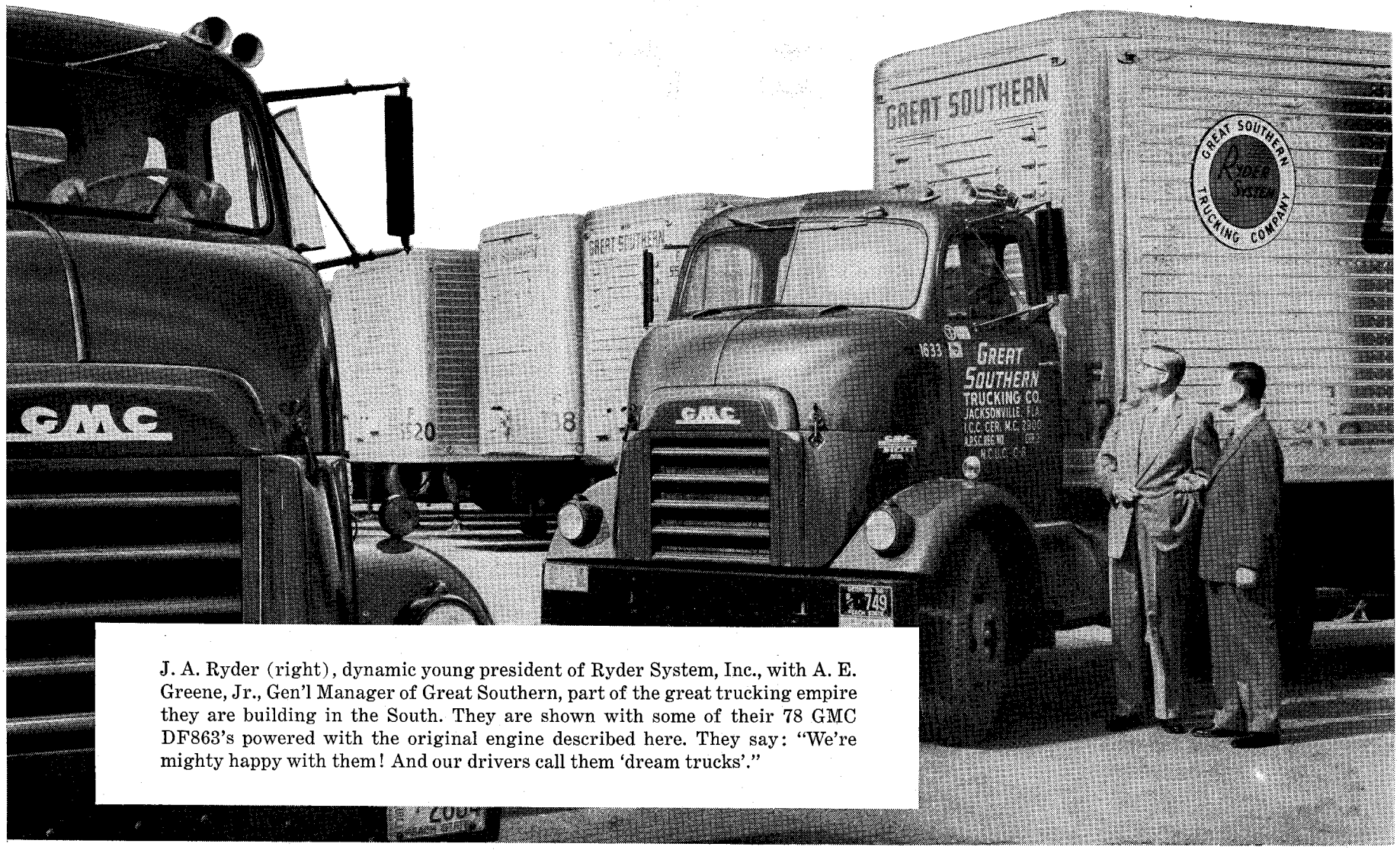

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The Mysterious Mr. Todd (Continued from Page 26)

paper, in his room at the boardinghouse, he was designing an atomic automobile.

"Fish looking for cool water," said Mr. Todd, "are very particular about depth. Drop your bait exactly fifteen feet down."

"How the heck can I measure fifteen feet?"

"My arms span seven. Take two spans across me, and add a foot."

They arrived at Greencrest dangling three pickerel on a willow withe. There J. B.'s new friend, noting the lawn glowing beneath its maples, the veranda with its valentine edging of white wooden trim, exclaimed, "This is more my style!" and telephoned to the Peak Hotel for his luggage—a lone suitcase he called his valise. By nightfall he had made himself a member of the family. There are men who have encountered human beings in so many states of grace and disgrace that nothing surprises or frightens them any longer. Like old rugs, they fit into any house, any room. Mr. Todd said he was a semiretired lawyer, but he was an old, worn rug: the legend imbedded in his scuffed fiber was "Welcome."

Greencrest was a haven for guests old enough to remember or poor enough to feel that sixty dollars a week was a lot of money even for a vacation in the Catskills. At the moment, there were four of them—Mr. Heyn, a scowling crosspatch in his seventies; Miss Spellacy, a saleslady in infants' wear who wore brown face powder and bracelets in the conviction that they lent her a gypsy quality; and Mr. and Mrs. Colvin, sixtyish and quarrelsome. Mr. Colvin, in the checked suit, elk's tooth and beribboned straw katy that had been the emblems of sporting blood in his youth, was fond of remarking that a little drink never hurt anybody.

After dinner, Mr. Todd gallantly offered his black-clad arm to the buxom Mrs. Naylor and the gypsyish Miss Spellacy and led them to wicker chairs on the lawn. From the kitchen came the rattle of dishes that J. B. was helping his big sister, Lisbet, to wash and dry, but under the maples the only sound was that of the crickets' fiddling love songs. There was still light in the sky.

"I have two mighty good children, Mr. Todd," said Mrs. Naylor, crossing the pretty ankles so often bestowed upon heavy women. "Lisbet makes all of the beds, along with helping me cook and clean. J. B. mows the lawn—nearly an acre—and does the dishes. Not many boys his age offer to do dishes."

"Tell Mr. Todd why he calls himself J. B.," said Miss Spellacy, jingling. "I think that's so sweet!"

"When my husband passed on, Mr. Todd, the little fellow told Lisbet and me he was taking his dad's place. He walked through the village telling everybody his name was J. B. That's what his father was always called."

Lisbet joined them, rubbing lotion into her hands; a slim girl of twenty with blond hair cropped nearly as short as her brother's.

"No mosquitoes," she observed. "That stuff J. B. sprays on the grass really works, I guess. It's such a pleasure when something does." She took a chair just as an ancient, enfeebled sedan lurched in off the shale road and stopped with a shamefaced cough like a moving-picture butler.

"Here's Bill Hasbrouck," said Mrs. Naylor. "He's the principal of our consolidated school."

Hasbrouck looked less like a schoolteacher than he did a newly graduated young mining engineer; he had a scholar's head on an athlete's body. He wore an indescribably hideous sports shirt, khaki trousers and Army brogans. Shaking Mr. Todd's hand in the manner of a ranch cook swinging a dinner bell, he stated that it was a nice night. The brain surgery of a college education had not severed his Catskill accent; he sounded as if he were talking through his nose while leaning over an iron oil drum.

"You have something exciting in mind, Mr. Hasbrouck, I presume," said Lisbet.

"Well," suggested Bill, thus challenged, "we could go see a picture to the drive-in." He removed aluminum-framed glasses, barked "Hah" at them and polished their lenses on his shirttail.

"What's playing?"

"How the heck should I know?"

"You make it so fascinating," retorted Lisbet.

"That'll be the day!" said Bill.

"Tell me, young man," said Mr. Todd. "Just what is a consolidated school?"

It became apparent that Bill Hasbrouck was a dedicated teacher. "Well, you see, we used to have dinky one-room schoolhouses," he replied. "The teachers were just any farmers' wives we could hire for nine hundred bucks a year. Half the time they knew less than the pupils. Now we call for the kids in buses and take them to a modern central school—consolidated, we call it. No more pneumonia in winter. No more sickness from dirty wells. No more teen-agers leaving school, either, with only enough in their heads to make apple pickers."

"This way costs more, I imagine."

"The one-room schools cost almost as much, and they didn't educate anybody."

Into the driveway floated a car which, with the addition of a few more lights, might have been a battleship welcoming visitors aboard on Navy Day.

"Let's go, Liz," said Bill hurriedly.

"Now I can't," said the girl.

"Greetings and felicitations, everybody!" caroled the owner of the battleship, crossing the lawn. "Hear about old De Groat?"

"Sir," Bill introduced him to Todd, "this is Archie Onderdonck, our local shyster and ward heeler."

Archie gave Bill a glance unwarmed by affection. Then, trailing the glance, he dismissed Mr. Todd as insignificant, and spoke to the women. "Heard about it?"

"I heard Mr. De Groat was dead," said Lisbet. "Did he leave me his money?"

"It turned out he didn't have any," continued Archie. "But he left De Groat's Woods to the town. Six hundred acres."

"My," said Mrs. Naylor, "I don't remember anybody ever leaving property to the town before."

But it was Bill Hasbrouck who grew excited. "My gosh," he exclaimed, "that's the only virgin forest left in the county! It's the prettiest place this side of Buttermilk Falls, over onto the Peekamoose Road. I saw a whole darned herd of red deer in there once, and I've seen possum, coons, red fox ——"

"The town can sell the property for three hundred an acre," interjected Archie. "That's not counting the trees either."

"The trees!" cried Bill, gazing at him in disbelief. "If we touch those trees we ought to be shot. Why, there are old pines in there three foot through!"

Archie laughed. "What do you want to do?" he inquired. "Leave them there?"

"You're darned right I do!"

"What good are they?"

"I'll tell you what!" exclaimed Bill. "If the township owns De Groat's Woods now, we can turn them into a park. The kids can go there for nature study; those animals are so tame they practically follow you around. We can build a community center, so the older kids won't have to hang around in front of the tavern at night and get into trouble. We can ——"

"Here we've got two hundred thousand dollars right in our mitts," scoffed Archie, "and you want to spend! Why, we're still borrowing to pay for the bridges the hurricane washed out."

"I remember there's trillium in De Groat's Woods," said Mrs. Naylor softly. "When I was a girl we used to go in there

"I'll have the businessmen's lunch . . .
BIG business, of course."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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in the spring for trillium and jack-in-the-pulpit."

"You sound about as practical as Bill, Mother Naylor," observed Archie. "I happen to know the Department of Correction is looking for a site for a new prison. If I talk to my friends in Albany and we offer them the right deal, there's no reason why we can't sell the whole six hundred acres to the state."

"Yes-yes," said Bill. "Nothing makes for a good night's sleep like having a couple thousand murderers next door. Just leave it to a practical man."

"Well, boy," Archie urged him contemptuously, "come to the town meeting Friday night and sell your picnic grounds." He clicked a gold lighter over a resplendent wrist watch. "I'm driving to Albany to make sure of my facts on the prison deal. Facts, they're the thing! I'll have a package all ready to deliver Friday night, and if I know these stump jumpers they'll grab it. They're practical too. Good night, Liz. Don't take any wooden schoolteachers."

The melodious horn of his car, as he turned it down the mountainside, proclaimed that a fox ran in plain view.

"An interesting confrontation," said Mr. Todd, speaking for the first time. He stretched out his long legs. "Vision versus immediacy."

"You come right down to it," said Bill, "my idea is more practical than his. Selling the property will bring in some quick money, sure, but if we make a park out of those woods, with state aid if we have to ask for it, tourists'll drive a thousand miles to see a piece of forest that's the way it was when the Indians were here. Charging admission, we'd make more in the long run than we would off a prison."

"That might be," agreed Mrs. Naylor. "The Catskills are a tourist center, Mr. Todd."

"But if I get up on my feet at the meeting," continued Bill bitterly, "Archie's going to make dog meat out of me. I can't talk. He can. He gets lots of practice lawyering and lathering his chops at caucuses."

Mr. Todd, studying his big foot in its fine shoe as if he had not seen it for some time and remembered it as an old acquaintance, chuckled. "I've had a bit of practice at that," he said. "If you like, sir, I'll give you elocution lessons. . . . Lisbet, how do you feel about all this?"

Lisbet folded her arms. "The poor," she said, "find the thought of money highly attractive. That's me."

The elocution lessons commenced the following afternoon, in the cellar.

"I figure it'll be best if I recite something that I know by heart," said Bill, speaking from the gloom beside the coal furnace.

"All right," said Mr. Todd agreeably. "What are you going to use?"

"The Gettysburg Address."

"You think it holds up well? I'm glad to hear you do."

"Here she goes: 'Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.' Uh ——"

"You sound," interjected Mr. Todd, "like J. B.'s lawn mower when he's going at a good steady clip. The idea is, the nation is a new one, a new kind of nation."

"Yes-yes," agreed Bill heartily. "Didn't I get that into it?" He went on: "'Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated ——'" There came a metallic "bong." "Ouch!" exclaimed the orator in pain. "I whanged my fist on the furnace!"

"Forget the gestures; fizzlegigs and fireworks aren't necessary; eloquence comes from understanding," advised his coach. "This civil war you're talking about, Bill, is the endless one that goes on between men with different ideas of our purpose here on earth. This is how democracy, the most magnificent conception the human mind has ever achieved, operates; by conflict followed by fusion, electric arc followed by weld. Every day

Blue Heron

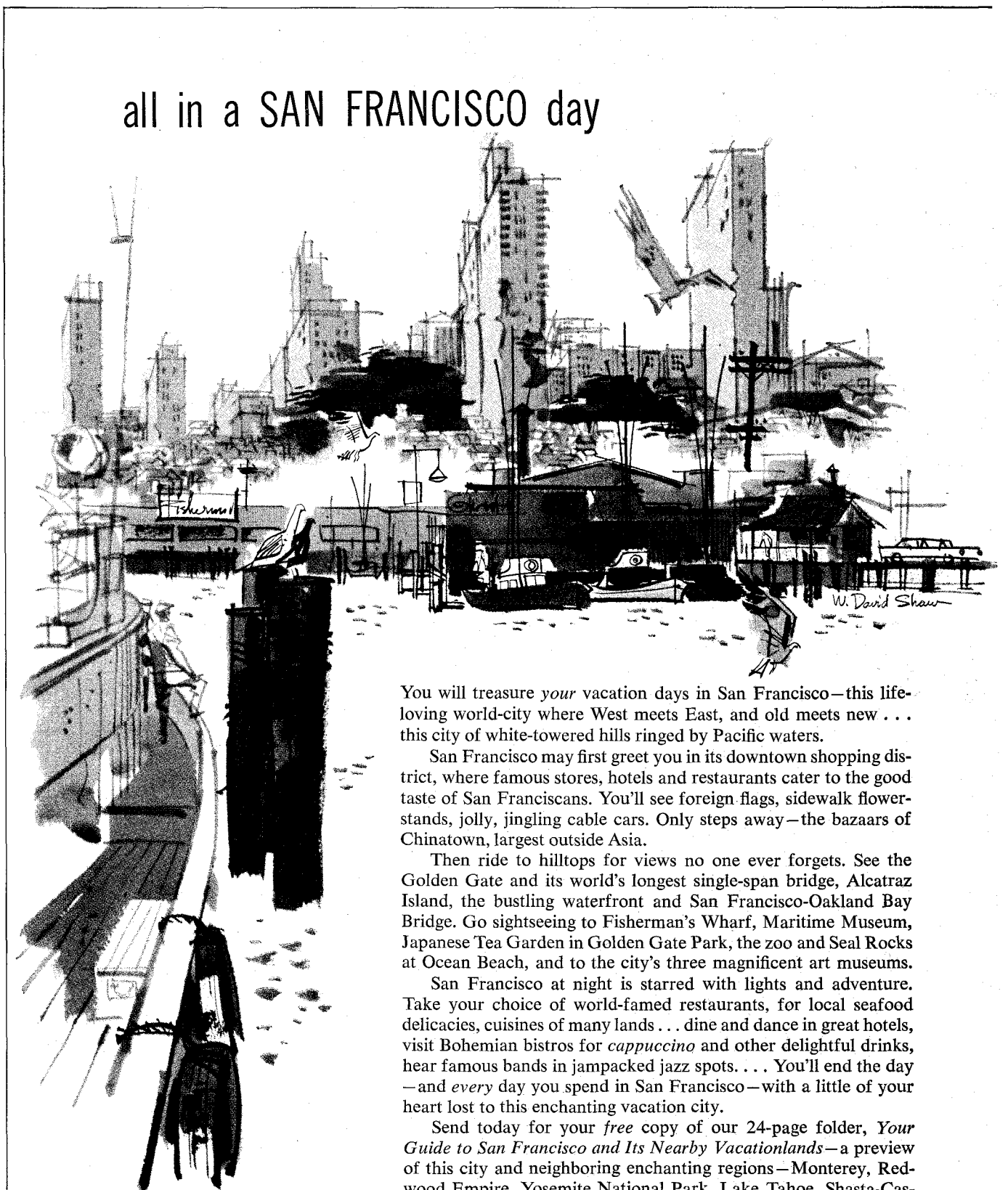
By Virginia Scott Miner

Not a sound
Was made or heard
But sky appeared
In the shape of a bird.

There it stood,
Slim, in the rushes,
Like soft music
When it hushes.

More than mortal,
Magic, free,
It came, then vanished
Utterly.

And when I searched,
A pale blue feather
Proved it not
Dream altogether.



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is a new battlefield, every battle is great. 'We are met on a great battlefield of that war ——' "

"Hey!" exclaimed the school principal. "You know the danged thing by heart too!"

"I'm surprised I still do," said Mr. Todd, "at my age. Listen. For two centuries, whenever their new kind of nation has been threatened, Americans have grumbled and stumbled, and then, with the chips down, gone out and died to save it. Better men than you or I, tens of thousands of them, have given their lives to protect this precious discovery, this new idea, this savior of the future that has been entrusted to us. That's the word Washington used—entrusted."

He talked on, and there in the dusty, dark cellar he made Bill Hasbrouck see the grumbling, angry Americans streaming down from the mountains that lay across their country like turquoise chains, striding under the banners of the corn in the bright valleys, taking wagon, taking train, taking plane, uncoiling finally like a gigantic rattlesnake to strike at whatever enemy through terror of it had tried to destroy the new idea of freedom.

On Wednesday afternoon, with Bill reciting Excelsior and Mr. Todd prodding, over their heads on the veranda Archie Onderdonck drew Lisbet aside.

"It's all set," said Archie. "I told a couple of the big boys in Albany they can have an option on the woods as soon as we have our meeting."

"But why do we need a couple of politicians in Albany to sell them for us?" asked Lisbet. "You know perfectly well they'll take a cut."

"That's business," responded Archie. "Good business, for the town and for me. Liz, if I land this prison, every man that gets a job out of it, every farmer that sells a can of milk or a load of cabbage is going to thank me. I can be elected supervisor next November. Two terms as supervisor, and I can be state senator."

"I suppose that's the way it's done," replied Lisbet dubiously.

"We'd live in Albany when the legislature was in session," continued Archie. "We'd go to the national conventions. You'd meet interesting people, Liz; prominent people. You'd ——"

Lisbet had no archness. "You've asked me to marry you before, Archie," she said frankly. "All I can say is that I've thought about it, and I'm still thinking."

In the cellar the elocution lesson was sharply interrupted as J. B. flung open the door at the head of the stairs.

"Hey, Bill," the boy shouted down, "you better get up here fast! Archie's making time with your doll!"

Bill trotted, thumping, up the stairs. On the veranda, selecting the chair nearest to Lisbet and Archie, he settled into it with great attention to his comfort. Archie, muttering, left.

"You," said Lisbet to Bill, "are without doubt the rudest man in the world."

"That's better than being a fifth columnist!"

"A what?"

"Archie is driving the back roads eight hours a day, telling the farmers they'll sell their stuff to the prison. Then he comes here and gives you the same bunk, so you'll lose confidence in me and work on me to give up the idea of a park."

"That's ridiculous."

"It may be ridiculous," retorted Bill, his round spectacles glittering, "but it's true."

"Words can't describe you!" cried Lisbet, and ran into the house and, at full tilt, into the arms of Mr. Todd, who was entering the hallway from the kitchen with a cruller in hand. She burst into tears and clung, sobbing.

"There, there," Todd comforted her, after putting down the cruller. "It never runs smoothly. I refer, of course, to ——"

"Love!" exclaimed Lisbet vehemently. "That big yokel doesn't know what love is!"

"He's learning," Mr. Todd pointed out. "Easy, child. He'll make a good husband as soon as he gets over his innocent belief that women can be reached by logic."

Lisbet dried her eyes. "Oh, Mr. Todd, how can I marry Bill?" she asked. "Mother isn't well; I can't go off and let her run this place with only J. B. to help her."

"But if you marry Archie, you think there'll be money to take care of your mother."

"I want to do the right thing."

Freeing the girl, Mr. Todd munched his cruller. "Suppose you had a daughter," he said mildly. "How would you feel if you discovered, as you'd be bound to discover sooner or later, that she'd married a man she didn't love in order to keep you comfortable. You'd feel guilty and regretful, wouldn't you?"

Lisbet, handkerchief in a ball under her pert nose, sniffled. "Yes."

"Then to believe your mother incapable of the same generous feeling," said Mr. Todd, "amounts to insulting her."

"Oh, you're right," said Lisbet, sighing. "Of course, you're right. It's—oh, it's just so complicated."

"Life's biggest fool," stated Mr. Todd, "is the man who maintains that life is simple. But if it were simple there wouldn't be much point in living it, now would there? . . . Now I have to go and help J. B. fix the deep-well pump."

The white pump house under its morning-glory vine was also the shop in which J. B. was building his electric rat trap and his infrared flashlight for secret signaling. Todd helped the boy to replace the pump packing.

"I guess you're pretty old, aren't you?" asked J. B.

"Pretty old," responded Mr. Todd, "but marvelously well preserved, I think."

"You're a lot like my dad was. You even talk like him."

"He's still talking," answered Todd casually. "People don't really come to an end when they die, you know. That would be too wasteful of good material."

"I try to run Greencrest the way he did, but it's tough. Because I'm a kid, I mean."

"I think you're quite a man."

"Well, maybe," agreed J. B., "but there are jobs that are hard for one guy that are easy for two guys—putting up ladders, stuff like that." He paused. "Why don't you marry ma? I bet she'd marry you. Ask her."

Mr. Todd considered the suggestion. "Thank you, J. B.," he said. "But I'm not free to marry."

"You got a family?"

"No, but I travel," explained Todd. "I'm a consultant. Cases I can help with are brought to my attention, and I sit in on them. Next week, for instance, I have to go down South. There are some colored children there who can't get into a school."

"Gee," said J. B., "I'm sorry you can't stick around. You make everybody feel better."

This was true. For hours, old Mr. Heyn had complained to Todd of an ingrate son who stubbornly insisted on running the family dry-goods business, in upstate Plattsburg, in his own way. It was Heyn who did the talking, and still he had become convinced in the end that a fifty-year-old son was no longer a small boy in a sailor suit, but a grown man able to make change. Miss Spellacy, bitter in her spinsterhood, also took comfort from the gangling man in the old-fashioned suit, who pointed out to her that birds as well as babies required loving-kindness. Each of the Colvins complained irascibly to Mr. Todd that the other was unbearable, and left him feeling that their marriage's forty-year duration proved otherwise.

At the table on Friday, all the talk was of the town meeting.

"Lot of excitement about it at the tavern," said Mr. Colvin. "Looks like it's going to be a real fracas."

"I don't suppose we summer visitors are invited, are we?" asked Miss Spellacy, perennially uninvited.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Naylor, serving mashed potatoes with one hand and sweet corn with the other, assured her. "Everybody is welcome."

"A state park would be lovely, I think," said Miss Spellacy.

So at eight o'clock the residents of Greencrest walked down the mountainside into the village in a body. There was a new moon rising, and as the ancient Catskills drew up their violet blankets of shadow for the night it was easy to see that their day had tired them. Mountains, thought Miss Spellacy, work harder than most people know. They filter the water and dole it out to the streams, they freshen the air with oxygen, they lease homes to the deer and the rocketing wood duck, the valleys sleep safe between their shaggy paws. . . .

In the village the fire hall in its coat of building paper made to look like red brick was brilliantly lighted with unshaded two-hundred-watt bulbs. Chicken and dairy farmers in denim shirts and mattress-ticking caps stood in clusters around the scarlet fire engine, a 1927 model, which had been rolled out of doors to make room for the crowd. Inside the hall, rows of taffy-colored folding chairs were rapidly filling.

Bill Hasbrouck, in a fuzzy suit the color of an oyster stew, spied the Greencrest delegation. "Where's Lisbet?" he demanded.

"I'm sorry," replied Mrs. Naylor. "Archie spotted her outside, Billy."

Lisbet was sitting with Archie in the front row, over against the back packs the volunteers used in fighting brush fires.

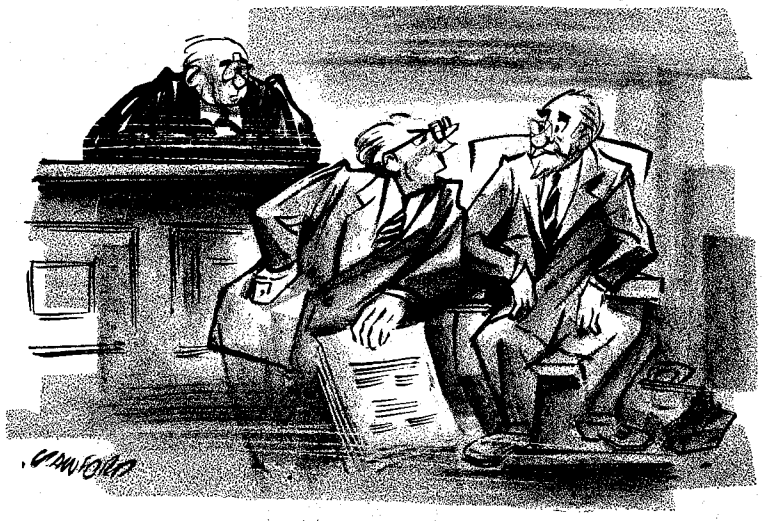
"I see he did," said Bill. "I'll sit with you folks." He took a chair between Mrs. Naylor and Mr. Todd.

The town supervisor, a plumber named Bert Vandonck, took his place behind the deal table. In shirtsleeves and canvas-and-leather suspenders, he greeted his audience with a fluorescent flash of mail-order teeth, pounding on the table with his gavel, a ball-peen hammer.

"Simmer down, folks," he said. "We know what we're here for, so let's get right at it."

Forest folk the world over are shy. In half an hour of backing and filling, however, a farmer who operated a sawmill in his pasture offered to buy the lumber rights, a muscular woman in calico asked for a day nursery to care for the children of mothers who went to work in Kingston, and two sunburned, sinewy chicken

(*Continued on Page 110*)



The Perfect Squelch

The hard-hitting out-of-town lawyer who was trying an accident case in our town felt sure he would win—until the beloved old town doctor testified for the other side. Realizing that he had to discredit the general practitioner's testimony somehow, the lawyer waged a clever campaign to make it appear that the elderly doctor was out of touch with modern medicine and woefully ignorant of scientific advances.

"Now tell me, doctor," he began each question gently. With each, he placed the old man in an increasingly awkward position. Finally he posed what he expected to be a crusher.

"Nowadays there is scarcely any such thing as a general practitioner," he said. "Medicine is highly specialized. Tell me, doctor, in what field do you specialize?"

With a faint smile, the general practitioner replied, "In the skin and its contents, sir."

David St. John

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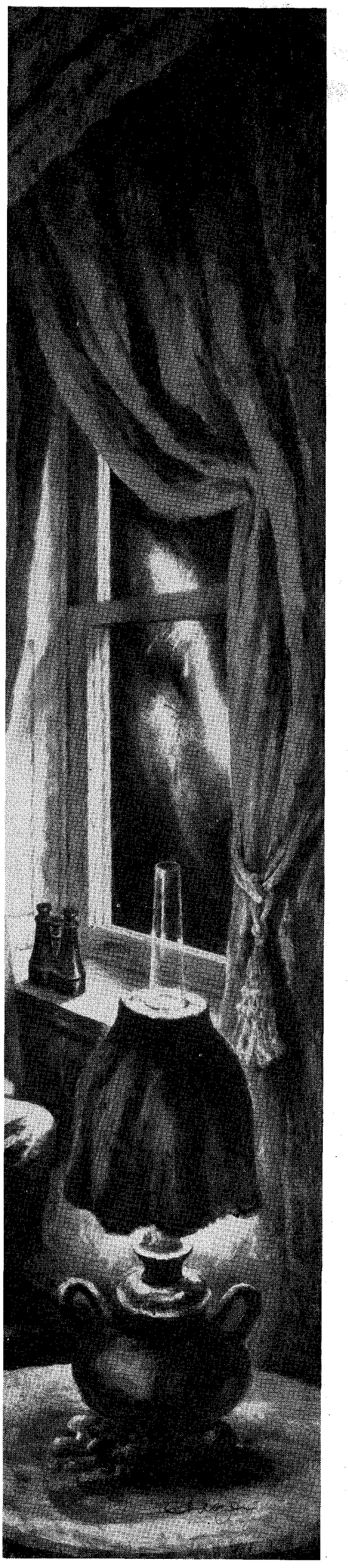

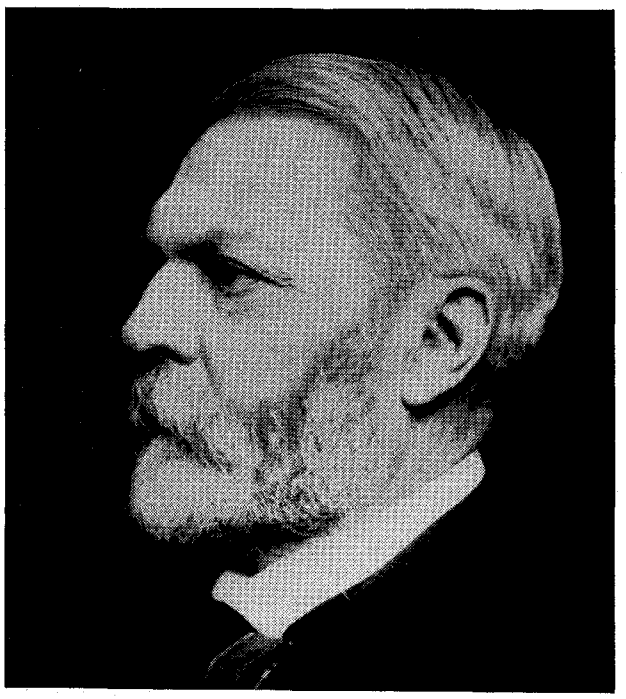

The man who wouldn't give up

500 MASSED ROCKETS shook the brand-new Brooklyn Bridge, screamed up into the May evening and showered the city with red and gold.

While behind a darkened window, a big, gaunt man sat and watched, too crippled and painwracked to attend the opening day festivities for the bridge.

This was a pity, for he had built it.

Which means that when money gave out, Chief Engineer Roebling pleaded for more. When disturbing changes of plan had to be made, Roebling fought them through. And when a hundred panicked men were trapped under the East River in a flooded caisson, Roebling saved them.

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(*Continued from Page 108*) farmers Archie had visited in their remote glens spoke up for a state institution. There followed a vibrant silence as Bill and Archie each waited for the other to speak first. At length Archie, impatient, rose, dark hair gleaming, five-dollar necktie flashing its message of success and *savoir-faire*.

"I been 'round to see most of you, neighbors," he began, "but there's still a few folks don't understand what a state prison here will mean to us, so leave me go over the facts again."

Mr. Todd at once addressed Mrs. Naylor in a tone which, though it might have been intended for a whisper, had carrying power. "He's being folksy," he stated. "Clever."

Archie, hearing, reddened. "I now have what amounts to a promise from influential friends of mine in Albany that we can have the prison," he continued, much less folksy. "We can have the money before fall; around two hundred thousand. But that's just the beginning. We can sell off the trees. Then, while the buildings are going up, our town boys with trucks to hire will haul sand and gravel and shale to the job." He raised a hand, palm outward, like a traffic policeman. "And after the prison is built we'll go right on making money out of it. We'll sell farm produce to the prison kitchen. There'll be jobs—good civil-service jobs, with security and pensions. What more do we want? I thank you for your kind attention."

The audience applauded, and a fat woman from Mettacahonts moved shrilly that Archie be appointed a committee of one. The veteran chairman, however, was no man to be rushed.

"We ain't in no hurry," he said. "We want to hear the other side onto this thing. Ay-awp."

Mrs. Naylor dropped her hand to Bill Hasbrouck's knee. "Now's your time to say your say," she told him. But the big knee under her hand, she discovered, was flickering erratically. Bill's face was pale, his forehead was damp, the hinges of his jaw were frozen so tightly that he could not even answer her.

Mr. Todd recognized the acute paralysis of stage fright. From the promptitude with which he got to his feet, indeed, you might have thought he had been expecting it.

"Mr. Chairman, the advocates of a state prison have the advantage of legal counsel," he said. "It's only fair that those favoring a public park should be represented as well by counsel. I happen to be a lawyer, so I've volunteered my services. With your permission, sir, I'd like to ask Mr. Onderdonck a few questions."

"Go right ahead," the chairman invited him.

"Mr. Onderdonck," Todd addressed Archie, "you say you have what amounts to a promise. Just what does something that amounts to a promise actually amount to? Do you have a signed agreement in writing?"

"No, I do not," replied Archie from his chair. "But the men I spoke to in Albany are men I know and trust."

"Ah," said Mr. Todd, nodding briskly, as if everything had been made clear. "Men you know and trust. Certainly, then, they're reputable citizens who have no reason to keep their names secret. May we have their names?"

"I'm not at liberty to give their names," replied Archie stiffly, "at this time."

"The truth, then, is that you have only assurance from certain persons unknown to anyone but you, who may be misleading themselves or you or both. I point out that your proposal is hemstitched and ruffled around with doubt, my boy." He turned back to the chairman. "Mr. Vandonck, I've read the copy of Mr. De Groat's will on the bulletin board in the post office, as we all have. The clause bequeathing the land, in my opinion, requires cautious attention. Will you be good enough to read it out to us?"

"Got it ready and waiting," responded the chairman. He read aloud: "'The said parcel of land to be used, sold or otherwise disposed of in such manner as they deem to be for the general good by the leading citizens of the town ——'"

"Ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Todd addressed the audience, "I sincerely hope my trustful young colleague, Mr. Onderdonck, didn't draw that will, because it's an open invitation to a lawsuit. It's like one of those 'Kick Me' signs youngsters pin on each other's backs. Who are the leading citizens of your township? Can you name three, two, one, without contradiction? If you contract for this prison and then, at some future time, the advocates of a park choose to take you into court and challenge this ambiguous clause, not only may you have to return the money to the state but you may end up paying damages. On this important point my friend, Mr. Hasbrouck, the distinguished principal of your fine new consolidated school, will now speak to you."

Bill, trembling still, but with some of his confidence regained, got to his feet, giving Todd a look of gratitude as the older man seated himself.

"Yes-yes," he began. "Who are our leading citizens? I'm blessed if I know. If I had to say right now, I swear to goodness I'd say the women of the Garden Club, for planting those petunias along the sidewalks."

The ladies of the Garden Club applauded.

"But like Mr. Todd told you," Bill fumbled on, "the will is no good unless we all agree on who our leading citizens are, and we can't agree on them. Well, we can agree on some. Our kids."

Archie Onderdonck leaped from his chair in a fury. "That's the phoniest, most nauseating attempt to play on people's emotions I've ever heard!" he shouted. "Not only that but it's a deliberate misreading of Mr. De Groat's will!"

"Sure it is," agreed Bill blandly, beginning to enjoy himself.

"Mr. Hasbrouck's position," said Mr. Todd without rising, "is that the will is so poorly drawn that some such deliberate misinterpretation becomes necessary."

"And what's more," shouted Archie, "I resent your harping that the will is poorly drawn! You know perfectly well I drew it! You're trying to destroy this meeting's confidence in me by implying I'm incompetent!"

The chairman used his hammer.

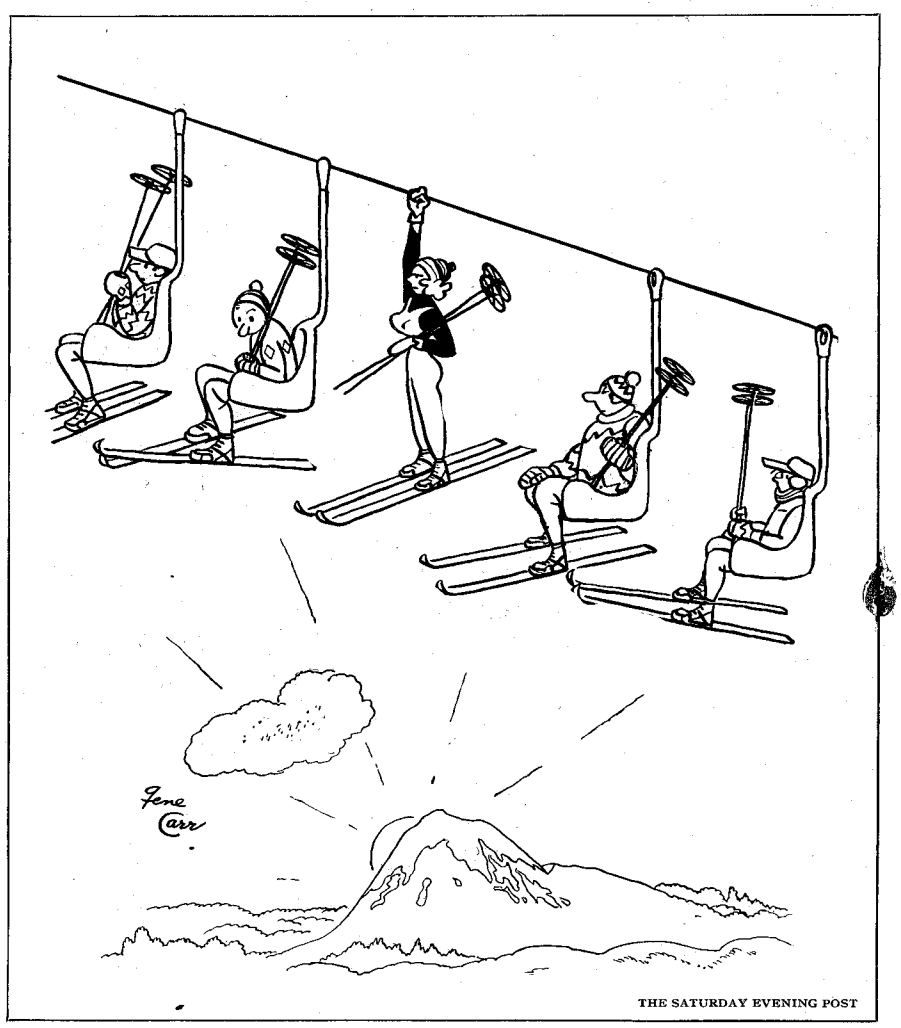
"We all know," continued Bill, "what Mr. De Groat wanted. He wanted us to get the most out of those woods, that's all. I say we'll get the most out of them, and no lawsuit, if we turn them into a park for our youngsters—for ours, and for theirs. I move—no, I don't," he went on, his voice rising with his passion. "I've got something more to say. Making a park is the safe thing to do, the smart thing to do, yes-yes. I could go on and tell you a park will bring in more money in the long run than a prison. But those aren't the reasons you should vote for it. There's something important at stake here. There are people in this world who like prisons. They like them because prisons lock up souls, and they believe in locking up souls. They want to see all of us in uniform, marching along in lockstep, saying 'yes, boss; yes, Führer; yes, commissar.' A prison is the sorriest place in the world, sorrier than any cemetery, because in prison you bury souls.

"Now what does a park stand for?" he continued. "A park is a scale model of what we hope we'll turn the whole danged world into someday. A park is a place where we can walk under trees, with flowers around us, and meet our neighbors and shake their hands and ask them how things are going—and meet ourselves, too, maybe, on a quiet path, and find out who we are. A park is a free space for free men. That's why we've got to choose it every time—every time! Because the men in prison are the men who never had parks!"

The applause was not loud so much as it was firm. Only young J. B. leaped to his chair, thrust forefingers into his mouth and whistled. But when the chairman called for a vote, even Archie said, "Aye." He had to, if he hoped to be elected supervisor before he reached the age of ninety. The meeting was adjourned.

Mrs. Naylor, testing her flashlight, gathered together her boarders for the climb home.

"I'll go with Bill," said Lisbet. "Don't wait up for me, ma. We may be pretty late."



High in the maples, the next morning, a cicada ground his small blade against a grindstone. It was hot. J. B., perched on the veranda railing, looked down upon sun-bathing peonies whose leaves were all the glossier with the sweet shaggy flowers gone. Frowning, intent, he dropped his eyes once more to the eighth-grade American history on his lap.

"Don't tell me you're reading," said Lisbet, coming around the side of the house in her best summer organdy.

The screen door burst open. "Mr. Todd is gone!" cried Mrs. Naylor. "His board money was on his dresser!"

"I could have told you," said J. B. "I walked him to the bus."

"When we tried so hard to make him feel at home!"

"He felt at home. He had to go down South on a law thing," said J. B. "Lookit what he give me." Removing his page marker from the history, he showed it to them—a five-dollar bill.

Into the driveway, clattering, lurched Bill Hasbrouck's moribund sedan. Bill, although he had changed back to his khaki trousers, had the same overdressed look as Lisbet.

"Mr. Todd packed up and left without a word," Mrs. Naylor informed him.

"You don't say," replied Bill, kissing Lisbet and discovering that she tasted every bit as good by daylight. "Say, he was a hypnotist, that old coot. I swear to goodness he sat there last night and put words into my mouth. I never talked like that in all my born days."

"Ma," said J. B., "do people come back after they're dead? Some people?"

"Don't interrupt Bill," Lisbet chided him.

"He told J. B. he left on some law business," continued Mrs. Naylor to the principal. "Well, he paid me. That's more than some of them do."

"I mean," the boy went on, deep in speculation, "suppose a man was President, and he died, but he loved the country so much he kept on worrying about it, so he had to come back and kind of keep an eye on things sometimes."

"What in the world are you reading, you crazy kid?" demanded Lisbet. "A ghost story?"

"I," announced Mrs. Naylor, with a brisk shrug of her plump shoulders, "have to go in and stir up batter for Mr. Heyn's buckwheat cakes. Where are you two bound for so bright and early?"

"Oh, I guess we'll just sort of drive around and sniff the breeze," answered Bill. . . . "O.K. with you, Lisbet?"

"Certainly, dear," replied Lisbet, a changed girl.

Forgotten, J. B. opened his book, spread the five dollar bill on the page facing the portrait, and gazed from picture to picture. It was a free country, he told himself; he could believe it if he wanted to. "It was him, all right," he said to himself. "Or if it wasn't him, it was surer than heck somebody just like him. And that's what counts, boy; that's what counts."

THE END

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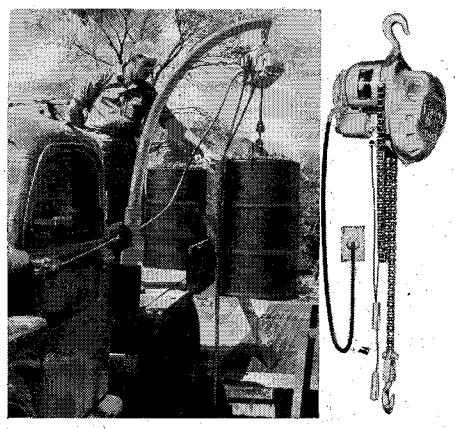

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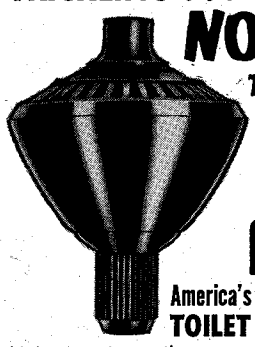

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The Secrets of Jamestown

(Continued from Page 27)

colonists to the final triumph of Washington on the fields overlooking the battered village of York Towne. The year 1957 is an appropriate date for such a commemoration, for it marks a sort of national coming of age; we shall then have been a free nation for 175 years—the length of our lifetime as a British colony.

The Rockefeller restoration of Williamsburg has enabled millions of Americans to walk the streets and cross the thresholds of eighteenth-century colonial life, and the twenty-day siege of Cornwallis by the French and American forces received enough contemporary reportage to make a present-day visit to the battlefield a fairly simple exercise in re-creating the past. But Yorktown, in 1781, and Williamsburg, in 1750, are just yesterday in this story. To get to the beginning you must turn back the calendar through another century and a half. It was 1607 when our seed was dropped in the ground—and because seventeenth-century man and his world were in many ways vastly different from anything we think of as being American, the visitor to Jamestown is going to be in for some shocks when he is introduced to the beginnings of his country. Let's prepare ourselves a little.

This was a lonely wilderness for a European on that May 13, 1607. You could have walked the Atlantic shore line from the polar ice to the subtropics without finding the trace of a white man. There were a few small Spanish settlements on what is now the Georgia and Northern Florida coast line, and a handful of Spanish conquistadores or missionaries might have been found cruising the vast Southwest. Otherwise, the continent belonged to the Indians when Capt. Christopher Newport, of the London Company, pushed his three little vessels sixty miles up the James and found a six-fathom anchorage close to the shore of a marshy island.

The London Virginia Company had been chartered as a commercial organization to settle south of what is now New York (the Plymouth Virginia Company had been allotted the Northern Atlantic coast, but didn't succeed in getting a colony going till thirteen years later) and this first expedition was strictly in the interests of a fast sovereign. The colonists, half of them investor-adventurers who wanted to chase their own dividends, and the other half artisans and laborers impelled by varying dreams of gain or glory, were expected to survive and justify the investment they represented. To further this end they had been directed to choose a healthy spot far enough from the coast to be safe from any freebooting Spaniards. Once established, the colony was to look for gold, search for a water route leading to the Northwest Passage, turn their hands to the manufacture of products which could be sold profitably in England, Christianize the Indians and look around for any signs of the lost Roanoke colony—the priorities being pretty much in that order. The group was to be governed by a council appointed by the front office in London.

If there is one word which could typify this first English colony, the initial sprout of the British Commonwealth of Nations, it is probably ineptitude. The bungling started with the arrest and confinement, during the four months' voyage from England, of the group's only experienced leader and its most seasoned adventurer, Capt. John Smith. The young captain, one of those maddening men whose self-esteem invariably turns out to be justified, was accused of dictatorial aspirations. Later, Smith was to serve and save the colony as their undisputed leader.

The choice of the little island was a second blunder, for the land was low and insect-ridden and the shallow water table brackish and easily contaminated. Actually, the pear-shaped island (its 1600 acres made it no larger than a good-sized farm) was connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus and bordered by marshes and creeks—a feature which made it easy to defend and likewise easy to starve on when ringed with hostile natives. To these early errors of commission, the settlers added a talent for bickering and a genius for procrastination—unless driven to it by a hardhead like Smith, they refused to face the fact that they had to sow in the spring if they wanted to eat in the winter.

... ...

Retort

By FRANCES HALL

The mind licks the bruises
Where the hard words hit
Like a hurled malignant
stone;
Considers some rock pile of
its own
And chooses.
Making a phrase of
slingshot fit,
Scorning oblique, more
gentle ruses,
It slings a name to crush
the bone
And holds its breath to
hear the groan.

... ...

The facts that the colonists fell easy prey to Tidewater Virginia's endemic diseases, that they fumbled badly in their relations with the neighboring Indians and that they suffered frightfully from the rigors of the American climate are understandable; the New World primer was not available for these first of their kind—and the white man never did learn to coexist with the Indian. As for the weather, the world was enduring a cyclic cold snap during the early 1600's and the winter temperatures on the James were probably severe enough to put the freeze on an underfed colonist. A contemporary report tells of a settler being frozen to death during the last days of September, 1607.

The colonists' ailments were partly self-induced; with living restricted to their defense perimeter, they soon contaminated their shallow wells. The little island, too, carried a generous population of mosquitoes, chiggers, ticks and other insects. There is considerable evidence, also, that the settlers suffered from a form of community funk during the first several years. Far from home and dependent upon uncertain supply convoys, set in land of endless dark woods, freezing or frying, always hungry, always wondering what lay just beyond the silence—these first lonely Englishmen may often have been simply too frightened and depressed to carry on.

Whatever their shortcomings as pioneers, these 104 colonists who started us on our way to nationhood knew how to die. They died "of cruel diseases such as swellings, fluxes, burning fevers and by wars; some departed suddenly, but for the most part they died of mere famine," as John Smith reports on that first year. The rate of dying must have chilled the stanchest soul. By the end of the first six months the original 104 colonists had dwindled to thirty-eight survivors. A series of supplies, as the convoys from England were called, brought in enough new colonists to raise their number to 490 by October, 1609. That winter was the "starving time"; by spring there were only sixty James Towners left. Three hundred settlers arrived the following year; almost half of these were dead before another ten months passed. Of the first 900 settlers transported to James Towne during the colony's first three years, 700 died and were buried on the little island. That sort of dying must have made even the directors of the London Company blink.

Fortunately, that first London Company group had little idea of what lay ahead when they scrambled ashore after four months at sea. Virginia in May was a rich and splendid land, and the party of Indians which glided by on the James seemed more curious than anything else. While Captain Newport sailed on up the James looking for gold (no luck) the colonists cleared land on the westerly end of the island, near the isthmus, and built a triangular, palisaded fort some 300 to 400 feet on a side. A church, storehouses and living quarters were constructed within the fort, some English wheat was planted and the colonists settled down to fight off mosquitoes and what turned out to be very un-English heat.

The Indians, once their curiosity was satisfied, proved to be enigmatic neighbors. The local tribes of the regional Powhatan Confederacy soon had the colonists taped as amateurs in the business of forest living and proceeded to help and to harass the settlement as the spirit moved them. The fort, which mounted some guns, provided a sanctuary, but the minute the Englishmen left the fortified end of their tiny island their life expectancy dropped. This made hunting—and even personal sanitation—somewhat difficult. A lack of proper leadership added to the troubles of the hot and feverish summer.

The first cold weather brought some relief to those who had managed to survive the summer sicknesses. Captain Newport, who had returned to England, arrived at James Towne with the first supply during January of that first winter. When Newport again sailed for England in April, he took a load of cedar logs and clapboards—America's first commercial exports.

The second supply arrived in October, 1608, shortly after Captain Smith had taken over leadership of the colony. Among the seventy additional settlers landed by Newport were a colonist's wife, Mistress Forrest, and her maid—the first women to join the colony. The maid, Ann Burras, who must have found the new world exciting, shortly married a colony carpenter. Among the new arrivals, too, were some Polish and Dutch workmen, who set about making glass, pitch, pottery, bricks and, possibly, some iron from local bog-ore deposits. It was during this period that Smith explored the whole of Chesapeake Bay and its river arms, looking for a water route to the Indies.

Smith's injury from a gunpowder explosion, his return to England and the arrival, in the fall of 1609, of the third supply with some 400 new settlers set the scene for the colony's greatest period of travail. Spoilage, pilferage and poor quartermastering apparently resulted in an inadequate supply cargo for such a large group. Some of the newcomers, too,

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turned out to be riffraff from London—poor men for the ordeal ahead. George Percy, the president of the council, executed several of the colony who attempted to rob the storehouses.

"Then having fed upon horses and other beastes as long as they lasted we weare gladd to make shift with vermine as doggs Catts Ratts and myce . . . to eat Bootes shoes or any other leather . . . to searche the woods and to feede upon Serpents and snakes and to digg the earthe for wylde and Unknowne Rootes where many of our men were Cutt off and slayne by the Salvages. And now famin beginneinge to Look gastely and pale in every face that notheinge was spared to mainteyene Lyfe and to do those things which seem incredible. . . ."

Among the incredible things to which Percy alludes were the consumption of several very dead Indians, boiled and stewed with roots and herbs. One hungry settler killed his wife, powdered her—that is, salted her down—and had eaten part of his spouse before he was discovered. The contemporary report of this atrocity wonders, with the robust humor of the times, whether a wife would be better "roasted, broiled or carbonnadoed (charcoal-broiled)—but of such a dish as powdered wife, I never heard of."

The starving time was the low point of the Jamestown colony. Nine out of every ten settlers perished that winter. The following spring the Jamestown survivors pulled up stakes and started down the river on their way home to England. A few miles down the river they met a longboat bearing news of the arrival, off the Virginia Capes, of Lord Delaware, the colony's titular head, with a large supply. The discouraged colonists thereupon returned to the shambles of their settlement to wait upon his lordship.

Lord Delaware's leadership (and his victuals) re-energized James Towne. Subsequently, a military man, Sir Thomas Dale, arrived to assume the deputy governorship and instituted what amounted to martial law. The fort was strengthened, houses rebuilt, a new church started and three subordinate "citties" established in the area. And sometime during this period John Rolfe, who, in 1614, was to marry Pocahontas, successfully crossbred the bitter local tobacco plant with a West Indian strain and produced the famed Virginia leaf, which was to become the economic mainstay of the Tidewater region throughout the colonial era.

Though better leadership, experience in coping with the wilderness, and the gradual acclimatization of the settlers insured the survival of the colony, James Towne and its offshoot settlements were to face many trials during the following years. The most dramatic of these was a great Indian massacre in 1622, when the natives killed more than 300 settlers and devastated most of the outlying plantations. James Towne itself was spared the surprise attack through the warning of a friendly Indian.

James Towne had its happier days too. In 1619 the little town was the scene of the first representative legislative assembly in America—the small beginnings of self-rule in the New World. And that same year the first shipment of nineteen "young and uncorrupt maides" arrived to provide wives for the settlers; the ladies, sent out by the London Company to act as a stabilizing influence in the colony, could also be accounted the first evidence of home rule in the New World.

Despite the steady growth of the Virginia colony throughout the seventeenth century, the settlement of James Towne never lived up to the expectations of its founding fathers. A census of 1624 lists 124 persons living in the "cittie" and thirty-five others scattered around the island outside of town. Fifty years later, the town " . . . extended east and west about ¾ of a mile . . . and comprehended some 16 or 18 houses, most, as is the church, built of brick, faire and large; and in them about a dozen families getting their livings by keeping ordinaries, at extraordinary rates."

From this it is obvious that James Towne—despite the fact that it remained the political capital of the colony—was the victim of its unhealthy location and the growth of the tobacco plantations, which attracted settlers inland. In 1676, when Nathaniel Bacon attacked and burned the town during his short-lived rebellion against colonial Governor Berkeley's Indian policies, James Towne received a blow from which it never recovered. In 1698 another fire destroyed several of the town's public buildings and the next year the capital was removed a few miles inland to Middle Plantation, now Williamsburg. In 1781, when the forces of Lord Cornwallis crossed the James on their way to catastrophe at Yorktown, Jamestown had lost its isthmus and become a true island. A few weeks later, while the French and Americans were staging in the area, the Chevalier D'Anteville wrote his own obituary for James Towne: ". . . This little town, one of the oldest in America, had been destroyed for the most part. One finds there ruins, the debris of conflagrations, tombs overturned, other fine monuments broken and a church partly thrown down."

That is the beginning and the middle of the Jamestown story. It might have been the end, too, but for the fortunate fact that the little settlement was a "lost town" for more than a century. Between 1710 and the Civil War the island and its environs were cultivated as part of a large plantation and most of the aboveground ruins of the little colony were leveled and the soil tilled for corn and tobacco. While this conversion of the area to farmland entailed some loss of historic ruins, it also had the effect of sealing in the archaeological treasures of the seventeenth-century town and preserving them for another 150 years. When researchers began stripping the island's layer of topsoil some twenty years ago, they soon found themselves working amidst the almost undisturbed street, yard and building levels of what had been James Towne 350 years ago. To date, some 500,000 artifacts have been unearthed—the world's greatest single collection of the tools, utensils and weapons used in seventeenth-century living.

The first step in the preservation of the Jamestown area as a national historic shrine was accomplished in 1893, when Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Barney, who then owned the island, presented the twenty-two acres comprising its western tip to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. This piece of land was part of the site of the original landing, the fort and the first town. Unfortunately, it is only part of the site, as the James River had by that time washed away a twenty-acre strip of the island's shore line, carrying with it the remains of the old fort and its original buildings. In 1900 the Government built a sea wall to protect the remainder of the original settlement area. The APVA area is known as the Jamestown National Historic Site.

The Colonial National Historical Park, established by the Federal Government in 1936, comprises all of Jamestown Island not owned by the Virginia association, the Yorktown battlefield, the Cape Henry Memorial (where the original settlers landed before proceeding up the James) and a handsome twenty-two-mile-long parkway which connects Jamestown

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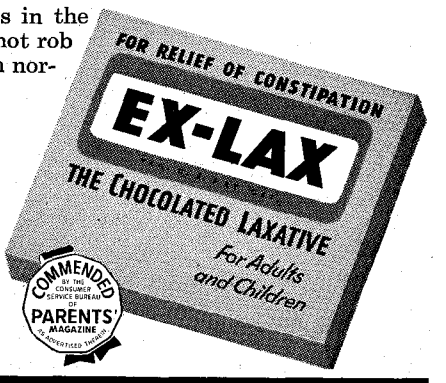
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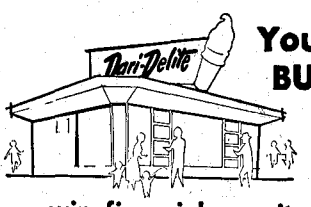

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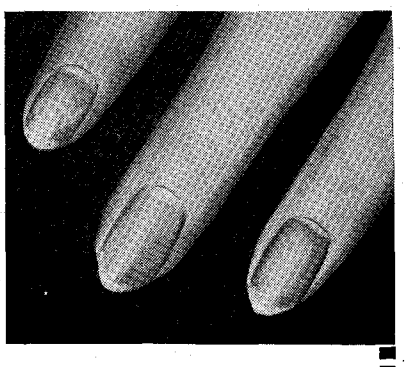

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with Williamsburg and Yorktown. Most of the historical and archaeological exploration of the Jamestown site to date has been accomplished by the National Park experts on the part of the island under their control. The Virginia antiquarians, while they believe in preserving the past, have so far been loath to have it exposed.

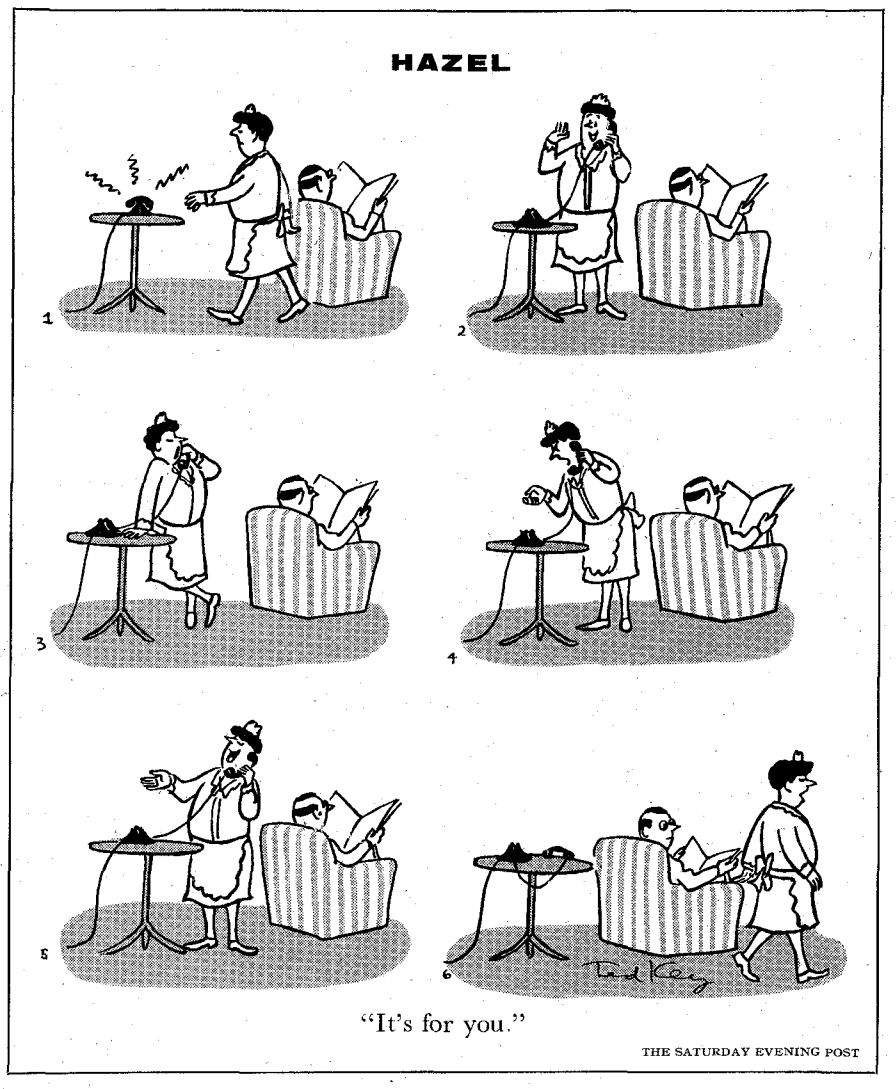
The business of reconstructing a long-forgotten way of life from the debris and relics of its day-to-day existence can be a fascinating one for the trained imagination. The National Park researchers have been unable to find a picture or a plan of the original James River settlement and the town which developed around it. Working with contemporary descriptions and accounts and what they find with their shovels, they have, nevertheless, been able to piece together an interesting conception of life in early James Towne.

The property lines of the island colony can be traced by the drainage ditches which usually marked the boundaries, while often the buried remains of a picket fence will mark the extent of a householder's yard. Cellar foundations, with their wealth of artifacts, tell the archaeologist how the town developed and, often, who lived in a particular house. But what about the cellar hole in which the diggers found a 1300-pound block of iron? The iron block was obviously the striking head of the hand-powered pile driver the first Jamestowners used to build their wharf on the James—but how did the block get into the cellar and what was it used for there? Chief archaeologist John Cotter, who had to call on a power shovel to lift the block out of the open cellar hole for study and display, often wonders who manhandled it down to the cellar when the house was in place.

The discovery of curled skeletons in shallow graves immediately suggested to historian Charles Hatch that the deceased had been hastily buried at night outside the walls of the original fort at a time when the colonists did not want the lurking Indians to know how substantially the settlers' numbers were diminishing. But why were the foundations of a public building later dug through the middle of the early graveyard? The answer to this, apparently, is that the little island held so many unmarked graves that the later settlers forgot where the first arrivals had been buried. And when the museum curator, Paul Hudson—a specialist in seventeenth-century artifacts—found a pair of intact leather shoes at the bottom of a well, how did he know that they had once been worn by one of the first settlers? That one was easy; the early colonists always sank an oak cask to the bottom of their wells, and the shoes, preserved in mud within the collapsed cask, with other items dating 1625–1650, had to be footwear at least 300 years old.

Keys, swords, plates, bottles, guns, halberds, body armor, saws, axes, clay pipes, pottery, nails, window glass, thimbles, buckles, shears and even, occasionally, objects of wool, leather and wood—the variety and number of the living utensils that those hard-pressed subjects of King James I left behind them are almost endless. There were also remains of glass furnaces, brick and pottery kilns and what was, perhaps, a brew house. Somehow these relics of James Towne seem far more evocative than do museum relics from a strange and distant land, for they came out of the earth on which you stand and they belonged to and were used by the Smiths, the Rolfes, the Wingfields, the Jaxons, the Whites—by Mistress Forrest and her lucky maid, Ann Burras.

The hosts of the 1957 Jamestown Festival know that history, ruins and artifacts will never make a birthday party. The Commonwealth of Virginia 350th Anniversary Commission and the Federal Government's Jamestown-Williamsburg-Yorktown Celebration Commission, the two official agencies involved, have been laboring for two years to devise ways of enabling festival visitors to step through the door of history into the colonists' world of 350 years ago. With the help of the Williamsburg project, the festival planners hope to offer visitors a realistic re-enactment of both the triumphs and tragedies of almost two centuries of colonial life. The cost of producing this tremendous open-air drama, with its three stages spanning the peninsula from the James to the York, will approximate $25,000,000. Most of this expenditure will be for permanent exhibits—there won't be a fan dancer or a carnival act on the program.



"It's for you."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Virginia highway authorities are preparing for 3,000,000 visitors to the festival area during the celebration year and expect that most of the birthday guests will start their one- or two-day tours of the three historic towns at Williamsburg. Having entertained some 8,000,000 sightseers in the last dozen years, this model eighteenth-century colonial capital is now busily expanding its facilities to care for the guests at the celebration. A new $8,000,000 reception center, with two theaters, a large motel and a cafeteria, is being built near the reconstructed area and several new restoration projects are being rushed to completion. The Jamestown Corporation, a state-sponsored theatrical group, will stage two open-air dramas at Williamsburg; The Common Glory will deal with the colonies' struggle for independence, and The Founders will tell the story of the Jamestown settlement from 1609 to 1619.

From Williamsburg most festival visitors will probably drive six miles south to the bank of the James. Here the Commonwealth of Virginia has pushed aside the pine forests to construct a thirty-two-acre park and exhibit area. The admission fee will be a dollar for adults; children eleven or under, free. Curving around a large mall, an arc of modern, permanent buildings will house a restaurant, a reception center, two exhibit buildings and various public facilities. Flanking a 100-yard-long promenade from the mall to the bank of the James will be a reconstruction of a Powhatan lodge, with a group of Indians carrying on the daily community tasks that were common to such a settlement in the early 1600's. It is at this point that the eyes of the small fry should begin to goggle, for much of the rest of the Jamestown exhibit area will be a carefully reconstructed stage setting of the original colony.

A replica of the original triangular, palisaded fort, with its armament and buildings and guards, will stand on the river bank. Anchored at the wharf will be a reproduction of the Susan Constant, with the Godspeed and the Discovery floating nearby. On adjacent Glass House Point an oak-beamed, thatched shed will house working replicas of the colonists' glass furnaces. A short drive across the narrow isthmus (which has been rebuilt for the occasion) will take the festival visitor to the little island which was the actual scene of the London Company landings. Here the National Park Service will display some of the excavated ruins of the first town, the great store of archaeological treasures left behind by the James Towners and the sites of the early occupational activities of the settlers. Nearby, on the tract owned by the APVA, are the remains of the first brick church built by the colonists (on the site of an earlier wooden church in which Pocahontas and John Rolfe were married) and the only marked graveyard left by the settlers. A "wilderness road" is being looped around the little island, joining the areas where there were seventeenth-century farming and homesteading activities.

The twenty-two-mile-long Colonial Parkway which connects Jamestown with Williamsburg and Yorktown follows the banks of the James for a few miles and then traces a winding path across the peninsula through dense pine forests, finally emerging on the York a short distance upstream from Yorktown and the last battlefield of the Revolution.

At Yorktown, where the climactic battle for our independence was fought over an area not much larger than a modern golf course, the festival visitors will be able to tramp the siege lines, sight the old cannon and examine the Surrender Room of the old Moore House, where the final articles of capitulation were drafted. Some of the martial activity of those exciting weeks at Yorktown will be re-enacted and the redoubts will be stormed again and again by volunteers from the region's historic regiments—young men who will probably, before it is all over, wish we had remained a peaceful colony of George III.

In the ship museum at Yorktown, where articles salvaged from the British vessels sunk off Yorktown are collected, small historians can tread the quarterdeck of a reconstructed section of a British man-of-war and ogle a piece of 1782 hawser dredged from the York River mud while their fathers ponder ships' cannon and rum bottles almost two centuries old. By this stage of the tour the lady of the family will probably be back in the car—sound asleep, with her shoes off.

The busy planners of the Jamestown Festival have had two years to worry over divers problems. The entire area had to be cleared of the descendants of the mosquitoes that plagued the settlers. A builder who knew how to thatch the glass house had to be found. The fort had to be designed and built, without a plan or a picture for reference. An international naval review had to be projected for Hampton Roads and a dozen other significant local celebrations arranged for the year 1957. Hopeful plans had to be devised for the enticement of such notable visitors as President Eisenhower, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Winston Churchill and scores of other celebrities, imported and domestic. Forests had to be cleared, roads and bridges built, buildings designed and constructed—and above all, everything had to be ready by April 1, 1957, when the festival will officially open.

As they prepare for the inaugural ceremonies, the festival commissions are cautiously optimistic about their plans and schedules. The one continuing worry which disturbs the sleep of the festival hosts is a sudden inundation of visitors. The fifty-mile area surrounding Williamsburg can produce about 7000 beds for transients on any given night—all sorts of beds, from those in Richmond and Norfolk hotels and the plush Williamsburg Inn through motels and down to rooms in the William and Mary College dormitories. This is enough bed space if the celebration's expected 3,000,000 visitors arrive in a fairly even flow. But if they bunch up and too many arrive at once, there are going to be some tired travelers who will have to take whatever beds they can get. So if you're going to the festival, write for reservations early. The address: Festival Reservations Bureau, Box 427, Williamsburg, Virginia.

One other word of warning: It's happened before and the National Park Service officials on Jamestown Island are prepared for visitors who are convinced that the Pilgrim Fathers founded America—but let no Post reader conclude his guided tour of the island by asking to see The Rock. THE END

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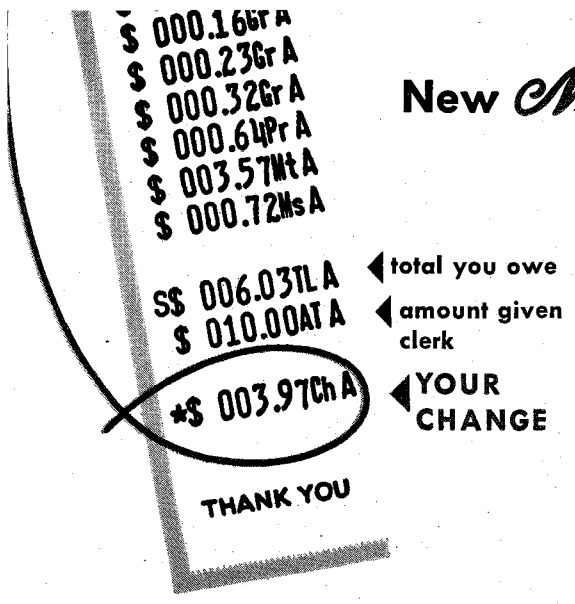

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Question Column ?

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

How much time do you spend brushing your teeth?

Charles E. Cox, general traffic manager, Kingsport, Tennessee—I brush my teeth on the average of twice a day. Sometimes three times a day. Each time I spend about 3 minutes brushing. Of course, occasionally I may hurry a bit and take less time.

Mrs. Michael McCormack, housewife, Rocky River, Ohio—I suppose I spend more time than usual right now. I'm going to have a baby, and I eat quite a bit between meals. I brush my teeth after I eat, whether it's a snack or a meal, for 2 or 3 minutes.

Isadore Alpert, jobber, Duluth, Minnesota—I don't spend much time at toothbrushing. It only takes me about 2 minutes a day. I spend a minute in the morning and a minute at night. It shouldn't take more time than that to brush a person's teeth, should it?

Phemie Marchuk, bacteriologist, Columbus Laboratories, Chicago, Illinois—Authorities recommend 3 minutes for toothbrushing. Care should be taken to reach every tooth surface. The Dr. West's Germ-Fighter is designed for this purpose. Its curved brush head fits the dental arch perfectly. And every bristle, the entire brush head is treated by a special process* that gives it antibacterial properties. For up to 4 months in use the Germ-Fighter inhibits or destroys germs that lodge on it or hold to it, whether they are picked up while brushing or while the brush hangs in your bathroom.

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Keeping Posted

How can Jack Bagby fail with all that help?

Meet the Bagbys, Especially Papa B.

This week, the Post's constant effort to recruit new writers produces **Jack Bagby** on page 34; he's partly visible in the photo among seven assistant writers.

Newspaperman Bagby has had his downs and ups. He started as managing editor of a small daily, worked his way down to editor of a weekly, then to reporter on a daily; after which he decided to ascend, and is now alternate city editor of the Norman, Oklahoma, Transcript. During the big war he had a job with our 90th Mechanized Cavalry over Hitler's way. His current hobby is collecting Kennyisms—cracks made by his youngest lad, Kenny—such as: "I wouldn't sell my brothers, but can't they just melt?" "I know this is Apache Street, mommy—I just saw a patchy house." Each Bagby child was named Nancy Lee before birth, and on the sixth occasion Nancy Lee showed up.

Peggy Bagby ("my indescribably wonderful wife") is thirty and has so much energy that besides mothering her wonderful family, she supervises a city wading pool, runs a church nursery, is an officer in the League of Women Voters, and on her better days, threatens to return to part-time newspaper work.

Observe How the Readers Read and Read

Donn Bennett, the Philadelphia TV and radio producer, remarks that after the Post ran a piece about The Big Idea, a widely circulated show about amateur and semipro inventors, he wasn't too surprised when some 25,000 letters avalanched in from all over the globe—after all, Bennett knew such Post avalanches aren't unusual. What he does marvel about is the longevity of the reader reaction; he keeps right on getting letters, a majority of them now from overseas, beginning, "I just read Why Didn't I Think of That? by Robert Yoder," and Bennett exclaims, "That story was published September 10, 1955!"

So this is another example of how the Post is read not only in the immediate circle of the original buyer, but in so many cases is passed on and on to other Post-enjoyers. Bennett reflects, "Once started on its way, apparently the Post derives its further energy for movement from the readers themselves."

About Writers and Folks They Write About

George Sumner Albee, page 26, reports from Cuba that bait-casting from a coral reef is difficult because the hooks snag; so he has invented a fishing technique called Partnership. "Partner #1, myself, sits on the reef, rod in hand, alert and ready. Partner #2, my wife, Nancy, dons a glass mask, swims out to sea, and drops the sinker near a large fish." Albee adds that for a P. #2, one must select a woman who doesn't mind sharks.

Dick Hubler, who gives you cinema star Alan Ladd on page 24, footnotes, "By the way, when Ladd's avid fans see him shot bloodily in the leg in his latest picture, they need have no fear." Ladd's leg, Hubler explains, was equipped with a sponge-rubber pad, a small charge of gunpowder and a sack of red goo; a concealed wire ran to the villain's gun and, when the trigger was pulled, the powder went off, ripped Ladd's pants and scattered the gore. Hubler asked the actor, "How did it feel?" Said Ladd, "Like getting shot in the leg. How's it feel to write an article?" Said Hubler, "Like getting shot in the head." Other recent head wounds of Hubler's include last fall's novel, Man in the Sky (Duell, Sloan and Pearce), and a new novel coming up this spring.

Novelist **Viña Delmar,** pictured near the pool at her Beverly Hills home, can't swim, detests pools, and finds her aquatic joy taking naps in hot water in a bathtub. The rest of the page 22 lady's family, including two grandchildren, don't take after her in regard to pools.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Everybody Laughs at Me"

Once Victor Borge was a penniless, despairing immigrant. Now he captivates millions with his assaults on the classics and stuffed shirts. In our next issue he begins his fascinating story.

Footnote on a Serial

Luke Short's serial, Doom Cliff, which began in Collier's magazine before that journal discontinued publication and which is concluded on page 97, will be published in November by Bantam Books, Inc. At about the same time a motion-picture version will be released by Warner Brothers.

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